THE LITERARY DIGEST

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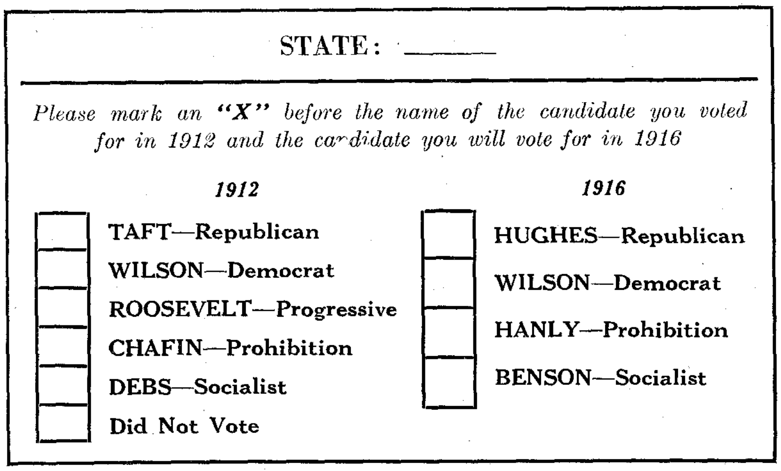
TOPICS - OF - THE - DAY

30,000 "STRAW VOTES" IN FIVE BIG DOUBTFUL STATES

IF WE CAN CATCH THE VOTERS in the glare of the search-light as they are shifting from one political camp to another, and count them, we can tell which camp will be found to have the heaviest battalions next Tuesday. So we have shot a ray of light at five big "doubtful" States where the paths from camp to camp are crowded with marchers, coming and going, and have made a count of those caught by its momentary gleam. Whether this census of the shift of votes is a true index of the result, a few days will tell. We give it here for what it is worth.



STATE: ______

Please mark an "X" before the name of the candidate you voted for in 1912 and the candidate you will vote for in 1916

1912	*1916*
☐ **TAFT—Republican**	☐ **HUGHES—Republican**
☐ **WILSON—Democrat**	☐ **WILSON—Democrat**
☐ **ROOSEVELT—Progressive**	☐ **HANLY—Prohibition**
☐ **CHAFIN—Prohibition**	☐ **BENSON—Socialist**
☐ **DEBS—Socialist**	
☐ **Did Not Vote**	

FACSIMILE OF THE POST-CARD ON WHICH 30,000 REPLIES WERE RECEIVED IN ANSWER TO THE LETTER OF INQUIRY TO READERS IN THE DOUBTFUL STATES.

The year of the great disruption in the Republican party, 1912, bequeaths the enigma of the Presidential election of next Tuesday. Political observers are asking whether President Wilson will again be able to win the votes he drew away from the Progressives and the Republicans in their family quarrel, and wonder how tightly welded is to be this year's alliance of the Republican-Progressive party. Campaign prophets are trying to figure what effect President Wilson's foreign policies may have on German-American and Irish-American voters, and how the average man will regard the Administration's Mexican policy, its eight-hour law, its "war-time" prosperity, and the supposed necessity for a Republican protective tariff when peace comes. A political expert of the New York *Herald* (Ind.) reports that "never in the memory of politicians of to-day has there been a contest which approached the present one for closeness. It is like a yacht-race where an extra puff of wind—or just a zephyr—on the closing reach may drive one across the finish-line first." As this supreme moment approaches, the press inform us, the eyes of campaign managers and candidates are fixt chiefly on the five big doubtful States of New York, New Jersey, Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois. The combined electoral vote of these commonwealths numbers 127, which is nearly half of the 266 votes necessary to a choice by the electoral college. Allowing for the respective strength of either candidate in States known as "sure" one way or the other, the anxiety of both parties about the "big five" is easily understood. With the object of discovering an inkling of the result, THE LITERARY DIGEST has taken a personal "straw vote" of 50,000 of its subscribers who vote in these States. Having no preference for any of the parties and presenting the indications of the strength of all of them just as they reach us from readers of various political faiths, THE LITERARY DIGEST feels it offers its findings with the unique weight of strictest non-partizanship.

Supposing the Republican-Progressive party to be solidly reunited, it is apparent that Wilson's supporters face the task of winning over enough voters to outnumber the combined forces that outvoted them in 1912.

In that year in New York, we learn from the records of *The World Almanac*, Wilson received 655,475 votes and Taft and Roosevelt together received 845,449, out of a whole vote cast of 1,587,983. Wilson's plurality over Taft was 200,047.

In New Jersey, out of a whole vote of 432,534, Wilson received 178,289 and Taft and Roosevelt 234,245. Wilson's plurality over Roosevelt was 32,879.

In Ohio, out of a whole vote of 1,033,557, Wilson received 423,152 and Taft and Roosevelt together 506,393. Wilson's plurality over Taft was 146,086.

In Indiana, out of a whole vote of 654,474, Wilson received 281,890, and Taft and Roosevelt together 313,274. Wilson's plurality over Roosevelt was 119,883.

In Illinois, out of a whole vote of 1,146,193, Wilson received 405,048 and Taft and Roosevelt together 640,091. Wilson's plurality over Roosevelt was 18,570.

In the five States combined, Wilson ballots tallied 1,943,854,

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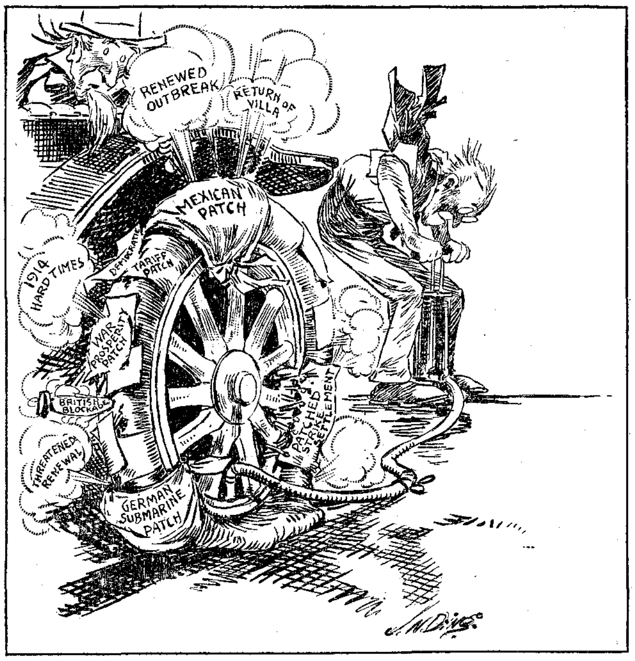
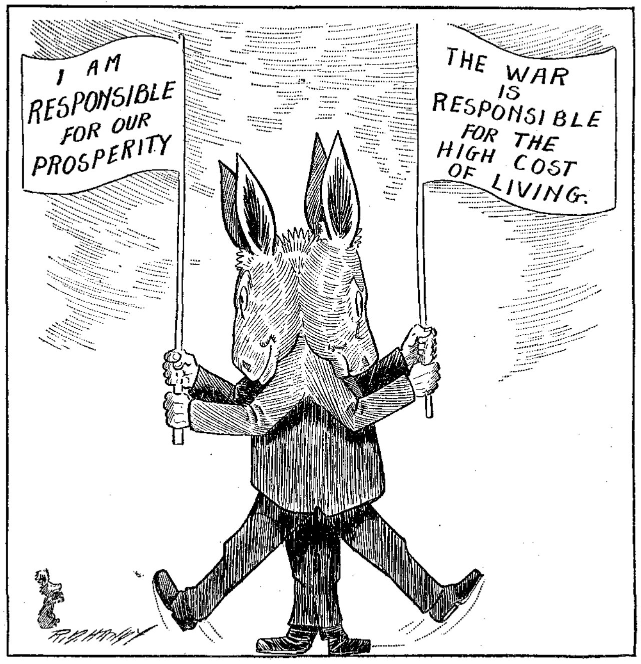


THE PATCHED TIRE.

—Darling in the Des Moines *Register*.


I AM RESPONSIBLE FOR OUR PROSPERITY
THE WAR IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE HIGH COST OF LIVING

HEADED IN DIFFERENT DIRECTIONS AT ONCE.

—Hanny in the St. Joseph *News-Press*.

THRUSTS—

and Taft and Roosevelt ballots, 2,539,452. So much for 1912.

We come now to the "straw vote" of our 30,000 subscribers in these five doubtful States. The grand total credits Hughes with 17,938, Wilson with 10,646, Hanly with 682, and Benson with 554. There are 467 defective ballots. The significance of these figures lies in the drift to and from the two major parties as shown in the vote in 1912 and in 1916.

NEW YORK

(45 Electoral votes)

FOR HUGHES		FOR WILSON	
Taft 1912 to Hughes 1916	1,918	Wilson 1912 to Wilson 1916	1,282
Roosevelt 1912 to Hughes 1916	1,387		
Party vote	3,305	Party vote	1,282
Wilson 1912 to Hughes 1916	660	Taft 1912 to Wilson 1916	210
		Roosevelt 1912 to Wilson 1916	316
Debs, Chafin, or "No vote" 1912 to Hughes 1916	370	Debs, Chafin, or "No vote" 1912 to Wilson 1916	277
Hughes's gain from opposition parties	1,030	Wilson's gain from opposition parties	803

Total Hughes vote....................4,335
Total Wilson vote....................2,085
Total combined vote....................6,420

NEW JERSEY

(14 Electoral votes)

FOR HUGHES		FOR WILSON	
Taft 1912 to Hughes 1916	1,171	Wilson 1912 to Wilson 1916	1,097
Roosevelt 1912 to Hughes 1916	1,273		
Party vote	2,444	Party vote	1,097
Wilson 1912 to Hughes 1916	573	Taft 1912 to Wilson 1916	140
		Roosevelt 1912 to Wilson 1916	262
Debs, Chafin, or "No vote" 1912 to Hughes 1916	298	Debs, Chafin, or "No vote" 1912 to Wilson 1916	262
Hughes's gain from opposition parties	871	Wilson's gain from opposition parties	664

Total Hughes vote....................3,315
Total Wilson vote....................1,761
Total combined vote....................5,076

OHIO

(24 Electoral Votes)

FOR HUGHES		FOR WILSON	
Taft 1912 to Hughes 1916	1,740	Wilson 1912 to Wilson 1916	1,724
Roosevelt 1912 to Hughes 1916	1,132		
Party vote	2,872	Party vote	1,724
Wilson 1912 to Hughes 1916	489	Taft 1912 to Wilson 1916	385
		Roosevelt 1912 to Wilson 1916	438
Debs, Chafin, or "No vote" 1912 to Hughes 1916	292	Debs, Chafin, or "No vote" 1912 to Wilson 1916	346
Hughes's gain from opposition parties	781	Wilson's gain from opposition parties	1,169

Total Hughes vote....................3,653
Total Wilson vote....................2,893
Total combined vote....................6,546

INDIANA

(15 Electoral Votes)

FOR HUGHES		FOR WILSON	
Taft 1912 to Hughes 1916	1,038	Wilson 1912 to Wilson 1916	1,149
Roosevelt 1912 to Hughes 1916	1,028		
Party vote	2,066	Party vote	1,149
Wilson 1912 to Hughes 1916	268	Taft 1912 to Wilson 1916	95
		Roosevelt 1912 to Wilson 1916	210
Debs, Chafin, or "No vote" 1912 to Hughes 1916	238	Debs, Chafin, or "No vote" 1912 to Wilson 1916	161
Hughes's gain from opposition parties	506	Wilson's gain from opposition parties	466

Total Hughes vote....................2,572
Total Wilson vote/....................1,615
Total combined vote....................4,187

ILLINOIS

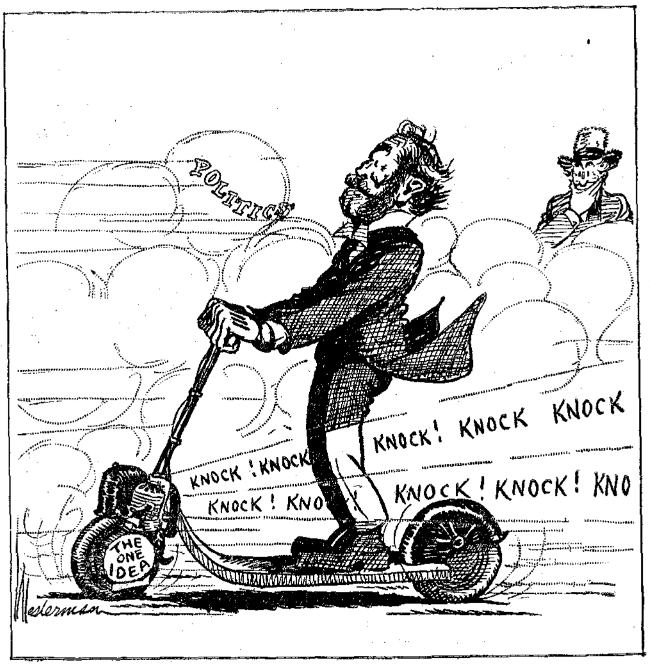
(29 Electoral Votes)

FOR HUGHES		FOR WILSON	
Taft 1912 to Hughes 1916	1,214	Wilson 1912 to Wilson 1916	1,292
Roosevelt 1912 to Hughes 1916	1,942		
Party vote	3,156	Party vote	1,292
Wilson 1912 to Hughes 1916	488	Taft 1912 te Wilson 1916	235
		Roosevelt 1912 to Wilson 1916	393
Debs, Chafin, or "No vote" 1912 to Hughes 1916	418	Debs, Chafin, or "No vote,' 1912 to Wilson 1916	370
Hughes's gain from opposition parties	906	Wilson's gain from opposition parties	998

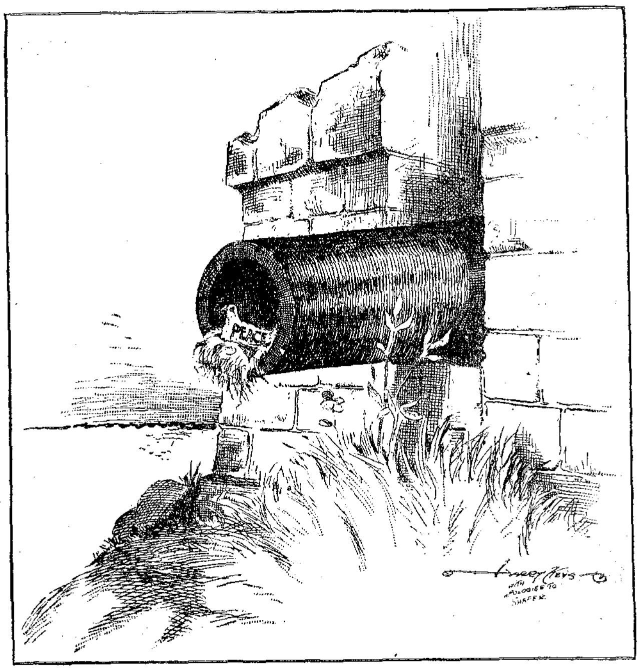
Total Hughes vote....................4,062
Total Wilson vote....................2,290
Total combined vote....................6,352

Of particular interest are the replies we have received showing that 28 voters for Debs, the Socialist candidate in 1912, will vote for Hughes this year, and that 1,350 citizens who had no vote or did not vote in 1912 will also cast their ballot for the Republican candidate. Non-voters in 1912, numbering 1,076, will vote for Wilson this year, and 92 Debs voters are going to go over to the Democratic candidate. The gross number of "straw votes" favoring the minor candidates, which we have not tallied by States, registers as follows:

Taft to Hanly	34
Wilson to Hanly	75
Roosevelt to Hanly	141
Chafin to Hanly	363
Debs to Hanly	2
No Vote 1912 to Hanly	67
Taft to Benson	23
Wilson to Benson	97
Roosevelt to Benson	58
Chafin to Benson	1
Debs to Benson	269
No Vote 1912 to Benson	106
Total "straw vote" for minor candidates	1,236



THE AUTOPEDIST.
—Westerman in the Columbus *Ohio State Journal.*



WHAT WOULD YOU HAVE DONE, MR. HUGHES?
—Keys in the Columbus *Citizen.*

AND COUNTER-THRUSTS.

WE ARE "AT WAR" IN MEXICO

THE OFFICIAL DECISION that our soldiers are at war in Mexico is eagerly welcomed by Republican journals as an effective reply to the Democratic campaign slogan, "He kept us out of war," while Democratic editors hasten to explain that it is a purely technical ruling, whose purpose is to guard against the possibility of American soldiers being brought to trial before a Mexican tribunal. The Administration would gladly have deferred the publication of Judge Advocate General Enoch H. Crowder's decision until after election day, according to some of the Washington correspondents, not only because it dims the picture of Mr. Wilson as a "peace President," but because it strengthens Carranza's demand that the "state of war" be eliminated by the withdrawal of the American troops. "It knocks a terrible hole in the Democratic assertion that the President kept us out of war," exclaims Chairman Willcox, of the Republican National Committee, and the Republican New York *Sun* is convinced that it "knocks into a cocked hat" the Administration's "one best claim to continuance in power." The independent Washington *Star*, on the other hand, thinks it improbable that the Republican campaign managers will be able to change any votes with the ammunition unconsciously supplied by our highest authority on military law, since the country "is certainly not at war in the present-day sense, as in Europe." The question which necessitated this particular ruling from the Judge Advocate General of the Army was: "Before what tribunal should a member of the expedition in Mexico be tried for murder or rape?" The text of the decision reads in part as follows:

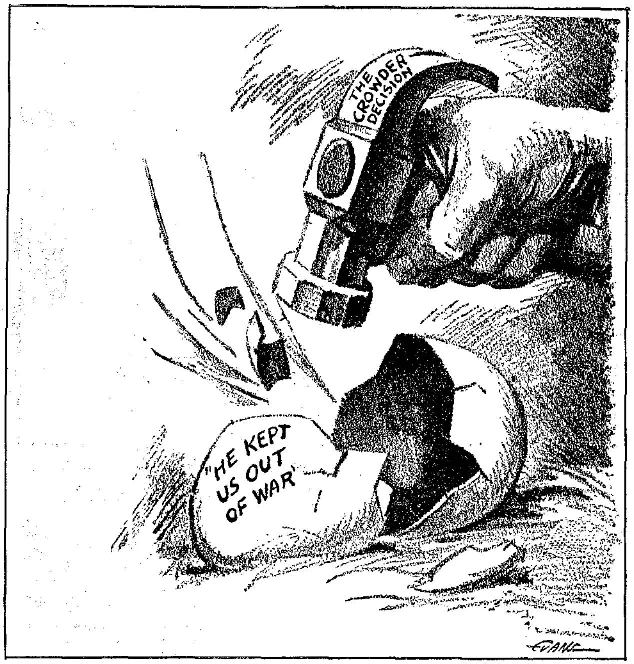
> "The fifty-eighth article of war, if it applies, answers the question. It provides that 'in time of war, insurrection, or rebellion,' the crimes therein specified, including murder and rape, 'shall be punishable by the sentence of a general court martial when committed by persons in the military service of the United States.'
>
> "The application of this article of war depends on the question whether or not it is 'in time of war' by reason of the field-operations of the expeditionary forces in Mexico, within the meaning of this article.
>
> "It is well settled by the decision of the United States Supreme Court (the prize cases, 67 U. S. 636) that 'a state of actual war may exist without any formal declaration of it by either party; and this is true of both a civil and foreign war.' Probably the best definition of war is that given by Vattel, who, at the beginning of the Third Book in his Law of Nations, defines war to be 'that state in which we prosecute our right by force.'
>
> "It is thus apparent that under the law there need be no formal declaration of war; but that under the definition of Vattel a state of war exists so far as concerns the operations of the United States troops in Mexico, by reason of the fact that the United States is prosecuting its rights by force of arms, and in a manner in which war is usually conducted. The statutes which are operative only during a period of war have been interpreted as relating to a condition and not a theory. Thus it was held that the operations of the United States in China, altho war with China was never declared, was a state of war within the meaning of the statutes, the parties to the war, so far as concerned us, being on one side the United States, and on the other a certain proportion of the inhabitants of the Chinese Empire who were, from the representation of the Imperial Chinese Government, in revolt. It was not contended that at any time the United States and the Imperial Government of China were at war, but that we were prosecuting our right to protect our representatives from the body of Chinese who were seeking to capture or kill them. . . . . . .
>
> "I am, therefore, of the opinion that, while the war is not recognized as existing between the United States and Mexico, the actual conditions under which the field-operations in Mexico are being conducted are those of actual war; that within the field of operations of the expeditionary force in Mexico, it is 'time of war' within the meaning of the fifty-eighth article of war, since it would not have been intended that under such conditions United States soldiers would be turned over to the authorities of Mexico for trial."

This decision was officially accepted and indorsed by the War Department. "If we are not at war with Mexico, we are at least at war in Mexico," agrees the Republican Washington *Times*, and in the Syracuse *Post-Standard* (Rep.), we read:

> "We have been at war in Haiti without a declaration. We were at war in China under McKinley. We have had an ugly war with Mexico since we landed troops in Vera Cruz. That it has not been written upon the records of Congress as a formal-resolution war has not made it any the less shameful or blundering or costly."

Nobody has ever pretended that General Pershing's mission is one of peace, remarks *The Times*, "but the purely technical state of war that exists between the United States and a faction in Mexico is not misunderstood by any intelligent citizen," and the attempt to make political use of the Judge Advocate General's ruling "is about as piffling and childish a proceeding as could be imagined." "Between 'constructive' war and real war there is a chasm which not even an armored 'tank' can climb over," notes the Springfield *Republican* (Ind.), and in the Brooklyn *Eagle* (Dem.) we read:

> "There isn't the slightest reason why these technical decisions should embarrass President Wilson in the slightest degree, politically or otherwise. It is true that Congress and not the Executive is the war-making power. It is also true that if we admit that we have a sphere of influence within which we can not permit aggressive interference by European Powers to protect their nationals, a discretion must be left to our President that almost involves the abdication of the war-making power by Congress, so far as that sphere is concerned. This was Roosevelt's view when he used force against Colombian troops seeking to put down the revolution in Panama. It was the theory on which Taft sent marines to Nicaragua. There is no politics about it.
>
> "What Wilson has done is to keep us out of the greatest war in history. Mexico and Panama and Haiti and Nicaragua do not amount to much except as quibble-material, and our American voters have grown more and more tired of quibbling ever since the Hughes campaign began."



"NOTHING IN IT."
—Evans in the Baltimore *American*.

Republican papers, however, reenforce their comment with references to acts of war by the Wilson Administration against Haiti, Nicaragua, and Santo Domingo. The death of American officers and marines in an engagement with Santo Domingo rebels on October 24, remarks Mr. George W. Perkins, "controverts positively the statement that we are at peace." To which the New York *World* replies: "And the death of an American soldier in suppressing a riot would also be proof that the country was in the midst of a revolution."

The bearing of the decision on our soldiers' right to vote is thus elucidated by the New York *Times* (Dem.):

> "Under the law of the State of New York, citizens of New York serving as members of military organizations on service outside the State may vote at the places where they are stationed, if a state of war exists. A competent military authority said that the decision whether, under the opinion of the Judge Advocate General, New York National Guardsmen could be voted at their stations on the border was for the government of the State and not for the War Department to decide. . . . . .
>
> "This authority pointed out that there was an undoubted right of the New York Guardsmen to vote in Texas, if the State statute permitted their votes to be taken. He said, however, that he doubted that a State commission sent to the border to poll the votes of National Guardsmen would be legally entitled to poll votes for Senator and Representatives in Congress in the absence of specific authority of Congress. Upon this point he was not clear, and merely put it forward as a suggestion."

MR. BAKER'S REPUBLICAN TORNADO

SECRETARY BAKER probably did not intend to sow the wind when he likened our Revolutionary forebears to our Mexican contemporaries, but he has been reaping a whirlwind of criticism and denunciation from Republican sources and has called down upon him the scorn of many representatives of our patriotic and historical organizations. Mr. Roosevelt has declared the Secretary "exquisitely unfit for his present position." Mr. Hughes finds the Baker speech another proof of the Administration's "ineptitude," and Republican papers characterize it as "preposterous," "grotesque," and "slanderous." Officers of the Daughters of the American Revolution, the Daughters of 1812, the Woman's Relief Corps, and other similar organizations, are so aggrieved at the Secretary that they demand his immediate resignation "on the ground that a man of such ignorance of history and so lacking in ideals is not a fit head for the Army of the United States of America, and would tend seriously to injure its morals." According to the St. Louis *Globe Democrat* (Rep.), the Secretary's words "have acted somewhat like a spark and have set nearly every section of the country aflame."

But Mr. Baker, President Wilson, and the Democratic press do not seem to be greatly disturbed. We find no hint in the Washington dispatches of a forthcoming vacancy in the War Department, and editors supporting the Administration either ignore the incident, or, with the Philadelphia *Record*, deplore the savage Republican attacks upon Secretary Baker for "something he did not say."

As stenographically reported for the New York *Tribune* (Rep.), Mr. Baker said in the course of a campaign speech at Jersey City on October 16:

> "Why are we impatient at the Mexicans? We say they do not respect the lives and property of our people. Perhaps they don't. We say they do not pay their honest debts. They don't. We say they are a ragamuffin lot. We say their money is not any good. That's true. It is worth only two or three cents on the dollar. We say they do not respect church property. That, also, is true.
>
> "The amazing thing is that people never respect these things in a revolution. We had a revolution, and from the beginning to the end of that the conditions in this country were so like Mexico that it is perfectly astounding to read.
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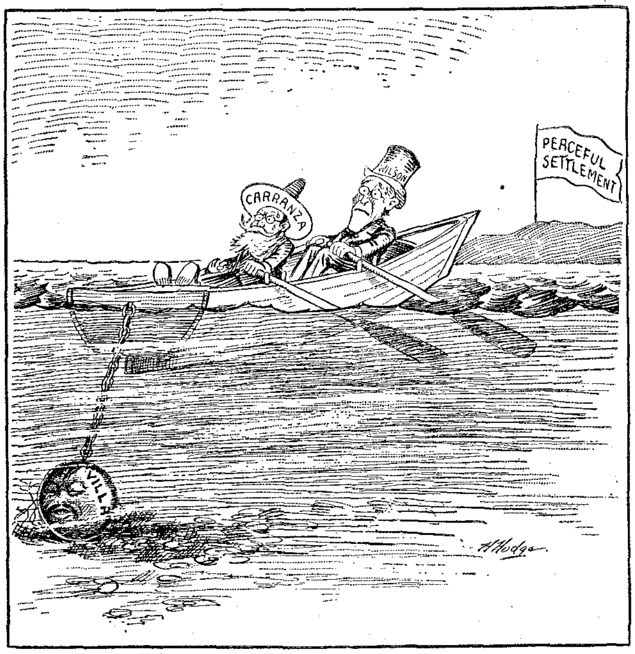
> "Washington's soldiers in the march to Valley Forge stole everything they could lay their hands on. They stole the silver vessels from the churches and melted them up to buy things to



THE DEADWEIGHT.
—Hodge in the Spokane *Spokesman-Review*.

drink. They drove ministers of the Gospel and preachers of churches out of their churches and out of the country. The money of the so-called Confederation was so worthless that when they tried to make the merchants take it the latter hid their provisions in their cellars.

"The President of the United States is in favor of letting the 14,000,000 people in Mexico, who have not had an opportunity to do so, fight out their independence the way we fought ours. Whenever you hear anybody say they can not understand the President's Mexican policy, tell them to go and read the Declaration of Independence and the Golden Rule."

Mr. Baker has declared that he was incorrectly quoted, and that his remarks were misunderstood. In a letter to the Democratic National Committee he said that as he remembered his Jersey City speech he began by narrating the history of the recent revolutions in Mexico and describing the pitiable condition of the people. He then asked what would have become of our country if some Power had "intervened" while our revolution was still incomplete, and remarked that a revolution is bound to be accompanied by disorder. He alluded, he says, to the gibes at the tatterdemalion Mexican revolutionists, pointing out that "Washington's army as it retreated to Valley Forge was scarcely clad—it was unpaid, unclothed, and unfed, but it persisted through every hardship to its great mission." Quoting Mr. Baker's letter further:

"I said we complain of Mexico that property rights are not always respected, and that among us to some extent that was no doubt true, as the so-called loyalists who adhered to the cause of King George, even the ministers of the churches, were driven out and their property devoted to the revolution. I said it is complained that in the present state of affairs Mexico can not pay her debts, and said nor could we until after the establishment of a stable government. In 1789 we inaugurated a proper financial system.

"With these premises I urged that a people who had won freedom through marvelous courage and stedfastness in the face of every peril, difficulty, and discouragement should have sympathy with any other people struggling for freedom, and should apply the Golden Rule to Mexico while she sought to apply a principle of our own Declaration of Independence and alter and establish her Government as her people want it. . . . . . .

"I did not compare Washington's soldiers to Villa or to any Mexican bandits whatever. I did not say that Washington's soldiers stole anything or that they stole silver out of churches to buy drink or for any other purpose.

"I did not refer to Washington's soldiers as 'bad characters' or compare them with Mexicans in any particular, but on the contrary I referred to them as different in training, race, and ideals from the Mexican people."

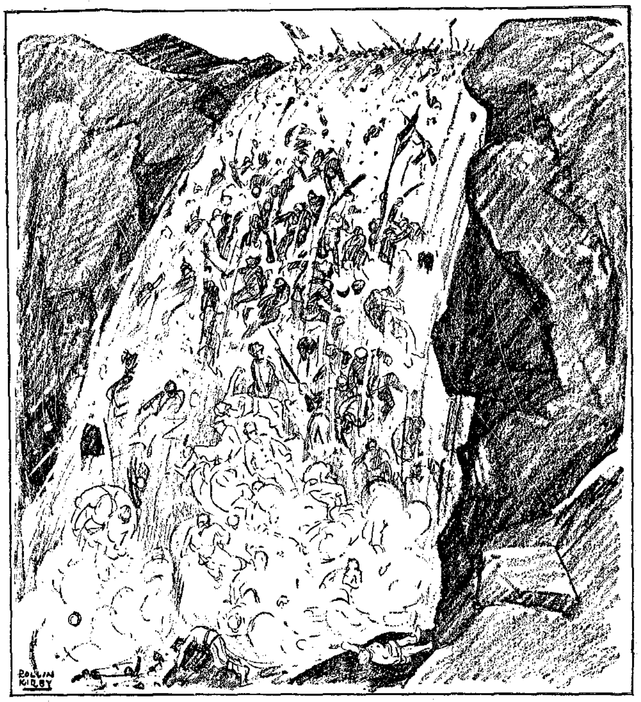
Reading the reports of the Baker speech in the final days of their campaign, Mr. Hughes and Colonel Roosevelt have used it in an endeavor to discredit the Administration of which the Secretary is a part. Mr. Hughes "never supposed," as he said at Youngstown, Ohio, "that the day would come when a representative of an American Administration would say that about the men who gave us our liberty." Mr. Roosevelt was campaigning in New Mexico when he heard what Mr. Baker was reported to have said. After characterizing the Secretary of War as "an amiable pacifist" who "is exquisitely unfit for his present position," he told the people of Albuquerque what he thought of the Secretary's historical comparisons:

"The final touch about the Golden Rule applied in comparing men who rape women, murder children, and torture wounded soldiers to the signers of the Declaration of Independence and the singularly humane soldiers of Washington, adds an element of nauseous hypocrisy to as preposterous and ridiculous a slander as ever was circulated about the men of the Revolution. . . . . . .

"Of course from the standpoint of patriotism, from the standpoint of any American citizen proud of his country and his army, it is profoundly unpatriotic, profoundly dishonorable, it indeed amounts almost to desecration to compare Washington's army, the men of Valley Forge, who sacrificed everything for their country, with the band of bloodthirsty bandits who ravaged Mexico and whom the President has been backing and supporting in their murders and outrages for the last three and a half years in Mexico."

WHAT THE WAR IS COSTING IN MEN

Eighteen and a half million casualties, of which deaths make up nearly one-quarter, is the toll already levied on the fighting men of all the belligerent nations by twenty-six months of war. This gives a monthly average of more than 711,000 casualties—killed, wounded, prisoners, and missing—or more than 165,000 a week. These appalling figures are published by Mr. Frank H. Simonds, perhaps the best-known authority in the United States on the various phases of the European War, and are the result of his examination and analysis of all the available statistics from both belligerent and neutral sources. If the war remains a contest of attrition, concludes Mr. Simonds, it will continue to devour human life at this rate for another two years, but victory at the last must be with the Entente Allies because their total available man-power is two and a half times as great as that of the Central Powers. Point is given to these figures and this prediction by the fact that while on the Western front the Allies push forward on the Somme and the French under General Nivelle recover with a sweep the offensive at Verdun, on the Eastern front the Bulgars, Teutons, and Turks, under General Mackensen capture Constanza, Roumania's Black Sea port, take the vitally important bridgehead at Cernavoda, and drive forward victoriously through the Dobrudja. The strength of the double offensive against Roumania—Falkenhayn driving from Transylvania and Mackensen from Bulgaria—refutes the claim of the Allies that Germany has already exhausted her reserves of man-power, remarks the New York *Tribune*, which foresees "a new period of depression among the Allied nations," but goes on to say:



THE CEASELESS TORRENT.
—Kirby in the New York *World*.

"If their alliance can endure this new reverse and this very illuminating demonstration that the way to ultimate victory must be long and costly, the German success at Constanza, the disaster to Roumania, will have no real consequences. But Germany will use her utmost effort to make this last success the basis for a settlement which shall not be unfavorable to her or too costly to her foes. She has her excuse for proposing 'victorious peace' again. She will use it."

Returning to Mr. Simonds's estimates of the war's cost in human life—which also appear in *The Tribune*—we find him allotting 10,000,000 of the total casualties to France, Russia, Great Britain, and Italy, 8,000,000 to Germany and Austria, and dividing the remaining 500,000 among the smaller nations —Belgium, Servia, Montenegro, Roumania, on one side, and Bulgaria and Turkey on the other. Here is his table of casualties for the six Great Powers involved:

Entente Powers.		Central Powers:	
France	2,500,000	Germany	4,000,000
Russia	5,750,000	Austria	4,000,000
Great Britain	1,400,000		
Italy	350,000		8,000,000
	10,000,000		

Further examining this grand total of casualties, Mr. Simonds finds that the percentage of deaths is about twenty-four. That is to say, the number of men killed in the war to date is 4,500,000. "In a word, *the war that broke out over Servia has already killed a number of men equal to the whole population of the little Balkan State.*" Discussing the meaning of the figures he has compiled, Mr. Simonds says:

> "At the moment when the war broke out the four great Powers united against Germany and Austria had a European population of around [300,000,000. The combined population of Austria and Germany was 120,000,000. Now, there is no question more keenly debated than that of the proportion of a total national population which can be reckoned as capable of bearing arms. It may be 10 per cent., it may be 12, but it will be the same for all nations, approximately. We may say, then, that at the outset of the war the Allies had available a man-power of 30,000,000, the Central Powers, a man-power of 12,000,000. *If the Allies have now suffered casualties amounting* to 10,000,000, one-third of their whole force has been temporarily or permanently incapacitated. But if the Central Powers have suffered casualties amounting to 8,000,000, two-thirds of their man-power has been temporarily or permanently incapacitated.
>
> "Now, in the case of the German official figures we saw that the total of permanent casualties [killed, prisoners, and badly wounded], with relation to total casualties, was 50 per cent. Accepting this ratio we may say that the permanent loss of the Allies has been 5,000,000 and of the Central Powers 4,000,000. In other words, the Allies have permanently lost one-sixth of their man-power, the Central Powers, one-third. And this ratio will remain constant, whether the various nations are able to put 10 per cent. or 12 per cent. of their population into the field.
>
> "Here is the foundation of all that has been said about attrition since the war began. In a war of exhaustion the weaker force must ultimately lose if the war continues steadily a trial of endurance. In the end, if the Germans continue to lose at the rate of a third of their man-power in the time in which the Allies are losing one-sixth, the Germans and their allies must succumb. And in the first twenty-six months of the world-war this has been approximately the ratio of losses in the two camps."

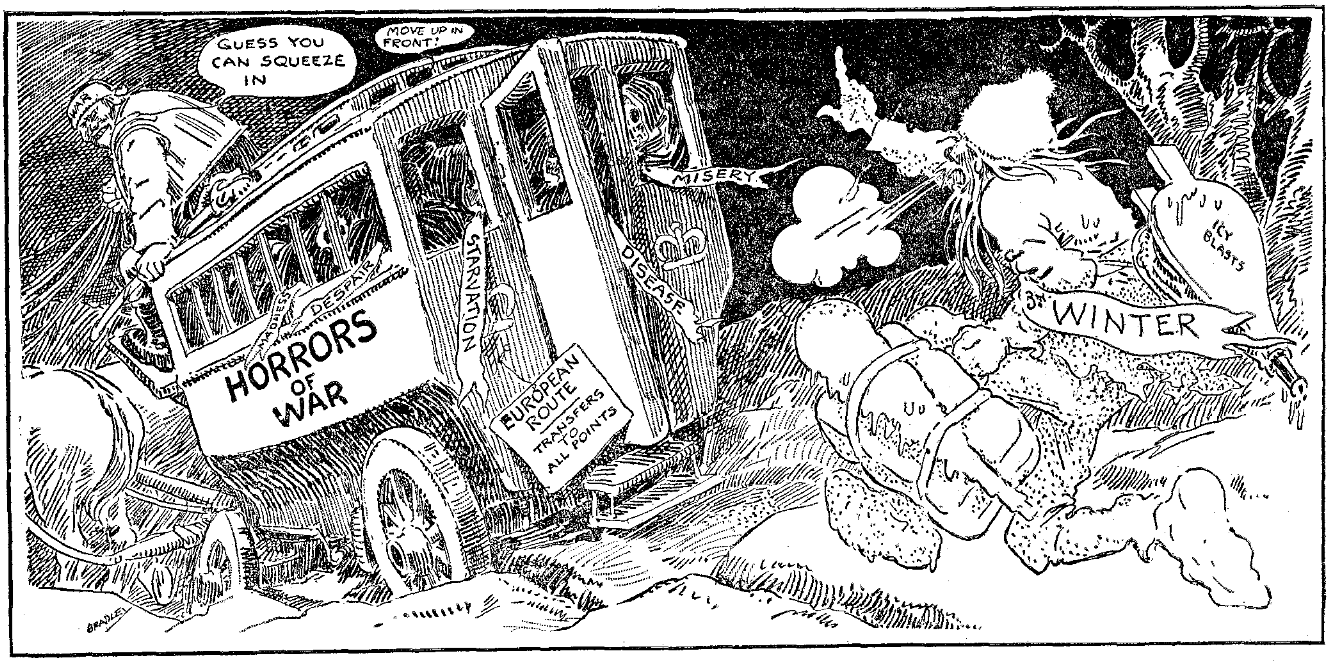
Pointing out that it "requires not much less than 5,000,000 men to hold the present lines of the Central Powers, eliminating the Bulgars and the Turks," Mr. Simonds goes on to say:

> "We do know that the population of the Allied nations is two and a half times that of the Central Powers. We do know that their losses have been, if actually greater than the German and Austrian, relatively much smaller, regard being had for their *total man-power, and this means that they are certain to have* reserves to call upon when the reserves of the Central Powers have been exhausted. . . . . . .
>
> "Now, if the Central Powers have lost only 4,000,000 out of 12,000,000—that is, permanently lost them—in the first twenty-six months of the war, they may be able to go on for something less than two years more, losing at the same rate, before they will be unable to put 5,000,000 in the field. They will go longer if their losses are not as great, but they will go a shorter time if, as seems to be the case now, their losses increase with greater pressure on all sides. . . . . .
>
> "Only one thing is certain; we can't say when exhaustion will come, because we can only guess at the figures of casualties. *But we can say that it will come, that it will come to the weaker party, which is the Central Alliance, first, and that it will come while the opposing alliance has still abundant supply of men to keep its armies at the maximum of necessary strength. Conceivably the Germans may win the war, possibly the Allies may win the war; but if it goes on as it is now going, if it turns on* battle losses, if it remains a contest of attrition, the ultimate outcome is patent."

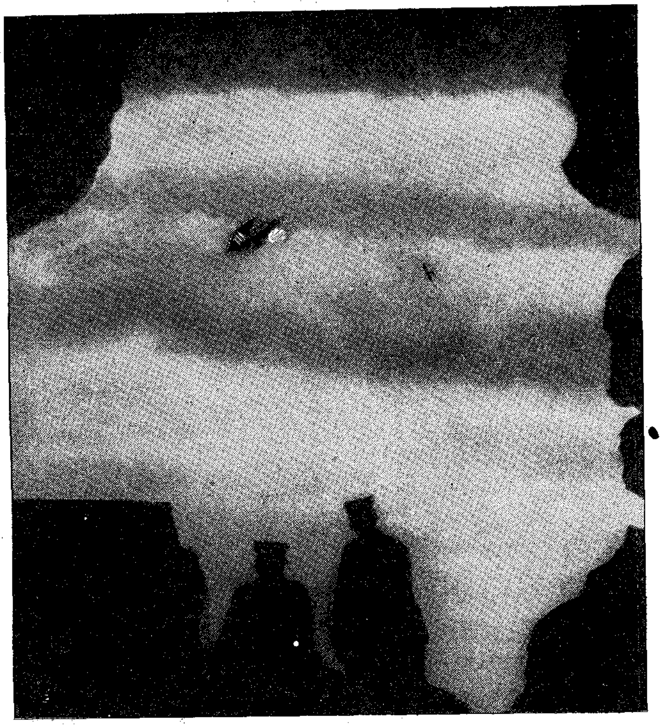
That the Allies share this belief in their ultimate but not immediate victory is evidenced by the following statement made on October 25, by General Sir Henry Rawlinson, General Haig's right-hand man in the Somme offensive:

> "Our army has not yet reached the zenith of its power, nor will it have done so until next spring, or possibly next summer. I think we have reached the top of the hill, but there is an undulating table-land to cross before we really get on to the down-grade portion beyond. This may be steep, it may be quite a gentle slope. But it will be down-hill work, and comparatively easy."

To supplement this we have Mr. S. S. McClure's testimony that when he was in France a few weeks ago some of the French troops were being demobilized and sent home. And a Stockholm dispatch to the New York *Times* quotes "a distinguished neutral resident in Berlin" as saying: "It may be taken as quite definite that the German authorities realize that the war is lost."



ALWAYS ROOM FOR ONE MORE. —Bradley in the Chicago *Daily News*.



AEROPLANE AGAINST "ZEPPELIN."

AN AEROPLANE DUEL.

The first of these pictures, which shows the *Zeppelin* falling after being hit by a shell from an Allied aeroplane, was taken from a cave behind the German lines. The second picture shows the destruction of a large German biplane, by Captain Pierre Brettinaire, of the Allies' Scouting Corps, who succeeded in dropping a bomb on the engine as he circled above it.

SUCH AERIAL COMBATS MAY BE A FEATURE OF OUR NEXT WAR.

CREATING OUR AERIAL SERVICE

WHILE IT IS DEBATABLE whether our Navy ranks third or fourth in general efficiency, the United States "has practically no rank at all" in the matter of aerial equipment, as the Baltimore *American* observes. And this when Europe is buying our aeroplanes by the thousands and when the American-made flier is recognized by aeronautic authorities as the best are the world. In this year's national-defense bills, however, we read in a New York *Times* dispatch from Washington, there is available "$13,881,666 for Army aviation and $3,500,000 for naval aviation, an aggregate of $17,381,666." The money is now being spent as follows, according to this correspondent:

"The aviation section of the Signal Corps, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel George O. Squier, has ordered 175 aeroplanes for the Army, and soon will order 100 hydroaeroplanes and 100 training-school machines to be used in training the Army and the National Guard.

"The Navy Department has just let contracts for 49 seaplanes. It has 26 other seaplanes under construction, besides a dirigible balloon, the *D-1*, and two new kite-balloons, making a total of 78 aircraft units. At present the Navy's aviation equipment consists of only six seaplanes, a kite-balloon, and two captive balloons. Other orders are to be let by the Navy for aircraft, including seaplanes and a dirigible to cost about $500,000 with its hangar.

"Under the National Defense Act and the Army and Navy Appropriation Acts, 2,028 officers and men of both services may be utilized for aviation purposes, of whom 148 officers and 1,200 enlisted men will be allotted to the Army and 150 officers and 350 enlisted men to the Navy, in addition to thirty acting ensigns to be appointed from civil life, as well as 150 student fliers to be appointed from civil life in the next five years."

An experienced officer has been placed in charge of all military balloon work, we are further informed by this writer, "and bids have been advertised for four army balloons, two spherical and two kite."

Now, comments the Brooklyn *Eagle*, "this important feature of national preparedness seems at last to be receiving the attention it deserves." In this, it continues:

"We are only applying the lessons of the European War and of our own unfortunate experience on the Mexican border. It has been said that the British lost a thousand machines before the air service was organized in such a way as to meet the demands made upon it and discount the more thorough preparations of the Teutons in this respect. The aeroplane was a new thing at the beginning of the war. It is now of supreme importance. The early success of the Teutons in launching attacks against the enemy at opportune moments was due to superior air service. . . . . . .

"However, it has been clear for some time that the Anglo-French successes on the Somme front and elsewhere have been due in large measure to the superior aircraft now possest by the French and British. They are the eyes of the armies, and the Germans have been made blind. In no other way can the falling off in the effectiveness of heavy German artillery be accounted for.

"For our part, the breakdown of the air-service was one of the conspicuous failures of the border operations. The lack of machines was a great handicap. Had the regular Army been properly provided with aeroplanes of the right type and power, Villa's capture should have been assured, and it seems reasonable to suppose that in future aircraft will play an important part in any kind of patrol maintained on the border, while in actual warfare they are now simply indispensable. A really formidable air-fleet can not be provided too quickly to meet the demands of real preparedness for national defense."

In the news columns of *The Eagle* we read that the orders for the Government's new machines "are being placed with manufacturers throughout the country, in line with a Government plan to encourage the aeroplane industry by giving the smaller companies a chance in the competitive field." In spite of our backwardness in military aeronautics, this country is becoming a leading manufacturer of aeroplanes. The Army orders will help establish the business, but foreign orders are doing more. Indeed,

"With orders from foreign countries now being placed here for $40,000,000 worth of heavier-than-air flying-machines, with the American 'plane recognized as supreme all over the world, and with American manufacturers planning now for a 'plane business next year that will make the manufacture of flying-machines one of our really important industries, a vision of flying-machine production not far removed from our automobile production is seen by Henry Woodhouse, of the Aero Club of America."

THE JEW AND THE ELECTION—The Jew "*qua* Jew," says *The Hebrew Standard*, "has nothing whatever to do with the Presidential election. Only as an American he is, and should be, interested." Yet, we are told, "the campaign of 1916, for the first time, perhaps, beheld a great party appealing to American voters of the Jewish faith for their support, on the score of what that party has accomplished for the Jewish cause." "That party" is unnamed by the New York Hebrew editor. But it is obviously the Democracy. For he continues:

"It is pointed out that the present President of the United States has taken an abiding interest in the suffering Jewish population of Palestine, evidenced by his according permission to American Jews to employ Government vessels to transport food and medicines to them; that his appointments to high office were tantamount to a recognition of Jewish worth and made in defiance of deep-seated and unreasoning prejudice, and that his interest in the Jews of this country has incessantly displayed itself in various ways. With those to whom the wish is not father to the thought, such an acknowledgment of worthy deeds can not be considered reprehensible.

"These are good deeds which command the respectful sympathy of all to whom the claims of humanity are dear. In these representations there is no attempt to introduce Jewry as a political figure into American life. As well say that any earlier President, seeking reelection, who had supported and advanced the cause of the veterans of an American war, and instanced this fact as a ground for his vindication at the polls, had made improper efforts to be chosen by a majority of our citizens once more for his exalted office. The stray situations in which the present President could act in behalf of Jewry were few and far between, and of themselves constitute no important or responsible campaign argument.

"In spite of deafening partizan clamor for ulterior purposes, we still believe this campaign has not worked a change in the traditional position of the American Jew toward political questions!"

TOPICS IN BRIEF

U-53 modestly prefers a base to a home-run.—*Wall Street Journal.*

To make the winter pass quickly, sign a note in the fall.—*Wellington News.*

As second fiddle Colonel Roosevelt is a wonderful bass drum.—*Chicago Daily News.*

Russia is slowly approaching the pronounceable parts of Europe.—*Wall Street Journal.*

At any rate, in going to war Greece will have only a short distance to go.—*Springfield Union.*

Roumania seems to have entered the war at the right time, but the wrong place.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Those convicts who got out of Sing Sing were trying to rejoin Thomas Mott Osborne.—*Philadelphia Record.*

It seems to take Mr. Hughes a long time to decide what he would have done on the spur of the moment.—*Ohio State Journal.*

Anyway, as we understand it, Secretary of War Baker does not assert that the rascally men of 1776 were too proud to fight.—*New York Sun.*

German housewives turning over to the military authorities their iron and copper cooking-utensils probably have little use for them.—*Wall Street Journal.*

The decision of the Episcopalians to stop praying for the President and to begin praying for the United States brings them abreast of the rest of the folks.—*Boston Transcript.*

Now that a hurricane has leveled part of the Danish West Indies, Denmark ought to offer them as a bargain—slightly damaged—at $24,999,999.98.—*Philadelphia North American.*

It is generally admitted that the initiative has passed to the Allies on the Western front, but the location of the referendum and recall seems at present undetermined.—*Chicago Herald.*

Greek statesmen either are or have resigned.—*Wall Street Journal.*

The trouble with undersea war is that it is not on the level.—*Boston Transcript.*

John Bull pays attention to our letters if not to our notes.—*Wall Street Journal.*

When Greek meets Greek a French admiral steps in and purloins the Navy.—*Indianapolis News.*

Another important question for Mr. Hughes: What will he do if he isn't elected?—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

The slogan of the Hughes campaign seems to be, "Knock and it shall be opened unto you."—*Savannah News.*

After a while paper may be so scarce that shoe-manufacturers can't afford to use it in soles.—*Des Moines Register.*

The high cost of living in America is partly due to the high cost of killing in Europe.—*Charleston News and Courier.*

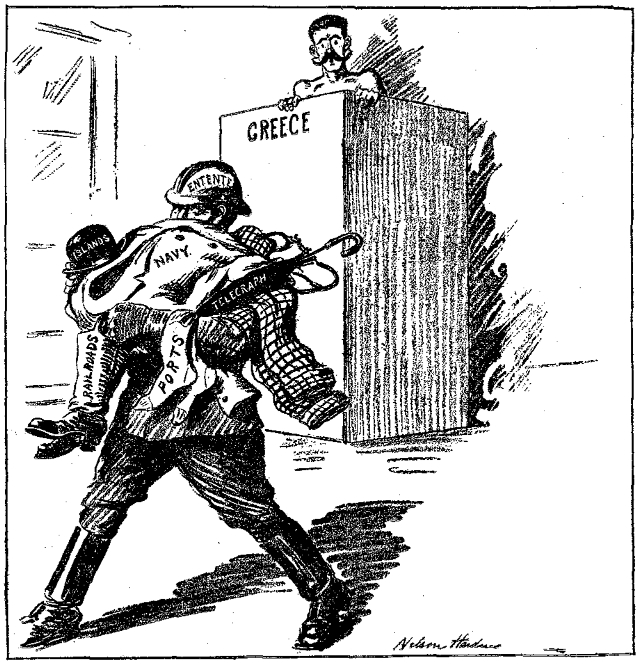
The prize for hard-luck stories goes to that man out West who looks like Wilson and is named Hughes.—*Philadelphia North American.*

The calmness with which the Greeks conduct a revolution should be an object lesson to hot-headed South-American republics.—*Birmingham Age Herald.*

King Constantine of Greece evidently interprets the invitation to join the Allies as being practically an invitation to join Servia and Belgium.—*Chicago Herald.*

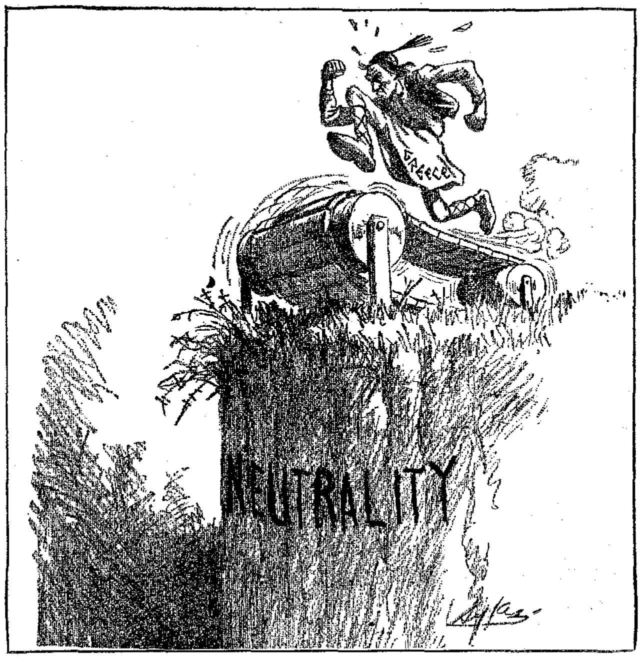
"If St. Paul were alive to-day," says John D. Rockefeller, "he would be a captain of industry." But he isn't, and therefore he is considered a saint.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

Colonel Roosevelt appears to think (at this time) that, had we warned Germany in time, Belgium would not have been invaded. Still, Great Britain warned Germany, did it not?—*Chicago Daily News.*



OCTOBER MORN.

—Harding in the Brooklyn *Eagle.*



THE MODERN MARATHON.

—Sykes in the Philadelphia *Evening Ledger.*

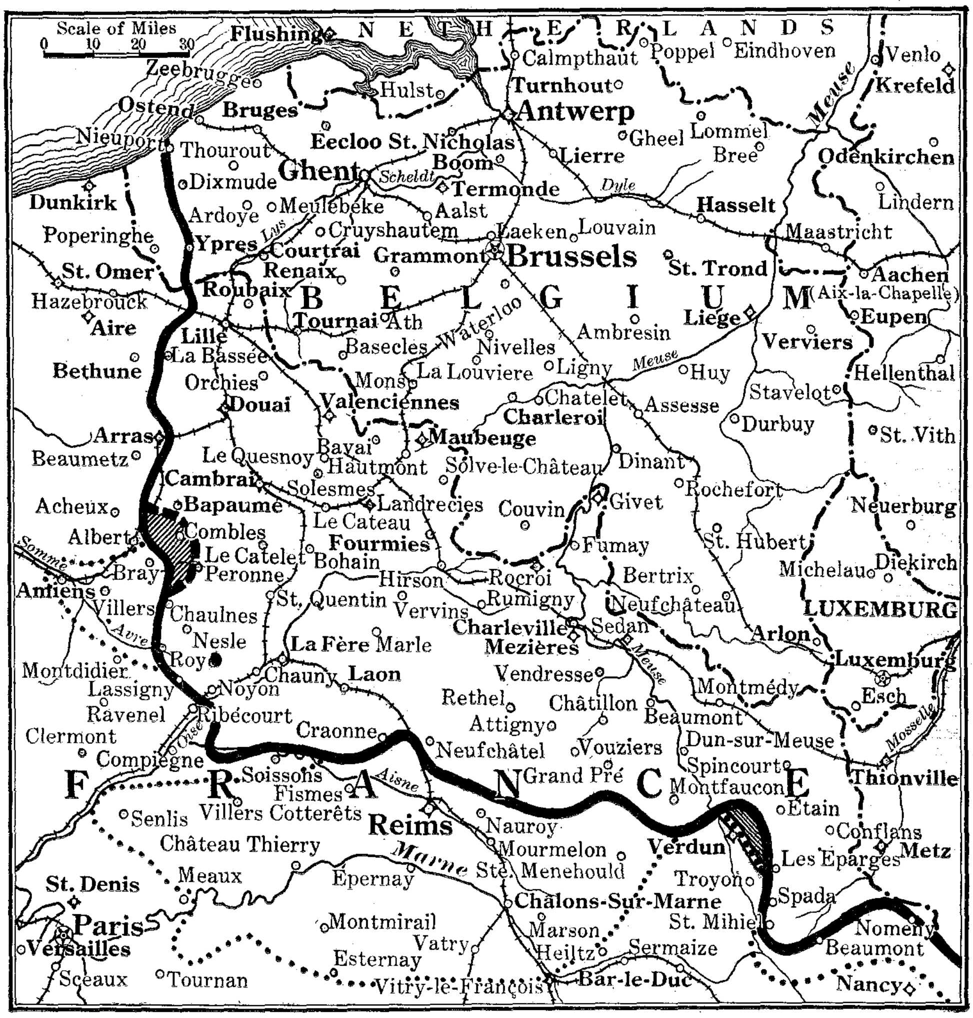
"THE GLORY THAT WAS GREECE."

FOREIGN - COMMENT

WHAT THE SOMME DRIVE IS DRIVING AT

Insignificant progress, geographically speaking, has been made by the Entente on the Somme, for, compared with the amount of French territory in German occupation, the few miles in Picardy that the Allies have regained are really of no account as a feat of reconquest. Nor are the little towns of Péronne and Bapaume, toward which the Allied drive seems directed, places of any strategic importance; even if they fell into Allied hands, the position of the Entente on the Western front would not be materially strengthened. None the less there are features in connection with the drive that are most significant and are causing a certain amount of disquiet among the German military critics, so much so that we find in the press explanations of the reason why the German lines are retreating, instead of advancing, as two years of almost uninterrupted progress have led the German people to expect. The first point of interest in the Somme drive is that it is continuous, a novelty in trench-warfare, and the power of offensive lies in the hands of the French and British. That distinguished Swiss military critic, Colonel Feyler, remarks in the *Journal de Genève:*

> "The offensive has never been seriously yielded anywhere, and its progress, tho restricted to certain districts, has been constant. This is something new. Hitherto progress on the Western front has, in all cases, been arrested after a relatively short period. The battle of Verdun is a particularly instructive example, for it represents at least five months of offensive, in the course of which every progress made has been followed by a long pause. The Somme offensive is quite a different matter."



Scale of Miles
0
10
20
30
N E T H E R L A N D S
Flushing
Calmpthaut
Poppel
Eindhoven
Venlo
Krefeld
Zeebrugge
Hulst
Turnhout
Antwerp
Ostend
Bruges
Meuse
Nieuport
Eecloo
St. Nicholas
Gheel
Lommel
Bree
Odenkirchen
Thourout
Ghent
Boom
Lierre
Dixmude
Scheldt
Termonde
Dyle
Lindern
Dunkirk
Ardoye
Meulebeke
Aalst
Hasselt
Poperinghe
Lys
Cruyshautem
Laeken
Louvain
Maastricht
Ypres
Courtrai
Grammont
Brussels
St. Trond
St. Omer
Renaix
Aachen
(Aix-la-Chapelle)
Hazebrouck
Roubaix
B E L G I U M
Waterloo
Liege
Eupen
Aire
Tournai
Ath
Ambresin
Lille
Basecles
Nivelles
Verviers
Bethune
La Bassée
La Louviere
Ligny
Meuse
Huy
Hellenthal
Orchies
Mons
Douai
Valenciennes
Chatelet
Assesse
Stavelot
Charleroi
Durbuy
Arras
Maubeuge
St. Vith
Beaumetz
Le Quesnoy
Bavai
Hautmont
Solve-le-Château
Dinant
Cambrai
Solesmes
Rochefort
Acheux
Bapaume
Landrecies
Couvin
Givet
Neuerburg
Albert
Combles
Le Cateau
Somme
Le Catelet
Fourmies
Fumay
St. Hubert
Bray
Peronne
Bohain
Bertrix
Michelau
Diekirch
Amiens
Hirson
Rocroi
Villers
Chaulnes
St. Quentin
Vervins
Rumigny
Neufchâteau
LUXEMBURG
Avre
Charleville
Sedan
Arlon
Nesle
La Fère
Marle
Mezières
Luxemburg
Montdidier
Roye
Chauny
Laon
Vendresse
Lassigny
Noyon
Rethel
Châtillon
Montmédy
Esch
Ravenel
Ribécourt
Beaumont
Clermont
Craonne
Attigny
Vouziers
Dun-sur-Meuse
Mosselle
Oise
Compiègne
Neufchâtel
Spincourt
Soissons
Aisne
Grand Pré
Thionville
F R A N C E
Fismes
Montfaucon
Senlis
Villers Cotterêts
Reims
Etain
Nauroy
Conflans
Château Thierry
Mourmelon
Verdun
Metz
Marne
Les Eparges
St. Denis
Meaux
Epernay
Ste. Menehould
Troyon
Châlons-Sur-Marne
Spada
Paris
Montmirail
St. Mihiel
Versailles
Vatry
Marson
Nomeny
Heiltz
Sermaize
Beaumont
Esternay
Sceaux
Tournan
Vitry-le-François
Bar-le-Duc
Nancy

WHAT THE ALLIES HAVE GAINED AND LOST AT THE SOMME AND VERDUN.

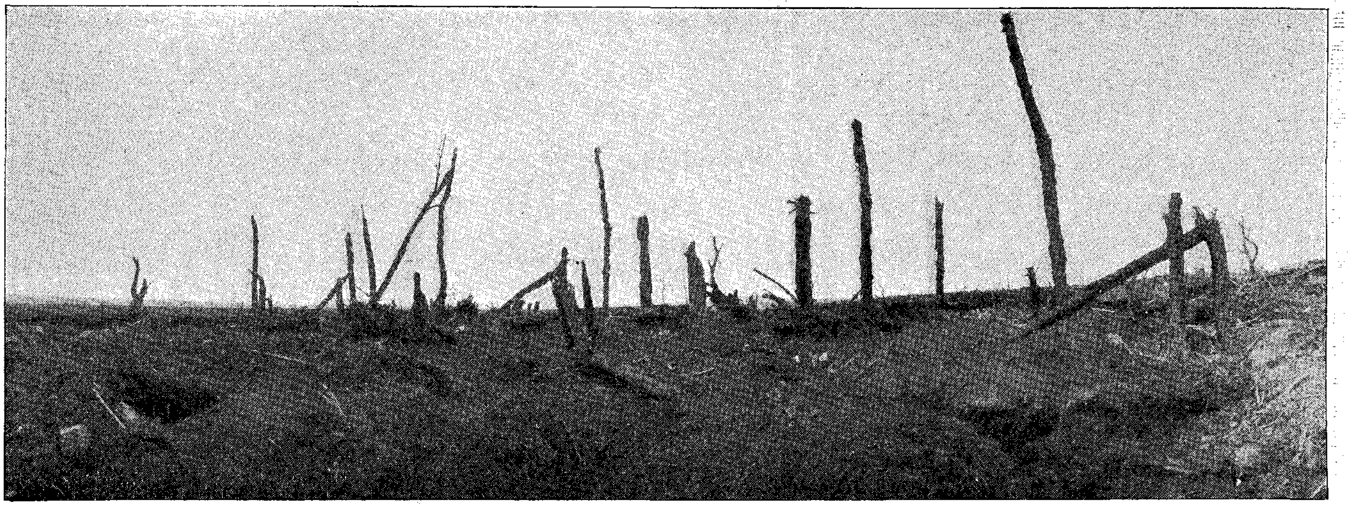
The black line marks the front, the shaded portions ground captured, the dotted line the furthest German advance into France.

This constant pressure has forced the Teutonic armies gradually to retreat, but, as the *Frankfurter Zeitung* points out, as long as the German line remains intact and unbroken a short strategic retreat matters little. On the other hand, a steady push may result, as almost all neutral critics have prophesied, in a general retirement of the German line from Switzerland to the sea, to positions in the rear which have been carefully prepared. Such a shortening of the front is contemplated by the *Frankfurter Zeitung* when it writes:

> "The front must remain elastic and coherent. That is the main task, and whatever is tactically and strategically not worth further sacrifices must be given up. It is true that long-maintained positions and villages are being lost, but they are being lost in a battle which has dragged out over months. Moreover, even greater shortenings of the front, as has often been clearly realized by neutral criticism, would, if they were ever to occur in the West, only result in benefiting the situation as a whole. But up to the present such shortenings of the front have in no way been necessary. Even positions surrounded on three sides have been held."

Professor Wegener, whose correspondence from the front appears in both the Berlin *Lokal Anzeiger* and the *Kölnische Zeitung*, is disturbed at the possible moral effect that this yielding of the line may have on those at home, so he explains that the Allies are paying an exorbitant price in slaughtered men for every foot of ground gained, while the Germans save life by giving up positions of no strategic importance. He says:

> "The constantly renewed assaults which, by immeasurable sacrifices of men and material, permit at best of the winning, from time to time and at isolated points, of a few hundreds or thousands of meters of ground—followed by a fresh check at the particular point—can not in any way alter the situation. The enemy has to rearrange his exhausted troops and to bring up reserves of material—which gives us also opportunity to do the same and to make new positions. The enemy has not come a step nearer to a real break through of a decisive kind, and we care nothing about the kilometers of his own soil which we abandon to the enemy. Since July 1 the advance at no point has exceeded a depth of 10 kilometers. Consequently the proceedings of the enemy seem to us to be senseless murder. . . . . .
>
> "Of course, we do not yield ground gladly—if only because of the impression made on our own men. The German soldier



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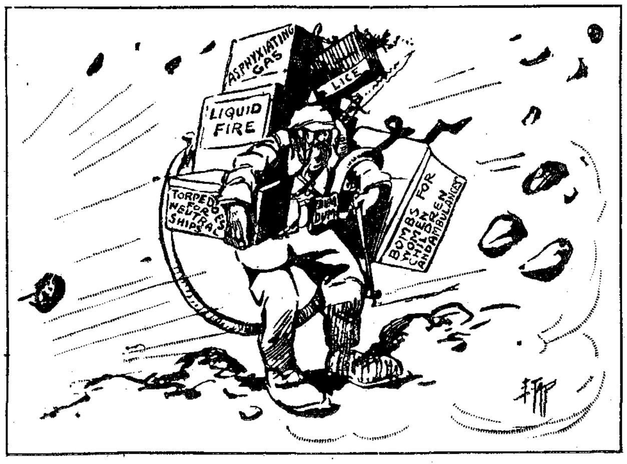
THIS WAS ONCE A WOOD.

All that is left of a small forest near Guillemont after a preliminary artillery bombardment before an Allied advance.

does not like to go back, even for strategical reasons. His deepest instinct is to press forward. With tough and loyal devotion he clings to the position entrusted to him, and only very unwillingly leaves fallen comrades unburied behind him. Nevertheless, it is of our own free will, as I know from the personal utterances of various army leaders, that we refrain from winning back at any price completely destroyed positions, unless, owing to their situation, they have a special value. The life of our men is what is precious for us. The few kilometers in themselves mean nothing to us; we have enough of them in hand."

If the Entente can succeed in forcing a breach in the German line they will score a valuable point, and it is significant that the Allied commanders after two years of war think that the moment has arrived when such an attempt can be made. On their side they have maintained a profound silence on the point, and it is from Berlin that we hear that the first attempt has been made—and failed. A recent official report from German headquarters set the attack on Sailly-Saillisel as the attempt to break through the German line. The dispatch runs:


ASPHYXIATING GAS
LICE
LIQUID FIRE
TORPEDOES FOR NEUTRAL SHIPS
DUM DUM
BOMBS FOR WOMEN CHILDREN AND AMBULANCES

AN EXPERT OPINION.

THE BOCHE—"The cowards! This is not war—this push. It is pure barbarism." —*La Victoire* (Paris).

"There is no possible doubt the enemy attempted to reach a decision with this enormous effort. Especially on October 12, he planned to break through on the largest scale. All prisoners declare that the losses of the enemy, especially those of the British, reached an amount heretofore unknown. Reports of German troops fully confirm this. Prisoners state French infantry companies now number hardly fifty men. The commander, in order to stimulate the courage of the troops, had alcoholic drinks distributed profusely among them before the charge. This fact shows better than anything else the real morale of the French troops. Prisoners speak of the attack as 'hell on the Somme' and 'useless slaughter.'

"Under the circumstances it is easily understood why the French and British reports hardly touch on the events of these days or are completely silent in regard to them. The days of October 9 to October 13 were first-class fighting days. They brought full success to the German arms and complete defeat to the French and British. The tragedy of the Somme seems near a climax."

But on the Allied side there is complete satisfaction with the results achieved. The London *Outlook* remarks:

"The Kaiser's subjects are being gently prepared to receive unpleasant truths which can no longer be concealed by highly colored and imaginative reports of 'decisive victories' which will not mature. There is a chastened note in the report breaking the news of the Anglo-French advance on Tuesday. It runs: 'The successes which our enemies achieved east of Eaucourt l'Abbaye and through the occupation of the villages in the line of Gueudecourt-Bouchavesnes are admitted. In spite of all, however, we must remember that our heroic troops were here faced by the combined Anglo-French main forces provided with a great mass of material prepared during many months by the war-industry of the entire world.' This will be cold consolation for a public surfeited with fairy-tales of unbroken triumphs and educated to despise the resources and fighting qualities of the foe. The Potsdam bluff has been wonderfully maintained, but the time has come when the cards will have to be exposed."

Commenting on the same German report quoted by *The Outlook*, the London *Daily Mail* says:

"This report is the most significant ever issued from the German Headquarters. For it owns in so many words that, in the greatest and fiercest battle yet fought the German Army has been driven back, compelled to yield ground—in short, beaten.

"In this sense even the dullest German must read this dolorous message, and not all the *Zeppelin*-bombings of women in British cottages will soften the blow."

CAPTURED WITH A FOOTBALL—A prominent Paris paper, *Le Journal*, records the impressions of an Australian soldier, one Jack Bullock, who was wounded at Thiepval. He went out with five comrades in an attempt to bomb into silence a German machine gun. He says:

"Getting near the enemy blockhouse, we threw all the bombs we had so as to leave the Huns before us no respite. They were certainly on the point of surrendering when we found that our ammunition had given out. What bad luck! Already the Germans were showing their noses over the redoubt. In the fear that they would find out our embarrassment and profit by it one of my two surviving comrades—have I said that three had been killed?—seized a Rugby football which we had dribbled before us from our trench and made a motion as if to throw it at the enemy. They, not understanding the nature of the object, and no doubt taking it for a new and formidable engine, held up their hands, and we captured them easily."

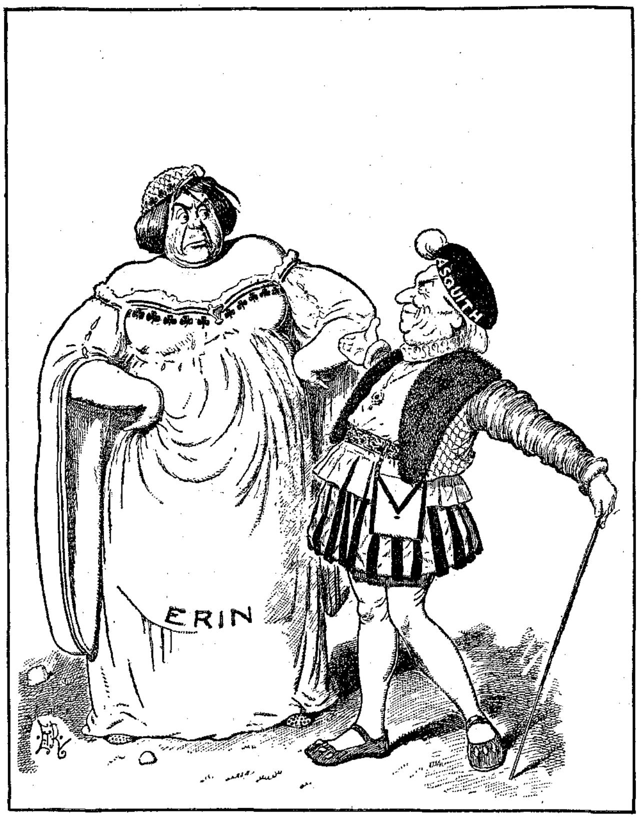
PROTESTANT IRELAND'S OPINION

A POWERFUL MINORITY, conspicuous for its wealth and culture, has consistently opposed the cause of Home Rule. The voice of Ireland's Protestant and therefore Unionist, party is not so familiar in the ears of the United States as that of the Catholic, and therefore Nationalist, organizations, whose views have frequently been found in our columns. Two leaders of the Protestant side, both disclaiming any political aim, or even affiliation, have recently given their views upon the Ireland of 1916, and what they say is provocative of thought. The first is Dr. Bernard, the Protestant Archbishop of Dublin, who in the London *National Review* reminds his readers that Home Rule is still on the statute-book and that it is "futile to hope for its repeal." He condemns the proposed exclusion of Ulster as a scheme "disliked by everybody in Ireland," and proceeds:

> "I have met nobody who believes that the particular scheme now on the statute-book could be worked at all without Ulster; whatever measure is placed on the statute-book, the authority of Parliament must be maintained by the armed forces of the Crown against Southerners and Northerners alike."

The learned prelate's despairing conclusion runs:

> "The practical conclusion is that a sufficient number of British troops ought to be kept in Ireland after the war to make it quite impossible for North and South to engage in civil strife."



"THE TAMING OF THE SHREW."

—*Passing Show* (London).

Taking the gloomiest view of present conditions, the Archbishop says:

> "It is the vainest of dreams to suppose that the spirit of lawlessness can be exorcised by mere legislation. It is all over the country, and it can only be dispelled gradually by long years of just and firm rule. How to secure this firmness, which is quite a different thing from any unduly violent coercion, under a democratic system, in a country wholly unfitted as yet for democratic institutions, is not easy to determine. But this is the real problem. The tradition of yielding to sentimental clamor when lawbreakers are punished is a *damnosa hereditas* which will hamper the successors of Mr. Birrell and Lord Aberdeen for many a day. The Irish temper has been trained to be impatient of restraint and indignant at penalty. And such a temper is anarchic, naturally, inevitably."

The Archbishop adds: "Surprizing as it may be to law-abiding people, no Irish Nationalist expects to be punished for political crime, no matter how grave may be its consequences," and tho Sir John Maxwell acted with "great moderation as well as good judgment," "it was enough that any one should be executed for treason to provoke a very angry feeling throughout the country."

Occupying a position in Protestant circles of perhaps greater influence than an archbishop is Dr. J. P. Mahaffy, the Provost of Trinity College, Dublin, for centuries the stronghold of Protestant privilege and culture. His views, as set forth in *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*, are exprest even more strongly than those of Dr. Bernard. He thinks the present moment an opportune one for those who are not affiliated with any political party, as he expresses it—

> "Men who despise these party quarrels, and are thinking of the future safety and prosperity of their country. I take care not to call them patriots, a term which has now acquired in Ireland an evil reputation, being commonly applied to convicted felons."

Professor Mahaffy thinks that many of Ireland's troubles could be settled by a Round-Table Conference, and the committee attending it should—

> "consist partly of the extreme men of all parties, not excluding either fossil Tories or blood-stained Sinn Feiners. It should also include some moderate men, not bound up with any party, but cognizant of all of them, and still more, of the needs of Ireland. I still have some faint hopes that such a committee might come to some practical conclusions, and lead the House of Commons into the paths of common sense. For of this I am far more confident, that unless a settlement is reached in this way, we shall not reach it without some far wider legislation than mere Home Rule, as now put before us."

The Provost then adds very significantly:

> "I will here only repeat my conviction that if some such committee is unable to find a solution in an amending bill, it is as certain as anything can be about Ireland that the House of Commons will not find it without some new outbreak, or a completely new departure in statesmanship.
>
> "Why should such a new departure be thought necessary? Because of the peculiar social and religious conditions into which the country has drifted, partly by the neglect of the British Government, partly by the active propaganda carried on throughout the country, which has not only leavened the masses of the people, but has conquered the influence of their religion, and therefore of the only moral restraint which semicivilized people are likely to respect."

The Catholic schools are accused by this eminent educational authority of being used to nurture Sinn Fein:

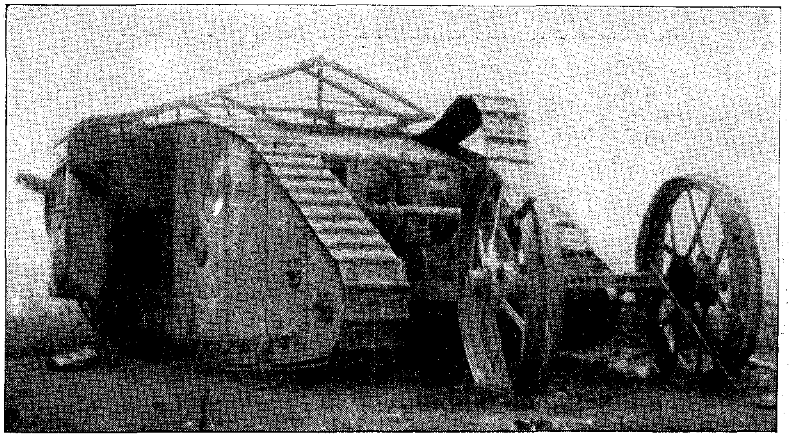
> "I am convinced that this disloyalty of many Roman Catholic schools, both primary and secondary, is the deepest reason why the new generation in Ireland is beginning to despise John Redmond and his attempts at a constitutional settlement. They demand complete independence for Ireland, even to the degree of siding with England's enemies in war. This is, of course, absurd, even to the maddest of English politicians; but how is it to be avoided without the employment of a permanent army of occupation? Until you can make the Roman Catholic schools loyal, the state of opinion in Ireland will go from bad to worse."

The Provost blames with equal impartiality the Catholic school managers, the English Prime Minister, and Irish members of Parliament of every school of political thought. He concludes:

> "It were amusing, but idle, to add further details. For is it likely that a set of men making a precarious livelihood by party politics in the House of Commons will ever consent to the risk of losing their incomes?
>
> "I will only say, in conclusion, that if many of my statements, and, still more, of my inferences, are questioned, and even branded by official contradiction as false, I shall content myself by repeating the profoundly philosophical reflection made by some obscure Irishman not long ago. 'I tell you, sir, there never was a time when the country was so full of lies, but the worst of it is, more than half of them is true.' The lies with which I may be charged will be found to have this curious quality."

THOSE TANKS

INCREDIBLE STORIES about the agility of the latest war-machine invented by the British fill the London papers. The "tanks," as they are called, have been denounced by the German authorities as "inhuman" and contrary to the laws of civilized warfare. Very little about them has as yet appeared in the German press, but the *Berliner Tageblatt* has given them a name in German—*Schützengrabendreadnoughts*—and thus describes them:



Copyrighted by Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

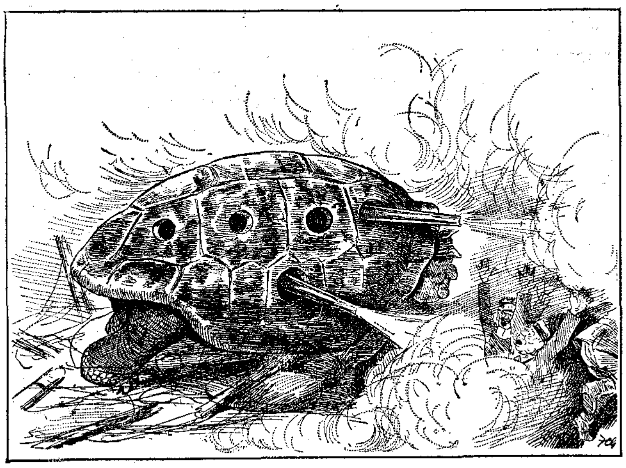
A TANK.

This is the first photograph of the "tank" in action to reach this country. The steel-protected monster crosses streams, climbs hills, veritably leaps chasms and mows down hundreds as it is guided on its way firing from its side turrets.

"Everywhere the technicians have been busy upon the problem of diminishing losses during the attack, but it has been reserved to the English to elaborate the most audacious invention in that direction. Their 'caterpillar,' a creeping monster, which is an armored motor-roller, made its appearance for the first time before our positions in the middle of September. Its orders were nothing less than the annihilation of the machine guns which are so dreaded by the attacking force.

"This new war-monster may be described approximately as an armored motor-car, with two small towers, in which are placed two 6-pounder guns, as well as a machine gun. It is manned and manipulated by an officer, a driver with a mechanic, four men at the guns, and one for the machine gun. A periscope with various prisms allows the manipulators an outlook from under their cover. The 'Big Willy,' as the English call their monstrous creature, has a so-called endless rail, *i.e.*, it lays a track for itself. It can even make a kind of bridge for itself, and in its trials at home it rode with splendid success over five trenches and a crater.

"Lloyd-George, Asquith, Robertson, King George, and several French generals were full of praises during this inspection. Five torpedo-boats convoyed the new war-machine across the Channel. Yet when it went for the first time into a real fight on September 15, 'Big Willy' died a sudden death from the first shrapnel shell that hit it."



THE JOHN BULL TORTOISE.

He may be slow, but he gets there all the same.

—*Westminster Gazette* (London).

English accounts admit that one disabled tank has been destroyed, but by direct artillery-fire from British guns behind the lines, in order to prevent it falling into German hands; this, they aver, is the only one lost so far. Writing in the London *Daily Chronicle*, Mr. Philip Gibbs describes the antics of these curious craft:

"The first news of success came through from an airman's wireless, which said—

"'A tank is walking up the high street of Flers with the British Army cheering behind.'"

Some other achievements of "the tank" mentioned by Mr. Gibbs are as follows:

"It 'leant' against a broken wall until it fell, and then crawled over the débris.

"It went up to machine-gun emplacements, 'crusht the gun under its ribs,' and passed on, spitting death at the demoralized Germans.

"It 'stamped' down a dugout as tho it were a wasps' nest.

"It 'sat on' heaps of ruins and fired down a village street.

"It went right through the old German trenches.

"It crashed through broken barns and houses, 'straddled' a dugout, and fired enfilading shots down German trenches."

Commenting on the reported German protest against their use, the London *New Witness* writes:

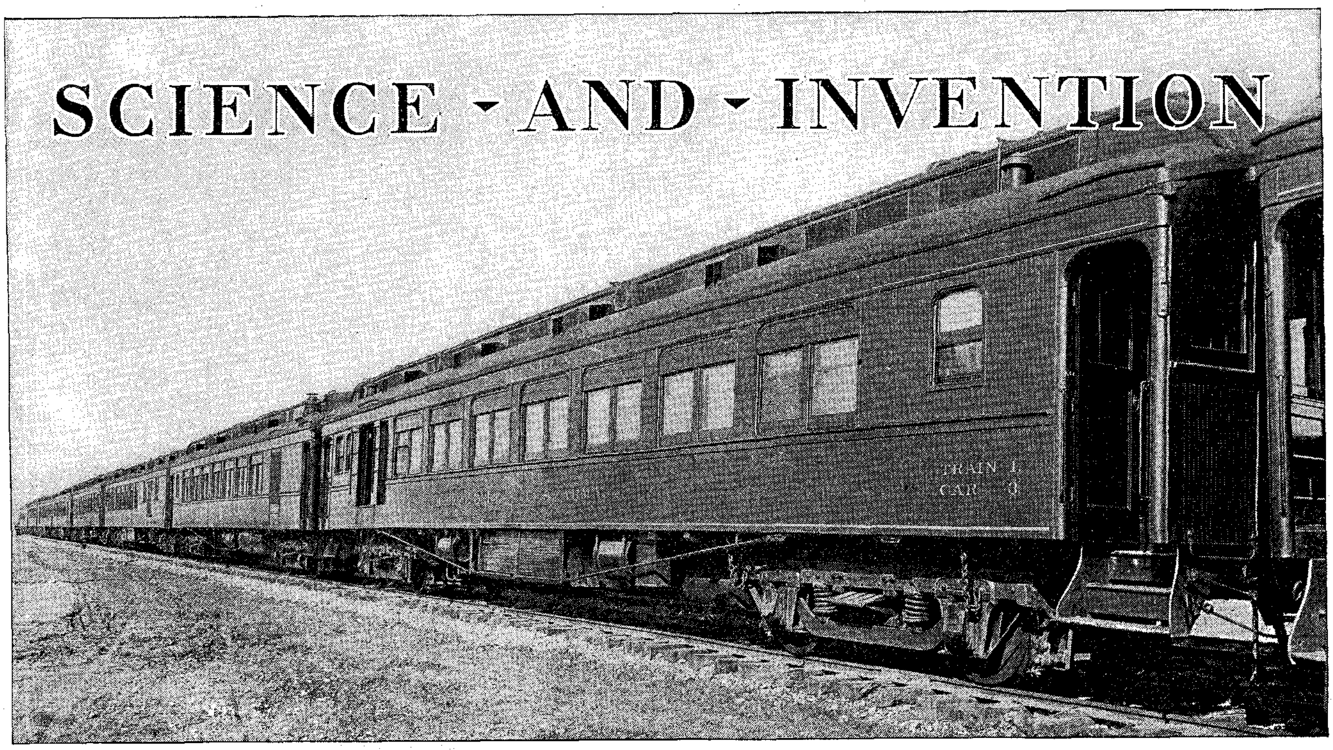
"In solemn times like these one is grateful for a gleam of humor. That gleam is supplied this week by the 'protest' of the Prussian Government against the use of the new 'tanks' as inconsistent with humanity and with the laws of civilized warfare! That is really great! In view of the record of Prussia in this war, it is difficult to see that she has a right to protest on such grounds against anything at all. If bombarding open towns, sinking peaceable passenger-ships without warning, murdering nurses and merchant captains, . . . are not violations of humanity and the laws of war, it is difficult for the non-Prussian imagination to conceive anything that could be such a violation. But, as a fact, the tanks do not need justification even as reprisals. They are practically simply armored motor-cars provided with guns and capable of spanning trenches. Nobody could pretend that they were unlawful, unless motors and guns are unlawful."

GERMAN EXPORTERS' PLANS—Broadly hinting that its views are inspired by Mr. Ballin, the presiding genius of the great Hamburg-American Line, the *Hamburger Nachrichten* writes:

"During the war and after the war our exporters will to a great extent have to take new roads. The organizations have, however, been created which, both in the East and in South America, are intended to do the preliminary labor. The German import trade has also created new organizations in the past few months, in order to be able to maintain its ground, and doubtless also, as a primary object, in order to be able to oppose vigorously the socializing efforts of certain political circles which want to lay the hand of the State upon certain articles of importation. In Hamburg, Bremen, and Berlin unions of this kind have been created simultaneously.

"But not only the import and export trades have been organized. The whole German wholesale trade has recognized that a fighting organization is necessary, and in May formed a central league, of which Hamburg will be one local group. If practical and determined work is done in all these spheres we believe that individualism in trade will be able to maintain itself. But every merchant must be clear about the fact that the existence of his class is at stake, and that he has to step into the ranks of his comrades, like a well-disciplined soldier who defends his own house and that of his brethren."

SCIENCE - AND - INVENTION



Illustrations by courtesy of "The Army and Navy Register," Washington, D. C.

OUR FIRST MILITARY HOSPITAL-TRAIN.

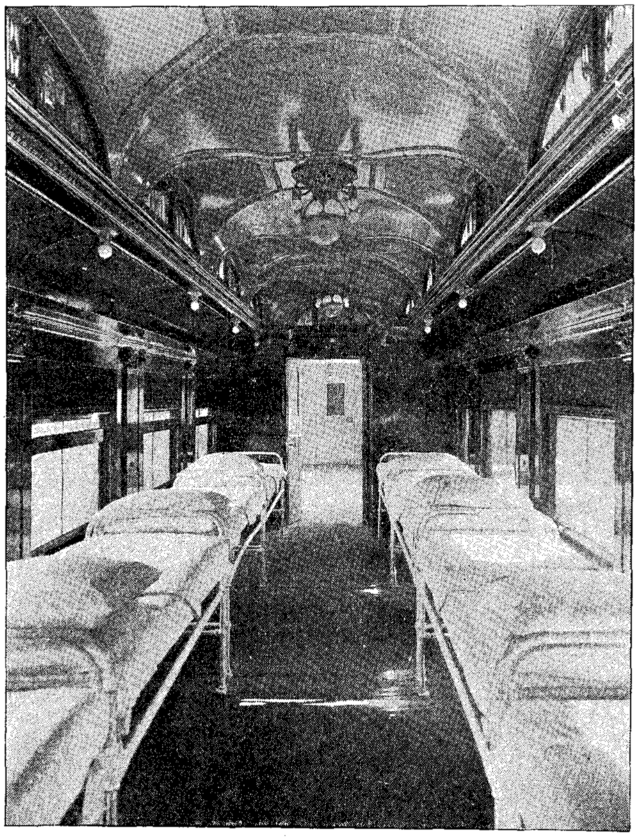
A HOSPITAL-TRAIN FOR THE ARMY

THE FIRST MODERN TRAIN of hospital-cars ever built in this country for military service has just been designed and constructed by the Pullman Company for the United States Army at the instance of Col. H. P. Birmingham, Acting Surgeon-General. Trains of this character have been used abroad in the present war, but the new American train surpasses anything of the type employed in Europe—at least, this is the opinion of the author of a descriptive article in *The Army and Navy Register* (Washington), who gives us the following details:

"The work of designing and the supervision of the new construction devolved upon Capt. Percy L. Jones, of the Army Medical Corps, who is on duty in the Surgeon-General's office of the War Department.

"The train is made up of ten Pullman cars. Five of the cars were stript of berths and regular hospital-beds were installed in their places. Two of the cars are the regulation sleepers, with new equipment in the way of extra fans, call-bells, medicine-cabinets, linen-cabinets, extra water- and ice-tanks. One car is fitted up as an operating-room, complete in all details. Then there is a kitchen-car, which has facilities for providing food for over two hundred sick. The remaining cars are used for the medical-department personnel. The train of ten cars is 800 feet in length.

"Each car is painted dark green and bears the legend 'Medical Department, United States Army,' with the medical-corps and Red-Cross insignia. The cars for patients have been equipped with side doors, affording ample means for taking patients in and out on litters. The beds are of the regular hospital pattern of white enamel, and in some of the cars the upper berths have been removed, while in others they have been retained and will be used for ambulant cases. A standard coach improved for its new use is used for the medical officers and the corps personnel. The end doors of all cars have been widened so as to enable the transfer of patients on litters from car to car from one end of the train to the other.



A REAL HOSPITAL.

Five of the ten cars which make up the hospital-train are equipped, like this, with iron beds and are to be used for the seriously wounded. A different interior is pictured on the next page.

"The Pullman people cooperated with real enthusiasm with Captain Jones in carrying out the ideas of Colonel Birmingham, and an arrangement has been made for the rental of the train with the privilege of its purchase by the Government at a price which will take into consideration the amount paid for its temporary use. The train is in charge of Capt. H. H. Baily, of the Army Medical Corps.

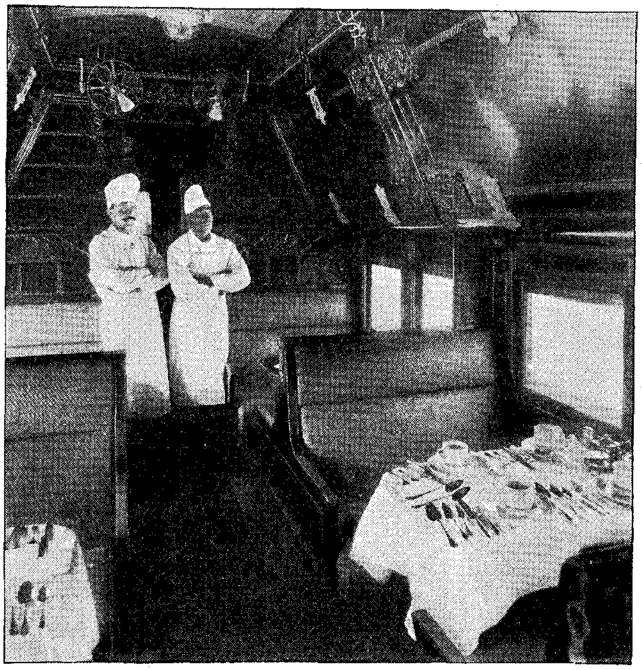
"The illustrations . . . are reproductions of official photographs taken at the Pullman shops.

"One picture shows a typical car, exterior view, exhibiting the side doors, which are open and which have been specially installed to permit the handling of litters. The medical-department and Red-Cross emblems are plainly visible.

"Another illustration shows . . . . the interior of the car with the hospital beds. It is in such a car that the more serious cases will be placed, while, as already stated, the ambulant cases will be assigned to the regulation sleepers."

BEES AS FIGHTERS

THE "STRUGGLE FOR LIFE" has now become almost a cant phrase since Darwin, Huxley, and their successors made us familiar with the fact that the animal world is a battle-ground. The strong prevails over the weak, while the defeated species in most cases is saved from destruction only by its superior fertility. Thus the swallow devours its favorite insects by the hundreds, but the insects reproduce by the thousand, and so continue to exist. No doubt this is struggle, says Gaston Bonnier, of the French Academy of Sciences, writing in *La Revue Hebdomadaire* (Paris); but a still more vital conflict, a war of extermination, sometimes takes place between individuals of the same species. This is relatively rare, met with only in the most intelligent and best organized animal groups. Among the vertebrates, man is the principal sinner; among invertebrates, those monarchical socialists, the bees:



"DINNER IS NOW BEING SERVED."

The hospital-train described on the previous page includes a completely equipped kitchen-car and has facilities for providing food for 200 sick, in addition to the medical-department personnel.

"The conflicts among them have the same causes as great wars among nations; overpopulation, bad harvests, the desire for booty. Indeed, it is always the strongest colonies which declare the war against weaker ones, and war regularly begins at that epoch of the year when there is no more nectar to cull from the flowers. The conqueror never fails to carry home the honey of the conquered, even if his own hives are packed. But—and here the analogy with man is a striking one—the war continues even after its economic purposes have been fully accomplished. The intoxication of success drives the conqueror to carry the fight to a finish.

"It is well understood that the bee is a poetic insect. But when we leave the heights of Parnassus and descend to the realities of life, we are shocked by the ethics of the beehive. The most naked materialism prevails on every rung of the social ladder, from the queen to the lowest day-laborer. Collectivist egotism, cruelty carried to barbarity, pitiless murder of the wounded, even if the latter belong to the conqueror's own colony, the savage elimination of the veterans when they have lost their usefulness—these are some of the principal tenets of the bees' moral code.

"We all know of the deadly duels between the queens, the slaughter of the defenseless innocents, poor husbands of her Majesty, immolated by the numerous clan of neutral working-women—a cruel feministic revenge of old maids!

"No mutual help, unless it be absolutely necessary for the common welfare of the nation; no pity, no charity. Nothing but scientific organization, work, tenacity—three qualities which are characteristic of a certain human tribe that we need not designate by name. . . . . . .

"When Maeterlinck, in his charming 'Life of the Bee,' speaks in enraptured terms of the clever militaristic organization of the city-State of Hymenopteropolis, the poet draws a gentle veil over the bayonet-attacks and asphyxiating gases of the warriors' trench-warfare. The apiculturist should rather listen to science than to poetry, and when he becomes aware of the first skirmishes, he would act wisely by immediately stopping further bloodshed, for there is danger, when the smoke of the battle-ground has vanished, that he may find both armies stretched out on the ground as dead as door-nails and the supplies gone or irretrievably spoiled. Sometimes the beehive-owner, by imprudent methods, unintentionally provokes war between the hostile camps.

"It is an interesting and well-known fact that the queen uses her sting only in her duels with sister-queens and that she does not generally participate in the deadly conflicts among the common folk. The issue is apt to be doubly fatal because the attacked bee pulls away the sting of the aggressor, who flees away, victorious, it is true, but its body ripped open.

"Of course, there would soon be no bees left if all the attacking bees were killed. In the fight the stronger combatant, after a prolonged struggle, often succeeds in holding down the exhausted adversary. In a trice, the conqueror introduces his sting between two rings in the soft parts of the enemy's body and escapes. We must, further, not forget that the bees have not given up altogether the time-honored method of fortress warfare. Most of the battles take place within the beehives, and here a small, well-organized garrison can successfully resist an enemy attacking with superior forces.

"After this exposé of general hymenopteral strategy and tactics, let us study the fight at close range. It is a regular prize-fight. With fangs and mandibles the combatants grasp one another in deadly embrace. Only in this position can the sting do its work. The double pair of wings are useful for the transportation of the troops, each one representing an aeroplane. But there are no *Zeppelin* fights. In whatever way the struggle may have started, the adversaries are soon on the solid ground. The infuriated contest often lasts a full hour. When the duelists see that they are of about equal strength, they give up the fight, flying off in opposite directions."

Mr. Bonnier tells us that beehive fights are a most curious spectacle. The little armies have their reserve troops, which, over the heads of the fighting forces, rush to the succor of the attacked barracks. The latter, from the very first hour of their construction, whether in the cavity of a rock, a basket, or a wooden box, are provided with the necessary defensive works. A special corps of sappers is detached to collect a kind of glue from alders and birches, poplars and willows, to be utilized for the cementation of the walls. The width of the entrances and exits closely fits the bodies of the inmates. He goes on:

"If in spite of all precautions, hostile bees or other enemies have succeeded in forcing the gates, the inmates resort to trench-warfare, every one of the parallel wax-cakes forming a fortified ditch. Incredible as it may seem, sentinels are posted, and when a working-bee returns with forage the patrol approaches and seems to ask for the pass-word. Would-be intruders or spies from other hives are chased off or killed by the watchers. If a force of marauders is too strong for the guard, a wireless telephone call brings forth the necessary police reserve. Should, however, the single spy have succeeded in intruding and robbing the hive, it is soon seen to return with companions. After several of these forage parties have successfully returned, the whole hive throws itself upon the enemy's camp suddenly, and without official declaration of war. Both sides fight with great courage, but when one hive has lost its queen it seems to realize the disorganization that is bound to follow and gradually gives up the fight.

"When night surprizes the fighters before a decision has been reached, the conflict stops. But the aggressor returns to the attack on the next day, or even for several days following the initial assault, unless exceptionally inclement weather prevents.

"In case of complete success, wo to the conquered! 'Massacre' is the only word that expresses the situation. None is spared; even the larvæ and eggs are destroyed. The highest honors are reserved to the bee that is fortunate enough to kill the enemy queen."

The author then raises the question whether the scourge of civil war also rages among his little friends. The great apiculturist Réaumur inclines toward the affirmative. Gaston Bonnier reserves judgment. But, at any rate, he regales us with a splendid account of a royal duel between two queens—poor, constitutional dummies, by the way, whose main function consists in laying 1,000 to 3,000 eggs per day! The date of the duel was May 15, 1790, and the eye-witness was the famous Swiss apiculturist, Hubert, of Geneva. Peace is declared possible in the concluding paragraph, where the author expresses the conviction that hymenopteral militarism would see its last day if all beehives could be concentrated in countries with a constant climate, such as Ecuador, Peru, Madeira, the Azores, or Formosa, where the bees could find their provisions throughout the year and the struggle for life would be consequently reduced to a minimum.

THE SANITARY MOVIES

THE OBJECTIONABLE FEATURES of the moving-picture show have been much dwelt upon by persons who have failed to point out that these features are by no means inherent in the "movies" themselves, but only in the particular conditions under which the producers have chosen to present them. An editorial writer in *Table Talk: the National Food Magazine* (Cooperstown, N. Y., September), advocates "open-air movies as a paralysis-cure," and points out that in Boston the moving-picture shows have been utilized during the past summer as part of a huge propaganda for censoring the public health, indorsed and aided by a formidable list of local public and charitable societies. These all work, we are told, in cooperation with the Boston Park and Recreation Department. The writer says:

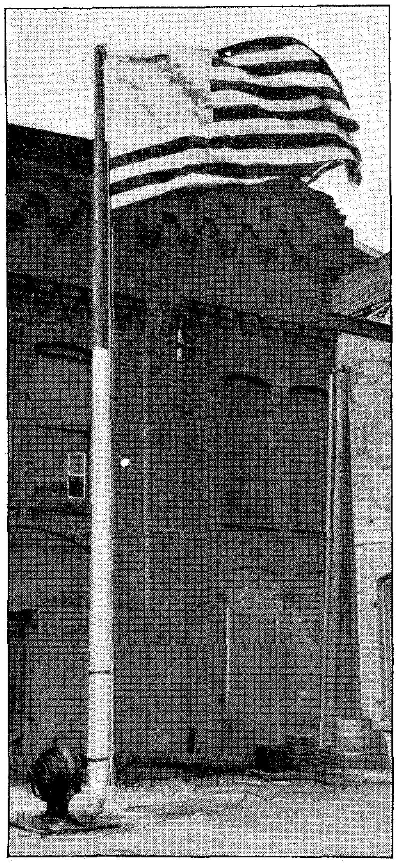
"The exhibitions were planned by a committee representing the various constituent associations. The responsibility for the execution of the plan rests with a program committee. Two- and three-night stands are the rule in the various parks, with changes in the program each night.

"Here is a move not only to popularize Boston's parks, but to drive hygiene home to the people. I present it as something for other communities to think about. . . . This is a splendid work for women's clubs. Not only can they plan the open-air movies and work in harmony with the men's organizations in arranging the details, but they can send emissaries among the mothers and children who should have these lessons in health and hygiene and stir up interest in attending. Where necessary, means can be provided by which mothers of young children living away from the parks can be taken to and from them, with a little exertion and no expense. It is one thing to ask people to come to a place blocks away, and another thing to provide the means of going or the car-fare. Women's clubs will think of the details which escape many men. They will provide chairs for mothers of babies and for the sick and the aged. All the health propaganda in the world won't make a hit with a tired mother standing holding a baby and with two or more little ones pulling at her skirts. Nor will the man or woman weakened by illness or a day's hard work take in your health-preaching if listening entails physical discomfort. Make your audiences comfortable, if you wish to drive health-films home.

"I can think of nothing better calculated to help in our great effort to conserve public health than the movies. Charts are good, exhibits are good, talks are good, but the movie film brings the message in concrete form. The audience sees itself amid the surroundings that are thrown on the screen. What is happening to the movie actors may be happening to the audience. I recall one fine film dealing with the problem of marriage between weaklings. Very realistic were the human types shown, the crowded tenements facing filthy streets, the wretched interiors and the workers bending over work in close, dirty rooms. Tuberculosis, mental deficiency, drunkenness, crippled human beings, drug fiends, and all the unfortunate lot were shown. Medical science, of course, rescued the tubercular, removed the pressure from the weakened brain, and brought the heroes and heroines into cleaner, sweeter surroundings. This picture did more to make the audiences think of the surroundings and the menace of their fellow men than any talk or book could have done.

"It is high time we used the movies to spread health-sense and food-sense. We have various industries thrown on the screen, but, save in trades' conventions, we do not have pictures of our great food-plants shown, with special view to educating the public as to the great care thrown about the manufacture of foods. Suppose a picture were to be made, showing foods handled by diseased workers in dirty shops, with attendant ones showing everything in perfect hygienic and sanitary condition, would not every dealer in the audience think more seriously of the true condition of his own shop? And would not every woman in the audience make up her mind to look more closely into the conditions of the shops in which she did her daily marketing? I suggest to food officials: have movies made of your constructive food-works. Play up the conditions which existed before you ordered things cleaned up, then play up the advantages of keeping things clean and healthy.

"One of the best things about the plan of open-air health movies is that it brings people outdoors, where they belong. . . . Movies will entice them when nothing else, not even band-concerts, will. If one spends two or three evenings a week out under the starry sky, he will refuse to sit indoors the other evenings. Some day perhaps we shall have roofs which can be slid off somewhere and live under the open sky during hot summer nights. Or, instead of allowing persons from the poor districts to sleep in our parks and on our beaches, on especially hot nights, we shall provide enough open-air sleeping quarters for the workingman and his family to use the summer through. In several inland cities, the sleeping-porch, built first as a fad of the well-to-do, is now a part of almost every dwelling. Health officials, doctors, and all who spread the propaganda of better health should educate people to the idea of staying outdoors day and night. Close, illy ventilated rooms play havoc with the health and well-being of mankind. Get the fresh-air habit instilled in the human race and half the sickness will flee."


By courtesy of "The Electric Railway Journal," New York.

THE POLE BLOWS THE FLAG.

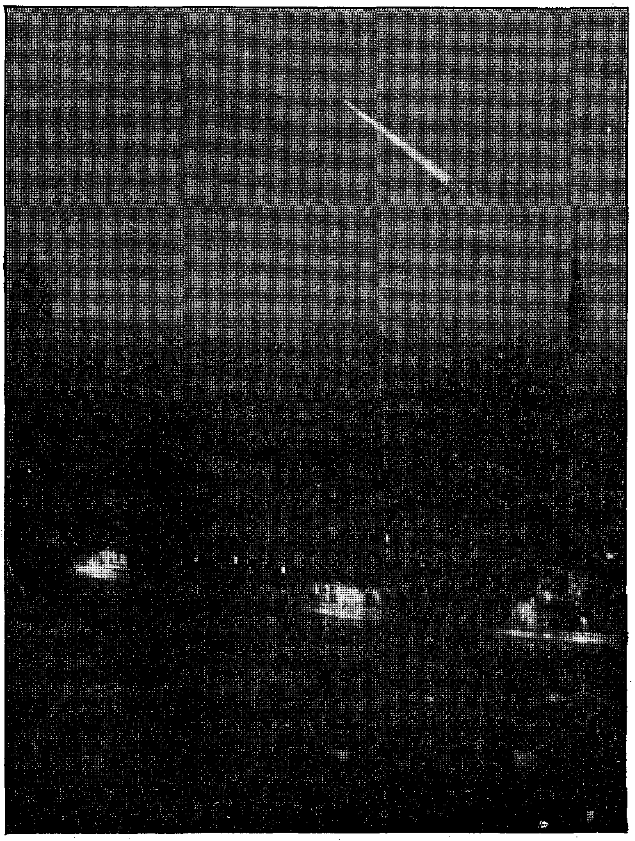
The waving equipment designed for a recent Atlantic City convention.

A FLAG-WAVING POLE—The pneumatic flag-pole and flag shown in the accompanying illustration were designed and constructed under the direction of the illuminating engineering laboratory of the General Electric Company for a recent exhibit in Atlantic City. Says a writer in *The Electric Railway Journal* (New York, October 7):

"The cut shows the equipment as temporarily erected in a yard at the factory. . . . The pole is a metal tube 27 feet high and 5 inches in diameter at the top and 9 inches at the bottom. It is set over the exhaust port of a two-horse-power electric motor-driven blower, to be enclosed in a wood box having at one end a section built up as a supporting guide for the mast. The base will be surrounded with foliage to make it appear to set solidly in the ground. The principal section of this hollow flag-pole was originally part of the mast of the steamship *Clermont*, the skeleton of which was used at the Hudson-Fulton celebration in 1909. For a distance of 9 feet from the top of the pole it is perforated with two rows of ½-inch holes drilled 1½ inches apart. When the blower is in operation the blasts emitted through these holes hold the flag and impart to it the waving motion suggested in the illustration."

FLYING BY NIGHT

THE PRESENT WAR has doubtless set the art of aviation many years in advance of where it would have stood in an era of peace. Incidentally, it has been responsible for the premature death of scores of promising aviators, but those who are left can fly better and better. One of the youngest branches of the art, itself in the course of rapid development, is the operation of aeroplanes by night. At the outset of an article on "Night Flying," contributed by Henry Woodhouse to *Flying* (New York, October), this author tells us that while as early as 1910 various aviators flew in moonlight, and while hundreds of them have been flying at night in the war-zone or for exhibition purposes, these are not really navigating the air at night with knowledge and certainty. He goes on:



Illustrations by courtesy of "Flying," New York.

THE GUARDIAN THAT FLIETH BY NIGHT.

A patrolling French aeroplane signaling with search-light above darkened Paris. This picture was taken from the church of St. Gervais, showing Notre Dame (at the right) and the Panthéon (at the left).

> "The aeronautic movement and the military authorities welcome, therefore, any developments in this line, such as Lawrence B. Sperry's recent night-flying experiment.
>
> "This flight of Sperry is the first demonstration of the possibility of water flying at night. The youthful inventor flew from Moriches to Amityville, fifty miles away, in pitch dark, lighting his way over the dark waters of the bay with specially arranged lights attached to his aeroplane, and guiding his course by compass.
>
> "Mr. Sperry, accompanied by his mechanic, started from Moriches at 8:22 on the evening of September 1, to fly to his hangar at Amityville. His flying-boat was equipped with a new night-flying outfit, constructed by Mr. Sperry. After the lights were switched on and the aeroplane started, the machine sped through the black sky with weird effect. The machine, entirely operated by the Sperry automatic pilot, which controls its course and maintains its even keel, and directed by compass, flew without trouble to and landed at Amityville.
>
> "The Sperry night-flying outfit consists of a bank of three stream-lined search-lights of 50 candle-power each. Through the use of parabolic reflectors each lamp throws a light beam of approximately 40,000 candle-power. These lights are mounted on a cleverly designed fitting which secures them to the leading edge of either the upper or lower plane. This mounting is so constructed that the lights can be tilted in a vertical plane, making it possible to use them for signaling purposes and at the same time rendering them most efficient for landing. The tilting of the lights is secured by turning a small knob fastened within easy reach of the pilot so that the lights can be operated without interfering with the control of the machine.
>
> "The lights themselves are controlled by a specially designed push switch, normally held open by a spring, which is operated like a telegraph-key for signaling and, by giving the top a quarter turn, locks in a closed position when desired.
>
> "The current supply is secured from a very efficiently designed generator of 150-watt capacity, mounted on a convenient part of the machine, where it will not be in the slip stream, and is driven by means of a wind turbine at 4,000 revolutions per minute. By means of an automatic cut-out, one of the three lamps remains lighted should anything happen to cut off the main current supply. A compact storage battery is automatically thrown into circuit, which is otherwise floating on the line."

The night *Zeppelin*-raids, we are told, have recently forced aeroplane night flying on a large scale. The Allies were forced to establish aeroplane patrols by public demand, which had to be met, altho no one could say just how the aviators were to go up at night, whether they could see other aircraft in the dark, how they could maintain their machines at an even keel, how they were to return to their starting-place and land against the wind, etc. Blunders were committed and lives were lost before a working plan was reached. The writer proceeds:

> "While the navigation of air-ships by night is a comparatively easy matter, such is not the case of the aeroplane, which can not stop in mid-air for the purpose of inspecting the ground underneath. And, whereas an aeroplane lands with a velocity seldom less than forty miles per hour, it is imperative, if aeroplanes are required to fly by night, to provide adequate landing and navigating facilities.
>
> "First, the aviator must know his relative position to the ground. For this purpose the machine must be fitted with an altimeter, for indicating the height, an inclinometer for indicating the aeroplane's inclination, and, finally, position-lights showing the transverse position of the wings. The latter requirement is attained by small electric bulbs (colored blue so as not to blind the pilot nor reveal his presence to the enemy) which are fixt on both wing-tips; the current is furnished by a storage battery, which is also used for lighting the blue lamps, which permit reading the navigating instruments.
>
> "The same battery may, furthermore, be used for working a small search-light, with the help of which the pilot might hope to effect a landing if forced down by engine trouble. The use of search-lights has not, however, been generalized on aeroplanes, as it might reveal the aviator's presence to the enemy.
>
> "The second and principal requirement for night flying—assuming the engine to be of the reliable kind—consists in providing adequately lighted landing stations."

In a recent article in London *Aeronautics*, Mahgni-Eltten gives interesting information on night flying, with special regard to conditions obtaining at the front. Mr. Woodhouse summarizes this as follows:

> "The conditions of night flying in England and in France are vastly different: in many instances pilots fresh from England have had no previous experience in it, while others who have flown a lot are not up to the same flying standard as those who are initiated out there, and, anyway, they all require a lot of practise from a military view-point.
>
> "Individual opinions often differ as to the merits of particular machines, and it is not often that one gets such a unanimity of view as is exprest in favor of a certain type in regard to its nocturnal qualities. It makes an excellent night flier and—

more important—night lander; pilots with very little or sometimes no experience in this art of flying invariably make good landings on these machines. Naturally, pilots with insufficient experience are not permitted to take up observers to fill the passenger's seat, and consequently ballast is required to give the machine longitudinal stability. . . . . . .

"While on the subject of landing, it is interesting to note that the French have an excellent landing system, very similar to our own, and it has been extensively used during the recent and present Verdun operations. Barring unfortunate contingencies, French machines are not permitted to land until they get the signal 'All clear' from below. When a French pilot arrives over what he thinks is his own aerodrome, he circles round, sending his own special letter in Morse by search-light; this should be answered by one of the ground projectors, and a machine should never land until the call has been answered, the main idea being to prevent machines landing on hostile aerodromes or even on those of neighboring squadrons.

"The method in use in British squadrons is that a pilot on approaching an aerodrome, and wishing to descend, will fire one of his Very lights. The signal—predetermined—will be answered from the ground. If the signals agree, the pilot will know he is over his own drome and may accordingly land. If the signals do not agree, he will recognize from the color of the ground signal the aerodrome he is over. As every pilot should memorize the signals of adjacent aerodromes, this method will also assist him in determining his course for his own. The distribution of landing flares is on the following system:

	0	0	0
Three flares in line, so:			
	1	2	3
One flare in the right-hand bottom corner, so:			0
			4

"And a pilot wishing to descend should know by prearrangement which of these flares are doubled so: 0. And different one in each brigade. The various aerodromes and landing stations in a brigade are distinguished by the color of the Very lights fired from a spot adjacent to the double flare. Owing to military exigency, it is impossible to state more plainly the code on which this is based."

TO SAVE WASTE ENERGY

UNDER ORDINARY CIRCUMSTANCES power must be applied both to start machinery and to stop it. Why can not the energy lost by the machine in stopping be stored in some way instead of thrown away, and utilized afterward to do the starting? The advantage of some plan of this kind is so obvious that inventors have been working at it, in various fields, for a century or so, with varying success, from the old plan of stopping horse-cars by winding up a spring, and then starting them by setting it loose, to the recent successful plan of building elevated stations on a hill of track, so that the cars slow up by running up a grade, stop at the top, and start down-hill on the descending slope. The plan, especially in its electrical aspects, is discust editorially in *The Municipal Journal* (New York) as follows:

"In any hilly city automobiles and heavy wagons must apply brakes in going down the hills, and this is hard on both tire and pavement. The rutting which destroys hillside pavements, especially dirt or macadam roads, is frequently due primarily to the practise of tying or otherwise doing all the braking on one wheel. The least wear would occur when all four wheels were subjected to an equal amount of brake-friction, and none slid over the road surface.

"Here is an enormous amount of energy wasted, and not only that, but doing damage (as wasted energy so often does). Theoretically the energy so wasted by a vehicle in descending a hill is equal to the amount necessary to raise its weight through the distance dropt, less the axle and rolling friction in both descending and climbing the hill, which is an apparently unrecoverable loss. If this brake-energy could be stored and used, hauling in a hilly city would require little more total energy than in a level one.

"Various schemes suggest themselves, but seem impracticable because of cost; such as causing the descending vehicle to raise a weight by means of a rope to which the vehicle attaches itself, which is afterward used to assist another vehicle up the hill. (This has been done in the case of cars running on rails.) More promising is the plan of using storage-batteries in the vehicle, current generated by the braking apparatus being used to recharge them. Something similar to this is now being done in connection with the electric lights and self-starters on automobiles. It is now proposed, we understand, to operate motor-trucks and possibly other automobiles by combined gasoline engine and storage-battery, the latter carrying the 'peak load' in hill-climbing and being recharged in descending grades. If only half of the energy lost in holding back a descending vehicle can be recovered and used, and the storage-battery weight and cost are not excessive, there would seem to be a great field here for conservation of energy and cutting down of operating expenses."

A *ZEPPELIN* OVER LONDON AT NIGHT.

The *Zeppelin*-raids forced the establishment of night aerial patrols and the organization of night flying on a scientific basis.

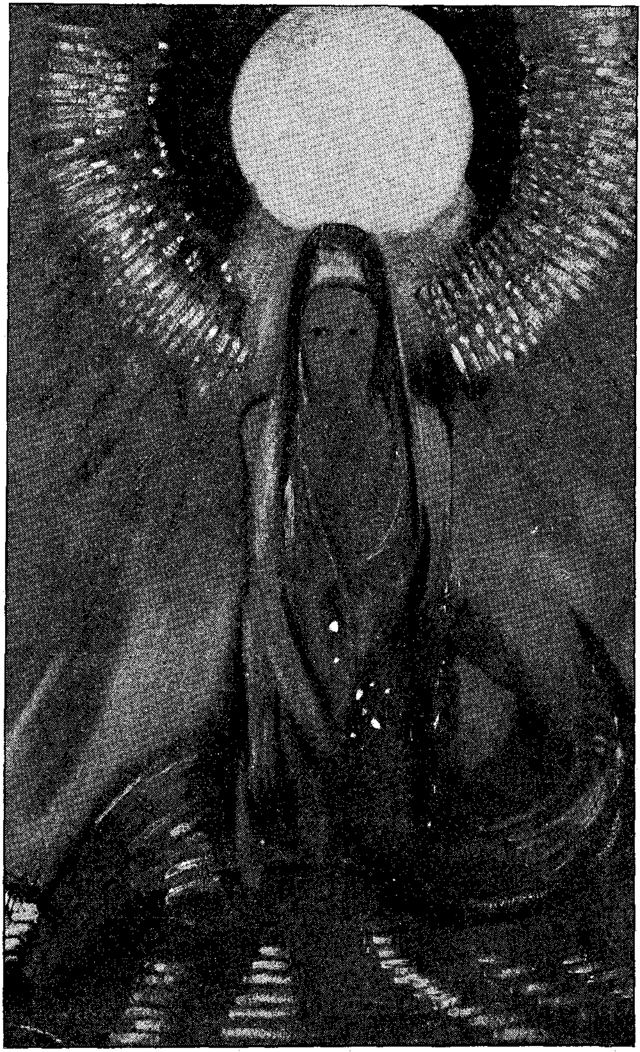
The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad, in its newly electrified line over the Rockies, does not merely utilize the energy lost in holding back trains; it actually generates power on the down grades which can be used to help other trains pull up. As explained by the road before electrification:

"This is to be accomplished by application of the principle that a motor reversed becomes a generator. The locomotives will be so constructed that on reaching the top of a grade the engineer may brake his train down-hill by reversing the motor, the air-brakes to be used only in case of emergency. This changing of the motor in the locomotive will transform it at once into a dynamo, which will be operated by the weight of the train as it descends the mountains. Thus will be generated the same quantity of electricity as the motor would consume in pulling the same load uphill. This current will be fed into the trolley-wire above, to be added to its store of energy."

LETTERS - AND - ART

A FRENCH ILLUSTRATOR OF POE

A CHANCE "to explore the infinite" was the idea of death held by a French painter who has now gone on his long voyage of exploration, and his phrase would seem to flow naturally from the man who painted the mysterious pictures we reproduce here. French painters now coming to maturity own the influence of Odilon Redon, just as musicians pay their debt of obligation to César Franck and poets to Stephane Mallarmé. Thus a critic in the *Mercure de France* (Paris) describes the painter who died early in July. Redon is known and valued by painters in this country, and his canvases were among those most admired at the International Exhibition held in New York some three years ago. His place, tho not with the Impressionist or Futurist groups exactly, is too far away from the academic painters not to clash with their standards. Hence his history has been one of exclusion from the Academy shows, and the "new" men have been the only ones to show him hospitality. Born in 1840 and leading a desultory life in the country, susceptible to sights and sounds of nature, particularly the changing forms of clouds, his real consciousness of his natural gifts came to him after he had joined the colors as a soldier in 1870. "That is the real date for me of the birth of the will," he once wrote. Coming back to Paris, he devoted much time to the ardent study of the old masters in the Louvre, particularly Da Vinci. At this time, too, he studied human anatomy, devoting special attention to the skeleton. In short, he sought diligently to perfect his technique, and his statements regarding this period are peculiarly significant. He wrote:



A REDON "MONSTER."

Odilon Redon, the French painter, introduced to America at the International Exhibition three years ago, painted pictures " of nightmare or of splendor " like this one, in his early days.

> "A little comparison at the Museum gave me the idea of the relative contexture of all creatures. . . . I have made an art that is solely mine. I have made it with my eyes opened upon the marvels of the visible world, and whatever they may say of it, with the constant care to obey the laws of nature and of life. . . . I believe I have yielded docilely to the secret laws which have led me to fashion fairly well, as I could, and according to my dream, the things to which I have given myself entirely."

Redon should be of interest to Americans, for the reason that many of his early lithographs were inspired by Edgar Allan Poe. In 1882 he issued a series founded on Poe's "Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque." An appreciation of this mystical genius by the French critic, Emile Bernard, appears in *La Vie* (Paris), from which we quote:

> "His work was at first violently and entirely without realistic intent, a work of nightmare or of splendor. His thought was 'a world wandering in the infinite.' Later, escaped from the swamps of sorrow and of moral exile where he had imprisoned himself, Redon painted the flowers, the heavens, the stars, and, rending the black veil of doubt, made conquest of serenity. And what was it he did, unless to retrace the fallacious world of clouds and dreams, in giving them the appearance of reality; for all his originality consisted—and it is he who says so—in making improbable creatures live humanly according to the laws of the probable; in placing the logic of the visible so far as possible at the service of the infinite. It is herein that one must seek the verity of his art, and not in scientific imaginations, the visions of the microscope, or the avatars of Darwinian transformation. Redon always opposed such a conception of his work with all his force. It was rather a mental fantasy, a sort of visual lyricism. He well explains it in these words: 'There is a mode of drawing which the imagination has liberated from the care for actual particularities in order that it may be free to serve only the representation of things conceived. I have made some fantasies with the stem of a flower or the human face, or again, perhaps, with elements derived from skeletons.'
>
> "Thus we have here, not suggestion, or actual dream, or nightmare of a sick man, but a sane art born of purpose and will; conceived by a powerful imagination, master of forms. Wagner, Edgar Poe, Flaubert, turn by turn, have inspired the mind of Redon with new fantoms. None more than he has excelled in portraying them vital and imperishable."

While this comment is fair as regards the stimulation to the imagination, it should be observed that Redon's pictures for Poe, Flaubert, etc., are not, strictly speaking, illustrations for the works themselves, but, rather, personal reactions to the emotions caused by these works and intended to rouse similar emotions in the beholder.

Mr. Bernard speaks with enthusiasm of the fairy-land of the author's color pieces:

> "The orchids of his dreams, of his evil dreams, became little by little the blossoms of joy and of consolation. . . . Henceforward, with a palette of Eden, ravished from enchanted gardens by flower-maids, he painted with the rays of the prism, the dust of butterflies' wings, the pollen of pistils. A radiant radiation of ideal white magic takes the place of the tenebrous

incantation of nightmares, the keen and luminous chords of the lyre are heard, the somber velvet of the night gives way to the silken skies of spring.

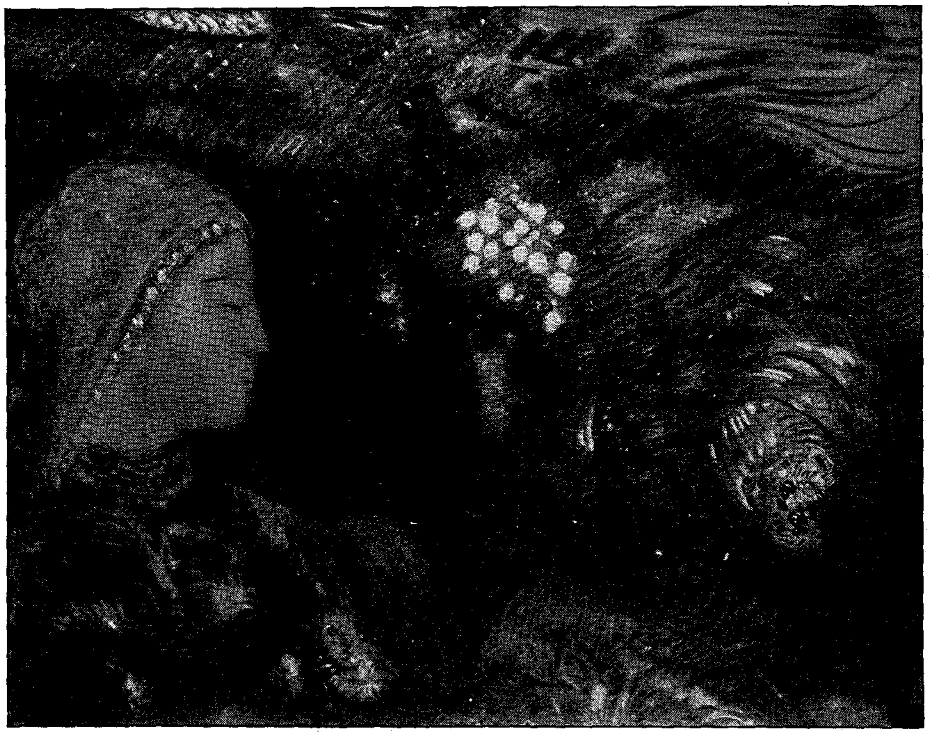
"Mystic, dramatic, Redon purifies passion by contact with spirituality. Born on the borderland of Delacroix and of Ingres, he cast his vote for the romantic; but he always corrected the extravagances of this master by the strict science of Leonardo da Vinci. He had a cult for the latter and passed no day of his youth without copying him or making long postulations at the Louvre before those exact, incisive, and profound drawings."

THE FUTURE OF WAR-BOOKS

BOOKS ABOUT THE WAR multiply daily, and the higher the mountain grows, the harder it is to climb. In years to come this mass will chiefly "supply the social psychologist with a mountain of evidence on the instability of the human mind." So much value a writer in *The New Republic* (New York) sees in all this printed matter, which at present leads him into a pleasingly ironic speculation on the ultimate values of the passions that inspire it. One thing he seems sure of is that "the famous ninety-three German professors will never point with pride to their manifesto." With equal assurance he declares "Lissauer will not be proud of his 'Hymn of Hate.'" With all the present air of seriousness in the Kaiser's speeches, he opines they will sound "even more incredibly silly" in that distant time, and "Mr. Houston Stewart Chamberlain will be a literary joke for a long time to come." The writer goes on to speculate on the system of classification that a reader of the future will employ with the now rapidly increasing "disquisitions on the intrinsic qualities of the Teutonic, the Latin, the Slav, and the Anglo-Saxon genius." He is optimistic enough to imagine a time "when Englishmen and Germans will meet and gossip," and "think it very funny that their learned men invented a race mythology to justify the clash of empires." Further:

> "They will scoff at those books which treat this war as bred in the soul of two 'races' from the beginning of time. They will remember that in the eighties the most fashionable adjective for an Englishman was Teutonic and the bogy words were Latin and Celtic. They will see again what they knew before the war, that race theories follow the flag and that race mythologies reflect the course of diplomacy. Perhaps even Americans will see that our turn from admiration of the Japanese to suspicion is not a product of new learning about race psychology, but the result of political and economic friction in California and in China.
>
> "Another section of the library will be devoted to annihilation theories, to books based on the old barbaric delusion of omnipotence. Nothing will altogether equal the books and statements which promised to wipe out a whole people. Men will wonder how even in the fury of war any one could have supposed that a nation was like an individual and that you could cut off its head, or that you could destroy a people by killing its soldiers.
>
> "Then there will be the books written by fair-minded men whose only fault was an excess of gregariousness, books like Prof. Gilbert Murray's, which find for war-purposes that the diplomacy of the Entente has ever been inspired by unwavering wisdom and righteousness. Of those books it will probably be said that the authors being moral men had to find a moral explanation for their patriotism, and were afraid to make the candid statement that they wanted to win the war.
>
> "There will be utterances of sedentary people who enjoyed the war, who found that it improved their character, gave them purpose in life, zest in existence, and sound sleep at night. The world will not laugh at these books. It will put them on the shelf beside the works of the Marquis de Sade. Nor will it deal more gently with those arguments which showed that Bernhardi was not alone in believing that war is a holy thing, and the only way of curing the vices of peace. Europe, counting its dead, its maimed, its shattered, and its bastards, suffering under the poverty of exhaustion, will say that of all the false prophets these are the most damned."

The writer sees a section devoted to books produced by American neutrals—"books which celebrate a Germany that does not exist on land or sea, and books which are more pro-Allies than the Allies." The omnivorous collector will gather up "articles by American professors, one or two of them at Harvard perhaps, which will read like the words of a British Duchess at a garden-party for the benefit of Belgian refugees." Also,



A "PENSIVE" REDON.

This single example of the French painter's work, which the French nation has hung in the Luxembourg, represents his fondness for mystery, or a "world wandering in the infinite."

> "There will be books, published serially in reputable magazines read and discust solemnly at dinner-tables, which showed that six months after the end of the war the German Army would be put on transports and, accompanied by the fleet, would sail for New York and steal our gold deposits. Even now those books seem a little dusty and rather worm-eaten.
>
> "On the whole, the world will prefer to forget these books. What will it care to remember? That to the outer world France was silent and steady and that no hysterical whine was uttered, that the common people of all the nations, not understanding the diplomacy which made the war, struggled for what they believed to be a disinterested cause, that the British soldier fought with humorous contempt and preserved in the trenches a large measure of that kindly humanity and unpretentious gallantry which are the badge of his courage.
>
> "And then the world will like to remember the men who, like Lincoln, never said a bitter or foolish thing, the men whose eyes were fixt on the deeper truth that however wrong one belligerent might be, the greatest wrong was the organized anarchy which had permitted it to be. The men who stood out against the herd, who could see through the sins of their own

people, will be the moral heroes of the war. Those few men in each nation who spoke for Europe, who had enough iron in their souls to withstand hatred and illusion, will grow in the world's estimation. Englishmen to-day can appreciate Harden, and Liebknecht, and Bernstein; they will learn to appreciate Shaw, and Lowes Dickinson, and Bertrand Russell, and Norman Angell, and Bryce. There is no surer prophecy than that peace will bring a revaluation."

MUSIC'S DEBT TO THE BALLET

SOME OF OUR MUSIC CRITICS look askance at the Russian ballet, and, apparently, only deign to notice it at all because the music employed is such as falls within their province to review. Having the task forced upon them, they relieve their feelings by deploring the forced association of, for example, Schumann and pattering feet. "The professional musician," says Mr. Frederick H. Martens, meaning mainly the critics, "is all too apt to look upon the modern ballet as a species of artistic 'white slaver,' who, breaking into the temple of music, seizes the priestesses of the shrine and drives them forth to do ignoble service for the greater glory of a frivolous and negligible art." Mr. Martens, indeed, shows that, however negligible a factor the music of the ballet may have been eighty years ago, when Taglioni and Fanny Elssler reigned, "the modern dance-drama, developed in its symphonic form by the Russians, in its lyric by Isadora Duncan and her followers, . . . is emphatically a serious dramatic-art development of this twentieth century, and none but those blinded by prejudice can deny its value as an imaginative and creative stimulant for its sister art of music." Mr. Martens, writing in *The Musical Observer* (New York), mentions such composers as Claude Debussy, Richard Strauss, Paul Dukas, Maurice Ravel, Roger-Ducasse, and Edward Burlingame Hill, as men directly inspired to compose for the ballet through its suggestive possibilities, names not to be neglected by serious students of music.

A SCENE ON THE OCEAN'S FLOOR: *SADKO* CASTING HIS LYRICAL SPELL.

Sadko, according to the Russian folk-tale, was the poet of Novgorod, and with his *gusly* [harp] sang its praises through the land. In Rimsky-Korsakoff's ballet he is shipwrecked and sinks to the bottom. But his music is potent here, and he charms the *Sea King* and all the fishes, and wins the *Sea King's* daughter.

The Diaghileff *Ballet russe*, Mr. Martens points out, was the first organization which, "without breaking wholly with tradition, vitalized the art dance by the introduction of new dramatic and plastic ideals." Some of the things the *Ballet russe* has done to music are thus reviewed:

> "Quite aside from the esthetic value of their own beautiful choreographic art, synchronizing color and sound, employing dramatic mimicry as well as the dance pure and simple to develop its themes, these Russians did educational work of decided importance in popularizing some of the best of older and modern music.
>
> "Weber's 'Invitation to the Dance' is a hackneyed number of the pianist's repertory, yet many have obtained a new and more poetic concept of its charm by hearing it as the musical complement of 'Le Spectre de la Rose.' Schumann's 'Carnaval,' in which Fokine, with such artistic restraint and scenic beauty, has carried out in the dance the program suggestions of the music, has made it live for thousands who had never heard it before. And Chopin—there is not a *danseuse* of note to-day who does not interpret his music! The *Ballet russe* has given us the exquisite 'Sylphides' (those of our readers who saw performances of last year's *Ballets russes* will recall Mlle. Lopokova in this ballet), Mlle. Pavlowa and her company 'Chopiniana.' Isadora Duncan includes a *mélange* of Chopin compositions in her repertory; Maud Allan is dancing a cycle of 'Eight Chopin Preludes' this season; and in her *Ballet classique* (1912) Mlle. Albertina Rasch gave us a charming interpretation, along traditional lines, of an ingenious and musically effective welding of compositions by Délibes and Chopin.
>
> "But the *Ballet russe* went further in the musical exploitation of their art ideals. The free-form symphonic poem, with its often splendid dramatic program and glowing and colorful score, was material lying ready at hand. The symphonic poem 'Schéhérazade,' for example, that scintillant expression of Rimsky-Korsakoff's genius at its best, was reshaped for their own ends—and it did not lose in the process. Despite all that has been said about the 'sacrilege' of changing a shipwreck in Eastern waters into a harem holiday, the fact remains that no one who did not know the composer's original program would suspect that that of the *Ballet russe* was a new one. And the music of 'Schéhérazade' has been introduced to multitudes who never have a chance to hear it in its purely symphonic version. In 'Thamar,' Balakireff's one and only symphonic poem, the composer's program has hardly been altered, and the same may be said of Nijinsky's new ballet creations of this season, Liszt's brilliant 'Mephisto Waltz' (a favorite repertory number of Leo Ornstein, by the way), and Richard Strauss's 'Till Eulenspiegel,' in which the tingling, genial score of Germany's foremost composer of the present day is realized with its maximum of possible scenic effect by the dancer of whom Jean Cocteau said, 'Apollo holds the string by which he is suspended.'"

Mention is also made of Nijinsky's "L'Après-midi d'un Faune," which has "made a nation-wide propaganda for Debussy's music among people who might otherwise never know it existed." Then we hear of one of the latest ballet-offerings set to music of Rimsky-Korsakoff, who, indeed, composed this music as a symphonic poem, "an inspired bit of programmatic composition that moves with a constantly increasing *stretto* to a climax of tremendous effect."

> "'Sadko,' the symphonic poem, was given its first performance as a ballet in the United States in the Manhattan Opera-House on October 10 last, in a manner which emphasized and enhanced the effect of every note of its music. Adolf Bolm, like Fokine, is no less distinguished as a creative artist than as a dancer. He designed the wonderful plastic version of this tale of a Russian folk-hero (which rôle he interpreted), charming the inhabitants of the submarine kingdom with his playing on the *gusly*, and sweeping them by the magic of his music into a breathless dance, which his beloved, the daughter of the *Sea King* (Mlle. Doris), is only able to arrest by tearing the lyre from his hands.
>
> "Does Rimsky-Korsakov's music lose by its atmospheric setting displaying waving festoons of clear and dark green seaweed, with deeper bluish depths and the faint rose glimmer of distant sunlight that sweeps down from fathoms above, the constant flux of moving currents, the pearl-hung princesses of the sea, and aureate and argent fishes that dance and float above the silver sands, the splendid figure of the adventurous hero himself slowly sinking into the deeps, and the frenetic dance with its startlingly sudden end? Nothing has been put into the music that is not already there—tone is visualized in color, in movement, it is merged with plastic beauty."

Much modern music, as already hinted, has been purposely written for the ballet. Debussy wrote his "Jeux" for Nijinsky, Florent Schmitt's "La Tragédie de Salomé" was "directly conceived for the stage, as was Ronssel's 'Festin de l'Araignée,' and Reynaldo Hahn's 'Le Dieu Bleu,' the first two members on the symphonic programs of the leading orchestras." Also:

> "The incomparable 'Petrouchka,' the glittering and glorious 'Oiseau de feu,' the primal 'Sacre du Printemps,' have they not, since the *Ballet russe* made them known, taken their place in the repertory of the symphony orchestra? The ballet may truly be said to have been the instrument of Stravinsky's fame, the medium which introduced his scores to the notice of the general as well as to that of the specifically music-loving public."

AN UNINTENDED LITERARY HOAX

IT IS NOT STRANGE that an American woman should deceive the European savants on the subject of Frédéric Chopin. This delicate musical genius was even during his lifetime subject to the will of women, notably George Sand. Some years ago, Mrs. Jennette Lee wrote "Frédéric Chopin: A Record" and published it in *The Criterion*, (New York, October, 1901), a magazine whose publication has for some years ceased. This sketch, which formed one of a series by the same author, was taken as a genuine, but hitherto undiscovered, document by Chopin specialists of Germany and France. Mrs. Lee, who was for several years professor of English literature at Smith College, tells the readers of the New York *Sun* how the whole thing came about that the Chopin devotees in Europe were mystified. When she wrote the series of sketches, she says, she set out "to express the character and quality of certain artists and musicians." It appealed to her "to place them in their own time and environment, and, using the historic facts and dates, to try to see through these the truth and reality of their lives." The sketches were published at various times in *The Atlantic*, *Scribner's*, and *The Century*. They were all translated into German by Helene Wiesenthal and appeared in various publications. Then began their curious history, which brings to mind the fact that even Robert Browning was deceived as to the genuineness of some spurious Shelley letters and wrote an introduction for the volume. Mrs. Lee herself tells of this unintentional hoax:

> "The story of Chopin, which is written in the form of extracts from a diary, was published in the *Neue Musik-Zeitung*. The editor, Oswald Kuhn, who supposed the material to represent genuine extracts from a hitherto undiscovered diary of Chopin, sent them to Adolf Chybinski, a young Polish musical critic, to be edited for the *Neue Musik-Zeitung*. They appeared in the seventh number of Volume XXVIII, January 3, 1907, under the title, 'Frédéric Chopin's Tagebuchblätter,' with explanatory material and notes by Chybinski.
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> "Gaston Knosp, a French musical critic, translated the article from the *Neue Musik-Zeitung* for the *Guide Musical* of Paris. And it was then retranslated from the *Guide Musical* into German for the *Berliner Tageblatt* and became a subject of general discussion in musical circles, and among the biographers of Chopin, many of whom agreed in believing it to be a translation of a genuine Chopin document. Liechtentritt, the musical critic and biographer of Chopin, wrote to Otto Lessman: 'I have examined the letters of Chopin and consider them absolutely genuine. The content as well as the style of expression agree entirely with what I already knew about the events concerned.'
>
> "A controversy followed in German musical journals. A similar controversy appears to have gone on among musicians and critics in France. I received a letter from the secretary of the National Chopin Society asking me to send him if possible a copy of the American magazine in which the diary first appeared, to be deposited in the records of the society."

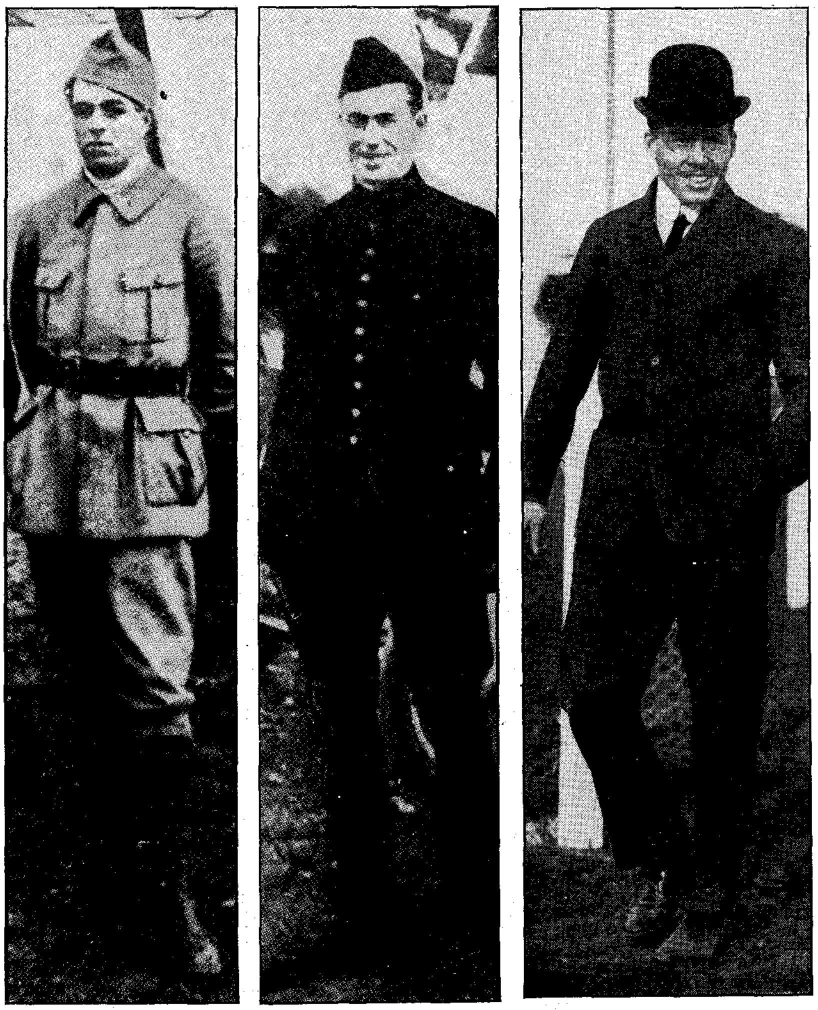
The supposed diary was published in Germany with the following introduction:

> "The diary is of peculiar importance for its contribution to the question of 'Women in Chopin's Life.' From the earlier biographies of the master, for example, we are not able to learn at how early a date the Scotch lady, Jane Stirling, his distinguished benefactress, first took piano lessons of him. Her name does not appear before the year 1840–1841. From the diary we now know that she studied with him before the year 1837, and indeed that she visited him and George Sand in 1838 in Valdemosa, on the Island of Majorca.
>
> "The Scotch lady was enamored of her teacher, but there was no trace of envy in her heart; she counted herself fortunate merely in being permitted to remain near the master. She is, in fact, one of the noblest characters who played a part in Chopin's life. We who are so well acquainted with Chopin's individuality and his work and life are naturally surprized that the name of the Scotch lady in the master's diary should be Rebecca, since in all the letters of every biography she is spoken of as 'W. Jane Stirling.' . . . .
>
> "The diary entry of October 6, 1837, is particularly important. The former biographers of Chopin have been of the opinion that Chopin thought no more of his first love, Constantia Gladkowska (Warsaw, 1830). We see that he still thought of her in 1837, altho in the meantime he had played the rôle of unhappy and rejected lover to the Countess Marie Wodzinska.
>
> "From further entries it is evident that Chopin made the acquaintance of George Sand some time between the 7th and the 10th of October, 1837. It may have happened on the 7th of October, for on the 10th of that month he writes: 'Since then I have seen her again three times.' All legends and the 'authentic' testimony of 'eye-witnesses' (including even that of Franz Liszt) are superfluous and doubtful in the face of this diary of Chopin. Also we find it confirmed that Liszt was the author of the acquaintance which was to prove for Chopin so fateful and significant a relation.
>
> "When did the break with George Sand come? Probably in 1847. What Karasowski writes in his Chopin biography is certainly as Niecks has proved—a fantastic invention for the purpose of throwing the entire blame on George Sand. Also 'the arguments brought forward by George Sand,' which Niecks (second volume, page 214) looks upon as 'anything but convincing,' are stript of their significance. George Sand well knew that her 'Histoire de Ma Vie' would be published after her death. She therefore considered it expedient to put what may easily have seemed her inconsiderate treatment of the sick Chopin in a better light. Chopin's diary, on the other hand, was written by the artist for his own benefit only, and without any ulterior motive. Indeed, Chopin commanded, before his death, that all his papers and his manuscript compositions should be burned. And for this reason these leaves from his diary are particularly authoritative. The break came June 1, 1847, or a little before. Between the 1st and the 10th of June, possibly near the very 1st, Chopin left Nohant, the estate of Mme. Sand, and returned to Paris. It seems probable that a formal separation between Chopin and George Sand was avoided. When Chopin saw that he was a burden and that he was powerless to protect the daughter of Mme. Sand against the unscrupulous attacks of the latter upon her—and when, moreover, he saw that he could no longer sanction many of the improprieties of Mme. Sand, he left Nohant without saying farewell. The immediate cause of the step were harsh words of Mme. Sand. He 'did not think that she could be so hard,' and of women he writes: 'A woman should be gentle.'"

RELIGION-AND-SOCIAL-SERVICE

CHAPMAN, ROCKWELL, PRINCE

SOME OF THE IMMENSE PROFITS made in manufacturing munitions are to be turned back to the bleeding countries. It is announced from Los Angeles that W. A. Clark, Jr., son of the former Senator, will return two million dollars made in war-stocks to the widows and orphans of France when the war is over. "This war is terrible," Mr. Clark is reported having said. "I want no profit on account of it."



VICTOR CHAPMAN. KIFFIN ROCKWELL. NORMAN PRINCE.

Chapman, the first American aviator to fall in France, met his death in the air while he was carrying a basket of fruit to a wounded comrade; Rockwell, one of the earliest American volunteers to join the Foreign Legion, and, severely wounded at Arras in May, 1915, went over to the Aviation Corps, and succumbed near Thann, in Alsace; Norman Prince, third of these, was killed but a couple of weeks ago.

An organization calling itself the American Society for the Relief of French War-Orphans is undertaking to raise $130,000,000 to further its ends. *The Globe* (New York) calls this the "most stupendous" charitable enterprise in history, but *The Evening Sun* (New York) remarks, "how commonplace a tribute it seems when the cable brings the news that Norman Prince, of the American Flying Corps, is dead." "Chapman, Rockwell, Prince" is the caption that appears in many papers, as "a roll of honor that must," in the *Evening Sun's* words, "give pause to those who fear that Americanism is becoming mere crass materialism." This paper continues:

"Such men as these the United States can ill afford to spare; dollars may be replaced. But both are given without stint. The pang of sorrow at the loss is tempered by the knowledge that in these men America's soul became a mobile thing to strike for that spirit of freedom which is its heritage from France. Our debt is being paid."

German-American readers will perhaps experience some difficulty in indorsing these ideas, but no doubt will be willing to go as far as the British, who accorded full military honors to the Germans who fell to earth with the blazing *Zeppelin*. The aviators and the ambulance-drivers that have gone to France are furnishing the "most splendid page in contemporary American life," says an editorial writer in *The Tribune* (New York). "These young men have gone to the front in the spirit and temper of the Crusaders; they have gone with an eager but a comprehending desire to serve the cause and the principles which they deem most worth while in this world." The writer continues:

"In a sense it is a little thing, this contribution of America. We have given but a few lives, we are risking the lives of but a few hundred of our youth, in a contest which is eating up the manhood of many nations, and yet there is something symbolical and hopeful in this response of American youth, spontaneously, splendidly, to a call which sounds but vaguely upon the ears of an older generation.

"Those who find reasons for pessimism in contemporary American life, in the smug, selfish, materialistic spirit of so many men of middle age, who see the denial of so much of what Americans in other generations believed and fought for, must still find a warrant for optimism in the actions, for their words are very few, of the many young men who have offered all they had or hoped to have to the cause of human liberty, which is being fought for in France.

"With the realities of life, as contrasted with the theories and the pretenses, these boys are becoming well acquainted. Those who return will bring back to their own country a useful, a precious commentary upon the weak, the flabby, and the futile policies and purposes which still hold so many Americans in thrall and make the American situation as grave as was that of Great Britain when the war broke out."

Another American has fallen fighting in the ranks of the British—Harold Chapin, the actor and dramatist. Chapin was an American citizen, born in 1886 of New England Unitarian stock, but had lived in England since he was two years old. In a little memoir of him just published the story is told of one of his mother's friends who wrote a letter in which she said how noble it was of her son "to fight for King and country." "Harold laughed when he was shown the letter. 'I'm fighting for no king,' he said, 'and the best of this King is that he knows we are not fighting for him.'" *The Morning Post* (London) comments:

"'There speaks the American citizen!' is one's first reflection; but the next moment suggests that, bating its republican form, Chapin's remark is typical of the sentiments of many, perhaps most, of that new army which is fighting, not for a man, but for an idea."

TOO MUCH SUNDAY PAPER

THE PLUMP SINGER in one of W. S. Gilbert's operas who comes out and carols mournfully, "There is far too much of me," might well impersonate the hundred-odd-page edition of the popular daily newspaper, which is now being denounced upon both moral and economic grounds. *The Catholic Citizen* (Milwaukee) actually sees a real advantage in the present paper shortage in that it may bring about a curtailment of the Sunday papers, which, it says, "have pushed aside with alarming success nearly all serious reading for the Sunday." The Federal Trade Commission suggests in a letter to newspaper publishers that they can save print paper, by cutting down the size of Sunday editions. Publishers consulted by the Commission are said to "feel that the elimination of certain features would meet with public approval and would not decrease the revenues of the publishers." According to this statement:

> "The paper saved by cutting down the size of one large Sunday edition several pages would be sufficient to keep a number of smaller papers supplied for a considerable time. Unless present supplies of paper can be increased, which does not now seem probable, such unselfish action on the part of large city papers appears to be the only means that will save many of the smaller publishers from going out of business."

Not only would the small publisher thus profit, but the newspaper reader would really be better off, in the Catholic Pittsburg *Observer's* opinion. It quotes from *The Catholic Citizen* a jingle which sets down "with but slight exaggeration" what the Sunday newspaper reader gets for his five cents:

Sixty-nine pages of rubbish,
  Twenty-two pages of rot,
Forty-six pages of scandal vile
  Served to us piping hot.

Seventeen hundred pictures—
  Death, disease, and despair—
Lies and fakes and fakes and lies
  Stuck in most everywhere.

Thirty-four comic pages
  Printed in reds, greens, and blues;
Thousands of items we don't care to read,
  But only two columns of news.

The Observer proceeds to a more serious discussion of the demerits of the Sunday edition, in words apparently either quoted or paraphrased from an article which appeared in the columns of its Milwaukee contemporary:

> "The enormous amount of 'fake' which is exploited by the Sunday editions is palpable to every intelligent reader; yet nearly the whole community falls for it. The articles, for instance, which purport to give 'inside' information concerning secrets of the present Administration, the inner life of royal families, the smothered scandals of imperial courts, etc., are generally sheer creations. It is worthy of note that the author's name is often withheld 'for diplomatic' or 'personal reasons.' The real reason for the suppression is that the writer lives right here in town, and is in the weekly pay of *The Moon* and has a permanent desk in the *Moon* office, or grinds out his clumsy invention in a furnished room in the neighborhood, for the princely sum of eight bucks a week, as long as he keeps grinding satisfactorily. The 'expert' articles on the present stage of the war, and its development in immediate prospect, unless signed by a correspondent of known reputation, are utterly worthless vaporings. With these, too, it often happens that the name of the writer is withheld for 'special' reasons, the principal of which is that nobody ever heard of him, and as a consequence nobody would attach the slightest importance to anything he writes if his name was subjoined to his article.
>
> "The fiction of the Sunday papers is quite often what the man in the street would denominate as 'punk.' Many who contribute to this section have never learned the story-teller's art, and quite as frequently the offering is objectionable on the score of Christian ethics.
>
> "How the geniuses that produce the 'funny sheet' have got by with it for so long is quite a mystery. So successfully have they put it over on the public that their place in newspaperdom seems now quite assured."

LONDON'S CAMPAIGN AGAINST VICE

MEN "MORE MISCHIEVOUS than German spies" are loose in the British capital, says the Bishop of London; and he devotes them to the same fate or to something much worse. They are the "male hawks" who "walk up and down this very Piccadilly night by night with an army of helpless and trembling girls under their surveillance, and who take from them the very money the girls earn by their shame." Thus the Bishop, from the open-air pulpit at St. James's, denounces the "white slaver." "I am not a bloodthirsty man," cried the preacher, "but I say shooting is too good for them." Side by side with the male hawk "as a traitor to his country" the Bishop placed "the writer of lecherous and slimy plays." He went on to charge this type of playwright with "the insolence to try and make money out of the weaknesses of our boys." "God knows, in the heyday of their youth they do not always find it easy to keep straight," he exclaims; "these

THE BISHOP OF LONDON,

Speaking at St. James's in starting a campaign to abolish organized vice and lecherous plays in the interests of the young soldier, at whom these menaces are particularly aimed.

devils deliberately try to make it harder." In an interview in *Reynolds's Newspaper* (London), Bishop Ingram returned to the subject of the protection of boys under arms from the purveyors of vice. The interview runs:

> "'We have the men, the guns, and the ammunition; what we want is a nation on its knees.' Those great words of Lord Roberts constantly recur to my mind. I thought of them as the shells whizzed over my head when I was at the front. I think of them still more in the peaceful seclusion of my home in London. The battle raging in the stricken parts of France and Flanders is not one whit less serious than the enemy in our midst with which we have constantly to contend. I repeat the assertion I made on Wednesday from the pulpit of St. James's, Piccadilly. 'It is the business of us middle-aged men who are not allowed to fight and the women of London to purge the heart of the Empire before the boys come back. If it is to be still the old London, those who have died will have died in vain.'
>
> "I spoke those words in Piccadilly, the center of organized vice of the entire universe. It is a time for plain speaking; why should we shut our eyes to obvious facts? The male hawks of Piccadilly, and the unfortunate women upon whom they prey, constitute such a danger to the nation that, if only the nation realized it properly, the evil would not be allowed to continue one minute longer.
>
> "There is unfortunately in England a tendency to regard vice and licentiousness as a necessary evil. I have heard men who lead perfectly moral lives say they suppose these things are inevitable. In other words, public opinion has countenanced prostitution. Men with so-called advanced views declared that morality and health did not go hand-in-hand. What utter nonsense! No man ever has suffered, or ever will suffer, from living cleanly; all arguments to the contrary are merely a pretext to cover immorality."

The question of punishing the wrong-doers is regarded of minor importance by comparison with "the necessity of a change of mind and spirit in the country." So the Bishop declares, and continues:

> "The clergy are trying to make the nation worthy of those brave boys who are sacrificing everything for us across the water. You must touch the moral point if you wish to achieve complete success. Legislation may accomplish a good deal, and we shall not hesitate to take full advantage of it. But far and away beyond that is an ideal which I wish to instil into the head of every Britisher, that we must free London from the curse of lust and sin.
>
> "I trust no one will imagine that this is merely a sensational war-campaign. For fifteen years I have been president of the Public Morality Council, whose aim throughout that period has always been the same as it is to-day. Now is the time to strike; now is the opportunity to purge our capital from the canker that has eaten into its very heart. . . . . . .
>
> "No section of the community can do more to render assistance than the working classes. I make an earnest appeal to workingmen for help, not as a religious crank, but as one who is studying the welfare of their sons and daughters, whom he wishes to preserve, as far as possible, from corrupting influences. This is essentially a practical question which concerns the health and happiness of the people. Therefore, it seems to me merely a matter of common sense to ask for the cooperation of the workers. The clergy alone are powerless to effect the cure, but with a strong backing from the laity we can look forward with confidence to the future. Surely we do not want our parks and spaces to be nothing less than open-air brothels? In the constitution of all of us there is a certain amount that is bad; it rests with ourselves whether we allow that part of our nature to predominate. I have spoken plainly, but the circumstances demand strong words, which I trust will not have been uttered in vain."

Another view of the necessary methods of cleansing London is exprest by John J. Bell in *The Clarion*, the Socialist paper, edited by Robert Blatchford. Mr. Bell declares that "police action is absolutely useless and crusades do more harm than good." But—

> "To conquer this disease, we must get at the root of it. Its causes are many. The first Mr. Bale deals with—viz., lack of proper education. Children must be informed by teachers and not left to parents. Secondly, under the present conditions of society if a girl falls she is down forever, and none are more ready to throw a stone at her than her deceivers and seducers. And I say, without fear of contradiction, that all Christian England can offer a fallen girl who wishes to reform is the workhouse or rescue home, and many of these rescue homes are only dens of sweating under the name of Christianity. Thirdly, girls in orphanages are in most cases brought up till the age of sixteen or eighteen years, then turned out into domestic service, and in many cases these poor lasses are sent to a cruel mistress, and oppression is enough to drive any girl to hell. Boards of Guardians and committees of these institutions before appointing a matron for any institution where girls are 'must first learn what the word matron means,' and appoint those who realize it. I have a wide experience in visiting institutions, and in many cases the impression the matrons gave me was that they moved about in majesty, more as goddesses than matrons. I have seen cases where inmates of institutions were even afraid to look at her majesty the matron. Even in the prisons, if we want to reform these poor creatures who are polluting the streets of London, etc., we must have motherly women as matrons. I would suggest to the Local Government Board, and also the Prison Board, that all positions as matrons should be filled by widows who know what it is to be a mother. The fourth, and last, cause I will mention is the starvation wages paid to women. I have known cases where women were receiving six shillings and seven shillings per week. We all know that most women glory in dress, and yet a woman is expected to dress and keep herself on the starvation wages some employers dare to offer."

THE RELIGIOUS ORDER—NEW STYLE

A NEW TYPE of religious order is advocated by *The Challenge* (London) with the purpose of taking up the unrealized ideals of the old religious orders. These are said to be the Benedictine ideal of labor, the Franciscan ideal of preaching, and the Jesuit ideal of learning. And to them are to be added marriage, wider forms of worship, freer ideals of government, and the experience of modern cooperative industry. *The Churchman*, which speaks of *The Challenge* as representing the progressive party in the English Church, proceeds thus to summarize the latter's statements:

> "The community is to be something between a hamlet and a cloister, working at agricultural and peasant tasks, training and educating their own children and those who might be sent to school with them. As to worship, there would be something more than the mechanical offices of the old orders. There would be a rich and reverent Eucharist, but at the same time there would be place for the freer forms followed by the Evangelical Churches and by the Society of Friends. Every one would have to do some manual work. Every one would take some part in shaping corporate thought. The author of the proposal sees the difficulties, but thinks they can be overcome. A married community is not an impossibility, and a communal experiment can be harmonized to the present social order."

At this point *The Challenge* is directly quoted in advocacy of its scheme:

> "We believe that this is all a question of being willing to begin with some dependence upon the order, but gradually working toward independence. A start could be made with market-gardening, dairy work, and simple crafts; gradually developing farming and building; producing simply for the community's needs, with a surplus to purchase what we could not make ourselves, but working toward a completely self-supporting cooperative scheme. The problems of government and the difficulties of personality would be with us, for they belong to human nature as such, but by self-government, in small communities, trust in spiritual restraints, and guidance, the exercise of patience and the use of prayer, we should hope not only to evade many difficulties, but to solve many problems of human relationship. We can not believe that force and economic pressure are the only ways or the right ways to regulate human behavior. It is assumed, moreover, that we should commence with those who had already learned some lessons along this line. Granted a solemn dedication to serve God through the community, and a new spirit induced by the different social basis, there need be no more, and even less, difficulty than besets all concerted human activity. Surely religion can beat militarism, and militarism shows what can be done in corporate action."

REVIEWS - OF - NEW - BOOKS

AN ENGLISH LORD'S ESTIMATE OF LINCOLN

Charnwood, Lord. Abraham Lincoln. Makers of the Nineteenth Century Series. Octavo, pp. viii–479. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $1.75 net. Postage, 16 cents.

This volume is the second in the series of "Makers of the Nineteenth Century," and comes in succession to "Delane and His Times." The purpose of the series is to furnish a portrayal of representative men of all countries who have had a definite influence on thought or action in the nineteenth century. The remainder of the notable biographical group selected as typical of country and era includes: Abdul Hamid, Herbert Spencer, Li Hung Chang, Porfirio Diaz, Cecil Rhodes, Lord Shaftesbury, Victor Hugo, General Lee, and Léon Gambetta. In a brief preface by Basil Williams, the editor of the series, we find a terse characterization of Lincoln indicative of the estimate of him now held in England. Mr. Williams refers to the great war-President as "one of the few supreme statesmen of the last three centuries." Misunderstood and underrated in his lifetime, declares this Englishman, Lincoln has hardly yet come into his own, "for his place is among the great men of the earth; to them he belongs by right of his immense power of hard work, his unfaltering pursuit of what seemed to him right, and, above all, by that childlike directness and simplicity of vision which none but the greatest carry beyond their earliest years."

These delicately chosen words, expressive of intuitive knowledge of Lincoln's complex character, strike the key-note of Lord Charnwood's biography. The latest historian of Lincoln hardly yields to the representative American historians in his admiration for the great qualities of the martyr-President. In the opening chapter, which sketches the plan and import of his book, Lord Charnwood points out how Lincoln "is revered by multitudes of his countrymen as the preserver of their commonwealth," and he asserts that this reverence has grown with the lapse of time and the accumulation of evidence. It is blended with a peculiar affection, avers the biographer, which is seldom bestowed upon the memory of statesmen. Unique in nearly all respects, the life-history of Lincoln, centering as it does in the great struggle for the preservation of the Union and the consequent consolidation of the new republic, contains lessons of history which have high interest for Englishmen. To interpret, as well as may be, the inspiring story for his countrymen is declared by the author to be the chief purpose of his book.

The work, however, will be found to be quite as interesting to American readers. It is the first notable attempt by an English author to give a full-length portrait of Lincoln as a statesman. The fact, moreover, that the biographer, while doing full justice to the picturesque incidents of Lincoln's life, has chosen to lay the chief stress upon the political portion of his career, lends to the narrative peculiar and timely interest.

In deference to some hundreds of requests from subscribers in many parts of the country, we have decided to act as purchasing agents for any books reviewed in THE LITERARY DIGEST. *Orders for such books will hereafter be promptly filled on receipt of the purchase price, with the postage added, when required. Orders should be addrest to Funk & Wagnalls Company, 354-360 Fourth Avenue, New York City.*

The story opens with a caustic sketch of the picturesque boyhood of Lincoln. Then follows an interesting and philosophical chapter on "The Growth of the American Nation," giving a rapid, tho striking, survey of the events and personalities which gave the earlier history of the Republic its form and pressure, and which made possible the *milieu* in which a career like Lincoln's could unfold itself. The conditions and environment thus sketched, the story proceeds to the period of Lincoln's early career. The future President was twenty-two when, in 1831, he settled in New Salem, an Illinois village of one hundred inhabitants. The English biographer gives an unflattering description of it. "Like many similar little towns of the West," he writes, "it has long since perished off the earth. It was a cock-fighting and whisky-drinking community into which Lincoln was launched. He managed to combine strict abstinence from liquor with keen participation in all its other diversions. One departure from total abstinence stands alleged among the feats of strength for which he became noted. He hoisted a whisky-barrel, of unspecified but evidently considerable content, on to his knees in a squatting posture, and drank from the bunghole. But this very arduous potation stood alone." Succeeding chapters take up the story of Lincoln during the stormy times of Secession. A considerable portion of the brilliant volume is devoted to a study of the conditions which brought about the war, a conflict in which Lincoln was to become the storm-center. The story of the Civil War, however, is here told from the point of view of the civilian administrator—the President. Stirring incidents of combat and much else of interest are neglected, while those episodes in the war which peculiarly concerned the President are featured at length in the narrative.

MR. TOWSE'S RECOLLECTIONS OF THE STAGE

Towse, John Ranken. Sixty Years of the Theater. Pp. 464. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company. $2.50. Postage, 16 cents.

One of the most important books on the theater in our day is this one of Mr. Towse. Written without the exuberance of some writers about the stage, or the personal bias of others, it deals with adequacy, enthusiasm, and a sufficient note of admiration, with plays and the players of the past three generations, both here and in England. When one says enthusiasm, the use of the word must be taken to imply Mr. Towse's enthusiasm for great acting. If the theatergoer of to-day finds that the tone of this book is often one of discouragement over what the writer believes to be the paucity of great exemplars at the present time, there is solace to be found in his faith in the dawning of a better day.

One is not left in doubt as to what Mr. Towse considers good drama, for the volume is sown throughout with the clearest and most trenchant statements of the fundamental principles of dramatic art. They are dropt here and there, as, for example, when he gives us in a stroke a key to the real significance of that much-bandied word "melodramatic" as implying "exaggeration without imagination." Acting as an art is shown to be the player's ability to assume and represent a character not his own, and by this severe standard a good many actors are shown to fail as artists, even tho they win the suffrage of the public by their own charms of personality. The actors, of course, are not wholly to blame, since newspaper puffing assists so much in building up a reputation, and Mr. Towse himself humbly confesses to have contributed a share in this.

After a preliminary survey of the English stage as the writer was familiar with it in his youth, the story of our own theater is taken up, beginning with the period from 1874 to 1885, the first quarter of Mr. Towse's service as a dramatic critic for the New York *Evening Post*, where, indeed, he still continues to write brilliantly. We get vivid glimpses of the organizations — Wallack's, Daly's, and Mr. Palmer's Union Square Theater, whose achievements are taking on the tone of time which endears them in the memory of old playgoers. Despite the abatements of praise that the writer brings himself to make, since even then, for him, there were "good old days" that had passed, he breaks out over the Wallack *ensemble* with: "Truly these old actors knew their business, and wide is the gulf between their sure and varied artistry and the accomplishment of modern mummers, whose one specialty is the monotonous repetition of themselves." Over the estimate of the late Augustin Daly we imagine that Mr. Towse and Mr. Winter have yet to break swords.

There is an ample review of other great names of the past: Salvini, Booth, and Barrett, Clara Morris, Modjeska, Janauschek, "who ended in tribulations," and Mary Anderson, "who never knew anything but popular adoration." Even now, tho Mary Anderson still lives and the distresses of the war have drawn her back for occasional performances for charity, the query is often made whether her art really justified her great fame. Mr. Towse deals with this question with the same measured judgment. Salvini he regards the greatest actor he has ever seen, but Edwin Booth he declares "a great, but not a very great, actor," and marshals his proofs to support the modified verdict. Of course, much attention is given to the outstanding figures that form a receding part of our own day. Jefferson, Irving, and Ellen Terry, Richard Mansfield, Julia Marlowe, and E. H. Sothern, Mantell, Mrs. Fiske, and Rose Coghlan; the Kendals, Tree, Willard, Forbes-Robertson, and John Hare; Henrietta Crossman, and Margaret Anglin—some of whom have rung down the curtain to remain in a dignified retirement; some still faithful to the calling that clings long to its votaries, some who have already answered the call-boy, Death.

The book has little or nothing to say of the "new-theater" movement, because for the writer the playhouse is a place for actors and not for "productions" primarily. It is with something of a challenge that he declares that "only when the acting is poor do such decorative details as the mounting command consideration." The challenge will doubtless be taken up by sponsors of the new methods; but we shall value this honest record of the theater as it was.

A word should be added for the illustrations, which consist of reproductions of portraits and views, many of them rare and unusual, especially those chosen to represent the earlier days. The past, with its fashions, now grown grotesque, is brought vividly before us.

PROFESSOR BAILEY'S HORTICULTURAL CYCLOPEDIA

Bailey, L. H. Standard Cyclopedia of Horticulture. Volumes I–IV. "Abaca," "Ozothanmus." Quarto, pp. 2,421. Complete in six volumes. New York: The Macmillan Company. $6 per volume.

Those persons who have used Dr. L. H. Bailey's excellent "Cyclopedia of American Horticulture," the sixth edition of which was published in 1909, will welcome his new and enlarged "Standard Cyclopedia of Horticulture." The later work aims to account for plants horticulturally grown which are now the subjects of living interest or likely to be introduced, to discuss the best practises in the growing of the staple flower and fruit and vegetable crops, to depict the horticultural capabilities of the States and provinces, to indicate the literature of the field, and incidentally to portray briefly the lives of the former men and women who have attained to a large or a national reputation in horticultural pursuits. In other words, the method in the "Cyclopedia" turns about two purposes: (1) the identification of species, and (2) the cultivation of plants. Both are essential to an understanding of horticulture. The former lends itself readily to usual cyclopedic treatment; the latter expresses itself as a manual of practise.

In the making of these books, Dr. Bailey has proved himself a past master in the art of presenting in a practical manner the material which he has accumulated, and he is to be congratulated upon the fact that he has reduced the system of cross-references to a minimum, so that any one consulting this new work can draw from it the information it contains with the least possible effort in a minimum of time. In the first volume of his work he has included several introductory features that will be welcomed by the botanist and horticulturist as well as by students of these subjects. They are: (1) A Synopsis of the Vegetable Kingdom; (2) A Key to the Families and Genera; (3) The English Equivalents of the Latin Names of Species, and (4) A Comprehensive Glossary of Botanical Terms. By adopting a concise method of treatment, Dr. Bailey and his assistants are able to treat more than 40,000 subjects in the four volumes before us. A fifth volume, extending through the letter "R," and which is announced for publication this fall, will probably bring this total up to 50,000, and will be awaited with impatience. Great care has been given to the production of the illustrations, of which more than 4,000 embellish the text, many of them being beautiful colored plates. Editorially and pictorially, this work is a scholarly specimen of modern book-making, and an up-to-date guide to the subject of which it treats. The volumes are indispensable to every well-equipped public library. They should be placed in the libraries of every one of our institutions of learning, whether university, college, high school, or public school, for they contain a vast fund of information inaccessible elsewhere.

NOTABLE RECENT WAR-BOOKS

MR. BELLOC'S NEW LIGHT ON THE BATTLE OF THE MARNE

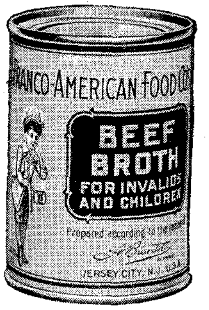
Belloc, Hilaire. The Elements of the Great War. The Second Phase, the Battle of the Marne. Illustrated with diagrams. Pp. 383. New York: Hearst's International Library Company. $1.50 net. Postage, 12 cents.

Among the great events which stamp the year 1914 a memorable date in history, the principal and outstanding one is undoubtedly the Battle of the Marne. Even in the slight perspective now possible the historic import of the battle is beginning to loom before the imagination in something like true proportion. To this battle, divided by almost a century from Waterloo, the author of the present volume ascribes an importance not second to any in history. "It is the Battle of the Marne," he says, "more than anything else in this war which presents that strange atmosphere of fate never absent from the grave decisions of history—an atmosphere which has persuaded mankind to its belief in Providence or confirmed it therein." The words are striking, and serve to recall the world's amazement and mystery upon learning that von Kluck's legions, already arrived at the gates of Paris, had been suddenly hurled back and were in headlong retreat toward the Aisne.

What was it that brought about the *débâcle* of von Kluck's project of ending the war by a stroke on Paris? It is to give an answer to this question—still a puzzling one to many persons—that the present volume has been written. Mr. Belloc's elaborate study of the strategy of the Marne has convinced him that at the root of the thing there lay "a curiously complete military blunder" upon the part of the Prussians, without which, as he says, "the turning back of a great and perfectly organized army by forces hopelessly inferior would have been impossible." To the elucidation of this blunder—a blunder which by reason of its portentous consequences may be justly regarded by the Germans as worse than a crime—a considerable portion of Mr. Belloc's book is devoted. "But this blunder in its turn," he writes, "is so difficult of explanation, its commission by men who tho stupid are yet methodical, is so extraordinary, that in reading it the mind is insensibly haunted by the conception of a superior Will, within whose action that of the opposed combatants were but parts of a whole."

Even to sketch satisfactorily the involved strategy of the great battle, in which whole separate armies participated, and to which the author devotes a complete volume, is impossible in a brief review. But the action of decisive character may be indicated. The German defeat at the Marne was due to a gap left in the lines. Foch discovered this gap and struck into it with all the force of his army. An enemy's line pierced always means certain, inevitable defeat. What the genius of General Foch discerned at the critical moment was that the far-flung German lines involved a weak and vulnerable point. The elastic had been stretched so that it almost broke at the middle, as the author puts it. What happened is best described in the author's own words:

"Foch, from headquarters in Plancy,



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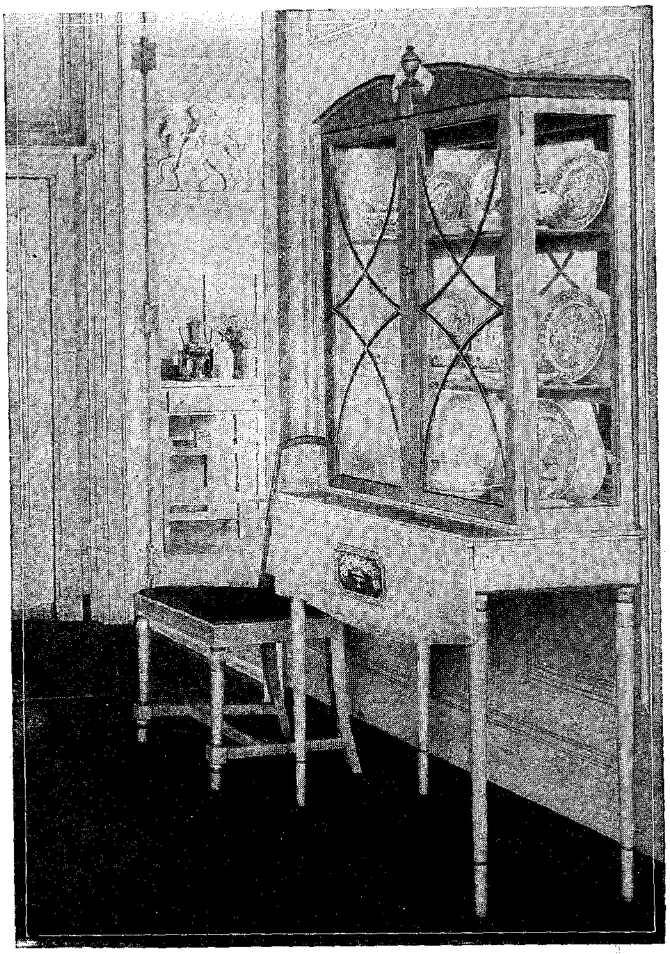
twelve miles away, dispatched the order which decided the history of his country. That order was delivered to the 42d Division near Louthes at four o'clock in the afternoon. It bade them advance at once, straight before them eastward, down through the line of low pine-woods which here bounded the fields, out through these to the plain beyond and so break out against the exposed flank of the German guards before La Fère-Champenoise. They had an hour's marching to cover before the shock. It was not yet evening, it was between five and six o'clock when their columns, the heads deployed in shouting waves of men, struck suddenly upon the exposed flank of the guard, and broke it altogether. Precisely at that moment came along the whole of the French line the order for an intense offensive. The stretched, then hardly held, gap between the marshes and La Fère-Champenoise gave way, the two divisions of the 9th Corps poured in, and the right of the 9th Corps joined with the 42d Division in its thunder against the exposed vital flank of the guards. That too famous corps was now quite broken into two; its few units north of the marshes were abandoned and cut off; its mass here to the south was trying to look both ways, fighting in front as before against the left of Eydoux's Bretons; fighting for its life upon its wounded flank in hurriedly converted wheelings of men. The huge, congested mass of the Saxon offensive farther beyond to the south and east learned the peril of the guard. A gap had opened. The French had seized it. The line had been broken to their right. They in their turn summoned all their energy to cover, as best they could before darkness, the necessity for retreat. Before the fall of night the storm broke. . . . There ran even in such darkness and such weather the indescribable thrill of victory through all the six (French) divisions. On Thursday (the 10th) as Foch's men went forward like a wave along a beach, they passed in the ruined villages and on the roads the litter of a confused and precipitate retreat. The Battle of the Marne was won. During all that day (the 10th) von Kluck had been hurrying northward from before the British and Maunoury; Bülow had been hurrying northward from before the French 5th Army. The German plan, humanly certain of success at Charleroi three weeks before, was in ruins."

GERMAN DOCILITY

Holmes, Edmond. The Nemesis of Docility. A Study of German Character. 12mo, pp. vii–264. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.75 net. Postage, 12 cents.

One would scarcely suspect that what lies at the root of much of the agony and strife in the great world-war can be traced to German docility. The term "docility," however, is mild compared with many other words that are applied in connection with this subject. What the author means by it is a "readiness to obey for the sake of obeying, avidity for commands and instructions, reluctance to accept responsibility or exercise initiative, inability to react against the pressure of autocratic authority." Accepting this definition, the author maintains that when "it is a national characteristic, it may become a destructive force of extreme violence," for, as he says, a docile majority implies a dogmatic and domineering minority; and the docile majority may carry docility so far as to become dogmatic and domineering in imitation of their masters, whom they naturally make their model. The first chapter of the well-written and fascinating book is on "The Genesis of German Docility." The conclusion which the author arrives at is:

"That the slavish docility which char-



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acterizes the modern German is of hybrid origin, being the product of an unhappy cross between tribalism and feudalism. In their tribal days (and he thinks the German is still tribal at heart), the Germans were the freest of free peoples. Under the dark shadow of feudalism they lost their domestic freedom, as did every people that bowed its neck to the feudal yoke. Had they become and remained a united nation, they might have won back what they had lost."

With this historical view-point set forth, Mr. Holmes proceeds to show that the qualities inherent in such a system—military to the backbone—have affected not only the whole army but the whole people, and that it was only a question of time when the predatory instinct would manifest itself in seeking world-dominion. He makes a strong plea for the rights of the individual and the spirit of idealism which ought to appeal to many educators as well as politicians. He shows how deadening and fatal to wholesome living is the idea of imposing one's will on others. When the state takes possession of a man's "moral and spiritual springs of action" there is not much left of the individual. In his chapter on "The Menace of German Docility," he gives the reason why Germany is fighting, "in order to force herself and her ideal of life on a reluctant world—the plunder of a reluctant world is a matter of secondary importance," and, on the other hand, claims that the Allies "are fighting for the right to live," and for this right he says, "Let us fight to the death, for Germany's sake as well as for our own."

BRITTANY WITH FRANCE AT WAR

De Pratz, Claire. A Frenchwoman's Notes on the War. Pp. ix–290. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50 net. Postage, 12 cents.

The exaltation, the heroism, the desolation now pervading war-ravaged France find ample and poignant expression in this volume by a Frenchwoman who has had personal experience of the events described. Mlle. de Pratz was living in a tiny fishing village on the northern Breton coast when the war broke out. Her first intimation of the cataclysm came from the head-lines of a newspaper announcing the murders at Serajevo. No one in France dreamed of war coming so suddenly, she says, and further avers that this is proved by the fact that France was totally unprepared for the Kaiser's sudden stroke. But when the thunderbolt fell France became as one man for the defense of the motherland. The scenes which took place in Brittany when the order for mobilization was proclaimed are suggested in vivid description. The instant and general response made to this appeal throughout the country districts of France amazed the author. She describes it as a revelation of patriotism, such as had not been witnessed since 1793. Of the personnel and morale of France's Army the author gives an impressive description. In the present war, she says, France is fighting not merely with her professional army, but with the nation itself. Every department of social and professional life, every class and condition of French people—men, women, and children—are caught in the current of the war. Striking instances of the social transformation effected by the war are given in Mlle. de Pratz's book. For example, one of her friends, a famous poet, a former favorite of the Parisian salons, is now the cook of his regiment. In a recent letter he informed the author that he had improvised a subterranean kitchen, in which he grilled steaks for the regiment, set in rows on old bayonets.

FROM MONS TO YPRES

Hamilton, Capt. Ernest W. The First Seven Divisions. Being a Detailed Account of the Fighting from Mons to Ypres. With maps. Pp. 338. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50 net. Postage, 12 cents.

This able account of the fighting from Mons to Ypres by a military expert and actual participant in the historic events described may be characterized as one of the important books on the war. Written by a trained soldier with a mastery of the language the book contains a vivid and at times thrilling description of an initial and most important phase of the conflict. It gives the hitherto unwritten story or epic, as it may well be called, of the British Expeditionary force, England's first professional army, which, at the end of three months, was practically annihilated. Viewed at this distance of time from the outbreak of the conflict the achievements of these first seven divisions of the British Army assume more interest than ever. At the outbreak of the war Britain's forces, now swollen to millions, were, Captain Hamilton asserts, "a mere drop in the ocean of armed men who were hurrying toward the plains of Belgium. These were the men the Kaiser had referred to as "the contemptible little army." Yet in the first three months of the war this little army, varying in numbers from 80,000 to 130,000, may justly claim, the author of this book asserts, "to have in some part molded the history of Europe." The importance which those devoted British legions were to assume in history's greatest crisis was not apparent at the time, not even to themselves. It stands out clearly and impressively in Captain Hamilton's vivid pages. England's regular Army, he says, by way of introduction, did not lag under the hands of those who would use it. Much of it was scattered across the seas, guarding the outposts of the Empire. There was available only 50,000 infantry, with its artillery and five brigades of cavalry, and this force was shipped off to France "before the public had realized that we were at war," as the author phrases it. These troops "shook themselves into shape" and faced the Belgian frontier to check the German invaders already threatening to overwhelm France. From this time onward, the author avers, the achievements of the expeditionary force became historically interesting, and he proceeds to describe the whole strategy, unfolding in detail the events which led up to the Battle of Mons, the retreat from Mons, and the now famous events associated with the Marne and the Aisne.

WHAT EUROPE IS FIGHTING FOR

Powers, H. H., Ph.D. The Things Men Fight For. With Some Application to Present Conditions in Europe. Pp. 382. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.50. Postage, 12 cents.

This book was written, its author says, because he "could not help it." His fitness to write it may be found in the following statement about himself, given in the preface: "I am more or less familiar with every country now at war except Servia. I was for some years a resident of Paris, and for a like period of Berlin. I have mingled with the crowds in their thoroughfares, studied in their universities, learned their speech, and made friends within their gates. I know the byways of Britain from Dover to Aberdeen. I have seen the

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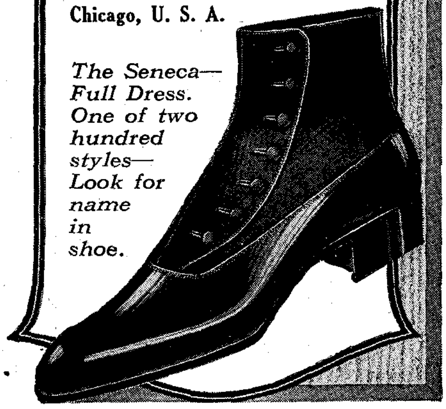

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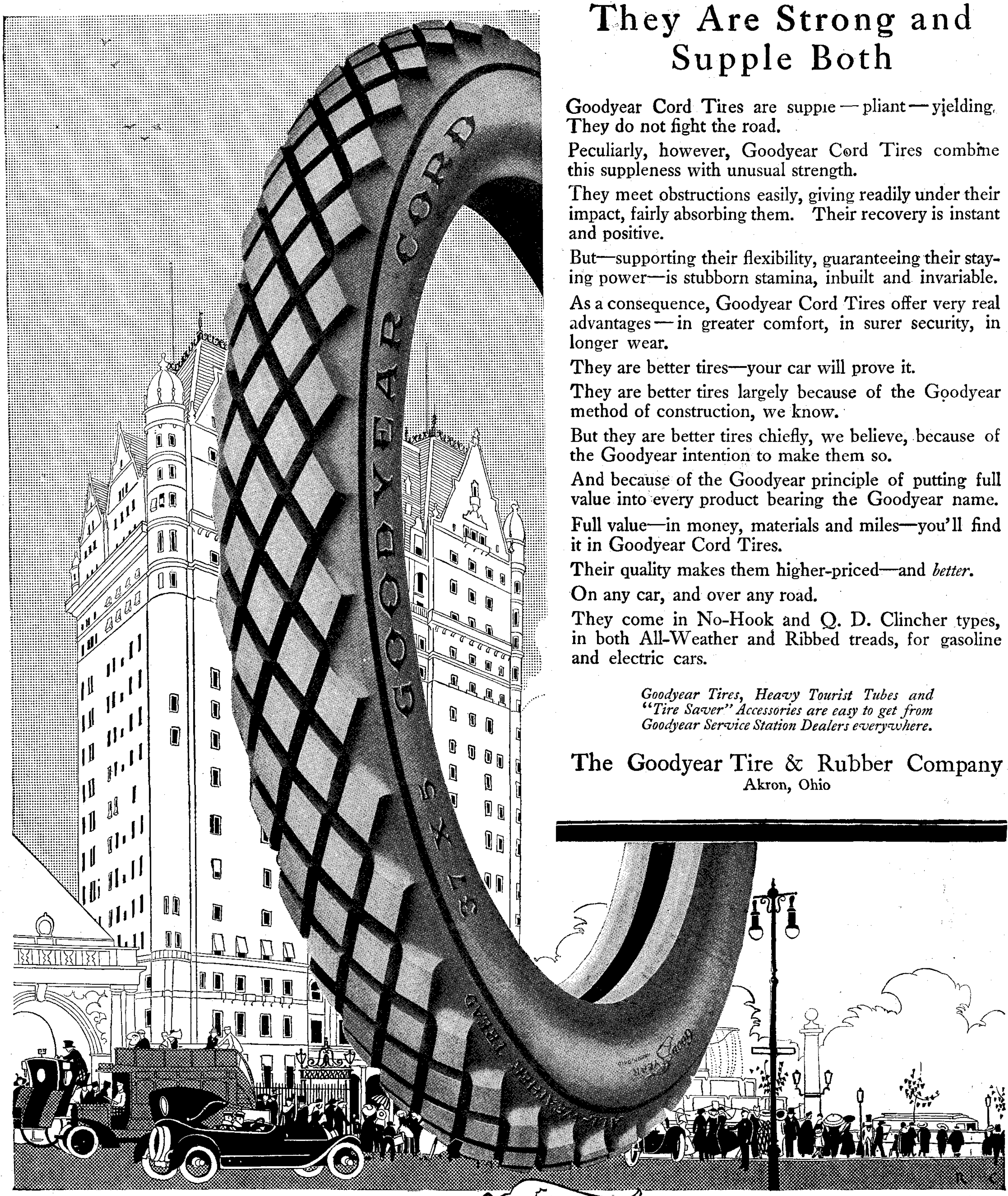

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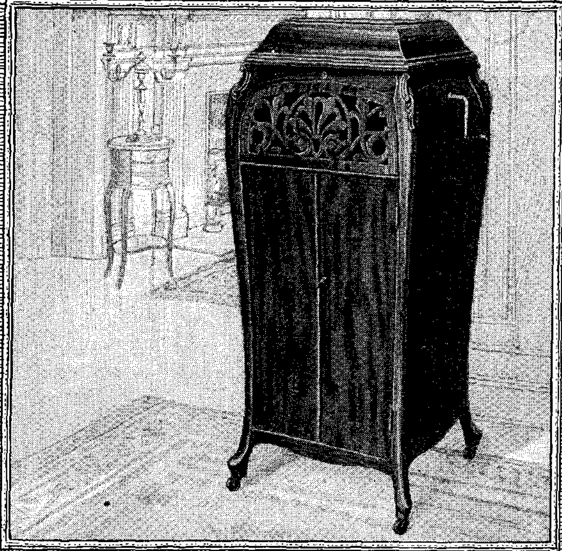

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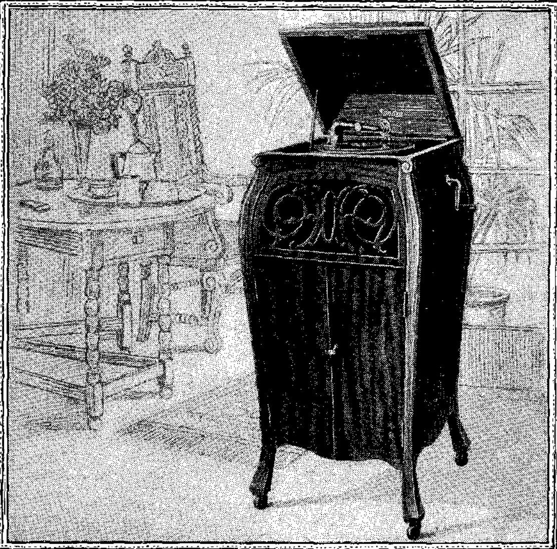

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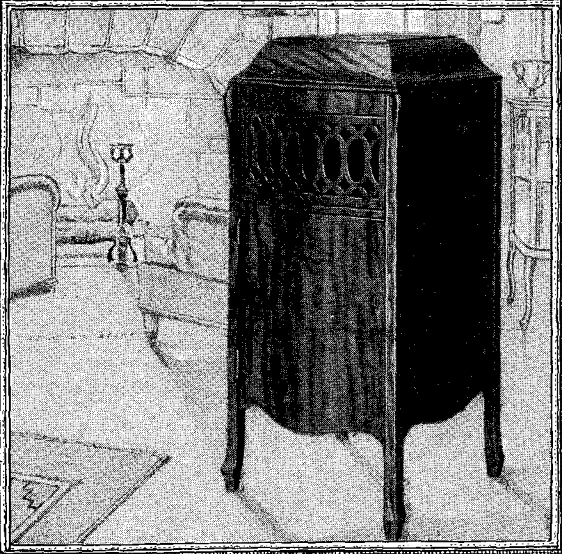

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shrines of the Moslem and the minarets of Stamboul, and have traveled through the empire of the Czars from the Caucasus to the Baltic, and the far Eastern sea. Italy I know better than I know my own country, and Greece is my Holy Land. I have found shelter in the homes of Nippon, and looked down from the Black Mountain of Montenegro. And I know that these folk are human, men of like passions and like virtues with ourselves."

Out of the unusual knowledge born of such wide observation and experience came this unusual book. We may not altogether agree with its conclusions, but we must admire the breadth of it, and feel better informed when we have perused it. The liberal spirit of it can not fail to impress the careful reader. "Every nation in the present war has its case," urges Dr. Powers, "a case which it need not be afraid to present before the bar of humanity." Following five "problems," clearly stated, he presents eleven "cases," which cover all the countries at war and include one or two that are not, after which come "Proposed Remedies for War," "The Future of War," and an Epilog.

Of all the war-books that have appeared, none other so analyzes the geography of Europe as does this; none other makes logically plain, as this does, geographical and ethnological reasons why the present war had to be. "Who was responsible for the war?" asks this author; and he answers: "Servia, says Austria, for if she had ceased her agitation we should have dwelt in peace; Austria, says Russia, for had she not demanded the impossible, Servia would have yielded all; Russia, says Germany, for had she not interfered in a quarrel that was none of her affair, Servia would have yielded; Germany, says Britain, for a word from her would have restrained Austria; Britain, says Germany, for Russia would not have interfered unless assured of British support. And all are true. There is not one of these, from the least unto the greatest, that could not have stopt the war by refraining from the fatal step. And there is not one of them that could have refrained without sacrificing its vital interests." Why this is all true, as Dr. Powers believes, he proceeds to show, or he has shown before this assertion, from his point of view. His reasoning has been lucid and interesting until his conclusions are thus declared, in his Epilog and in the pages immediately preceding.

"There is not a vestige of excuse for neutrality on the part of the American people," he insists, after fairly preserving his own neutrality thus far. "I make no plea for armed intervention," he adds, "not because it would be wrong, but because I do not know that it would be good strategy. . . . The present hour has just one issue: Shall Germany or Britain prevail? Which of these master-hands shall shape the ideals and the institutions of the future? . . . Which will win? I do not know. Which is best? I will not say. But one thing I do know and will say. Yea, I will proclaim it from the housetops. *The British civilization is ours.* In it we live and move and have our being. Outside of it we have no future. Let no man deceive us. . . . We speak one language, we cherish one literature, we recognize one political principle of temperate central rule and local freedom, and these are the language, the literature, and the ideal of Britain."

WHAT AMERICANISM IS

Hill, David Jayne, LL. D. Americanism: What It Is. Pp. xv-280. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.25 net. Postage, 10 cents.

Dr. Hill's timely and interesting little book, "Americanism: What It is," is in the nature of a philosophical discussion in the light of history of the great problems now looming in the national mind as a result of the great war. The book is primarily designed to set forth "as clearly as possible what is most original and distinctive in American political conceptions and most characteristic of the American spirit. Americanism is a term to which the events of the hour give enhanced significance in the world." Dr. Hill maintains that it is not a matter of race. From the beginning the country has been populated by people of widely different ethnic origins, none of which can be exclusively entitled American. Equally futile, he holds, would be the attempt to define Americanism in terms of geography. With a view to attaining to some clarity of conception as to the present meaning of the word the author invites our attention to that process of "assimilation" of the new elements that enter into our population. What is it, he asks, that is involved in this transformation to which we have given the specific name "Americanization"?

Dr. Hill's investigations in his chosen field have convinced him that we have of late imported many isolated European ideas into our country, and that these "do not seem to fit into our system of things." Here in America, he reminds us, we have developed "a new estimate of human values," and this has led to a new understanding of life. It has been difficult for us to comprehend the course of events in Europe, and impossible for Europe to understand us:

> "We have long ago abandoned a great part of what Europe still holds sacred. If we had a dynasty of hereditary rulers; if we had a State religion; if we had formed a habit, and it had become hereditary, of giving ourselves up body and soul to the exigencies of the State; if we were surrounded by powerful enemies; then we might understand many things that happen in Europe which now seem to us unreasonable and almost insensate. We sometimes forget that our earliest traditions as a people—and we do not regard ourselves as any longer young—were an open, a heroic, and a bloody revolt against all that."

Our Americanism is not a mere negation; such is the conclusion of the author. It is a positive, constructive force, starting with the idea that the individual has an intrinsic value. It holds that he has "an inherent right to bring to fruition all his native powers, and to enjoy the fruits of his efforts." The trend of the thesis developed throughout the whole volume is indicated in the author's conviction that "the whole conception of life (in America) is based upon the significance of the individual."

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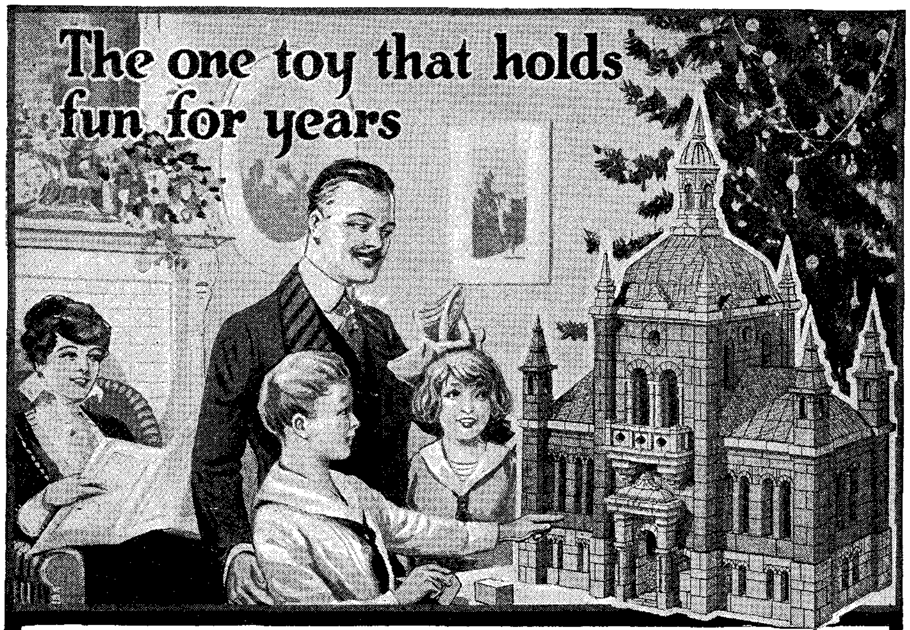
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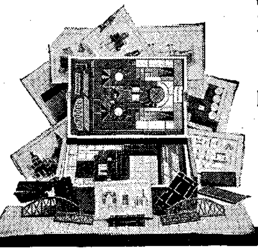

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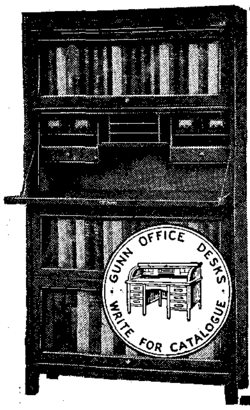

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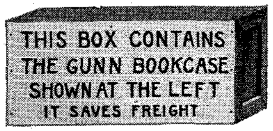

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CURRENT POETRY

RECENTLY in these columns appeared "The Great Rebuke," an arraignment of militarism by the gifted English poet, Helen Parry Eden. Sir Rabindranath Tagore, who is now on a lecture-tour of the United States, contributes to a recent issue of the London *Times* some unrimed verses less outspoken than those of Mrs. Eden, but similar in thought. It is not easy to discover why in writing English verse Sir Rabindranath does not follow the established custom of beginning every line with a capital letter.

THANKSGIVING

By Rabindranath Tagore

Those who walk on the path of pride
  crushing the lowly life under their tread,
  spreading their footprints in blood
    upon the tender green of thy earth,
Let them rejoice, and thank thee, Lord,
  for the day is theirs.

But thou hast done well in leaving me with the humble
  whose doom it is to suffer
    and bear the burden of power,
  and hide their faces and stifle their sobs in the dark.
For every throb of their pain
    has pulsed in the secret depth of thy night,
and every insult has been gathered
    in thy great silence,
And the morrow is theirs.

O Sun, rise upon the bleeding hearts
  blossoming in flowers of the morning
and the torchlight revelry of pride
  hiding in its own ashes.

Here is another peace-poem, the work of an American poet. It appeared in the New York *Times*. The refrain has a dirge-like music most appropriate to the theme.

THE HARVEST

By Louise Driscoll

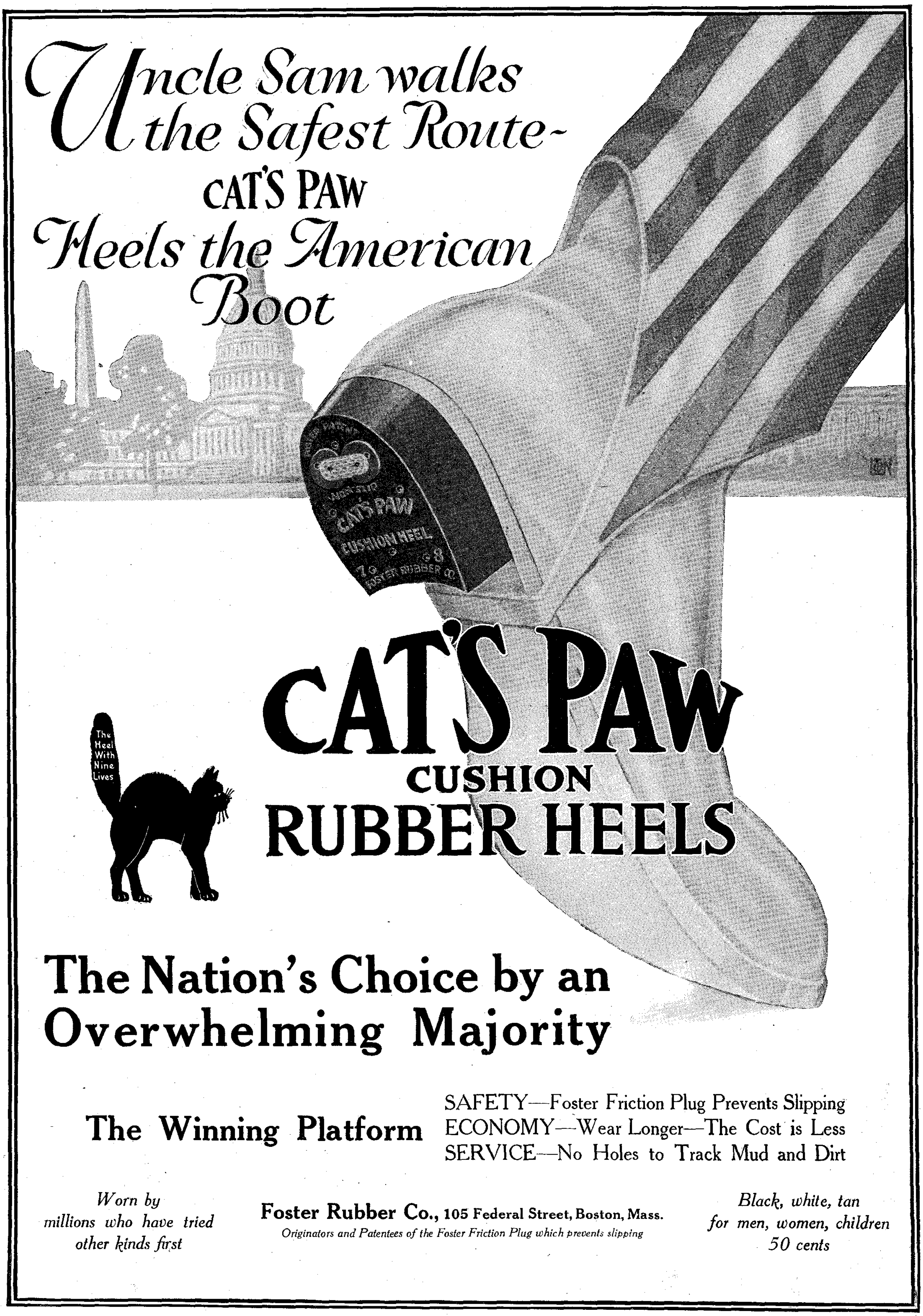
("*The warring nations need more men.*"—*Newspaper Head-line.*)

Dust to dust shall all men go,
Till the earth shall overflow!
Year by year the Autumn yields
What in Spring the sower wills.
When the harvest should be men,
Why do they not rise again
Who were sowed like wheat in fields
And like barley on the hills?

Between the little crosses
  Red poppies blow,
On the rough mounds
  Green blades grow,
Forget-me-not and celandine
  And maiden-hair,
But never a man of all the men
  Who were sowed there!

Out of the soundless void they came,
They were, and we gave them each a name
Why do you not multiply,
O Earth, the seed we give to you?
Now the Nations call for men,
Let them rise and fall again
Who rest more quiet where they lie
Than wheat and barley do!

The women have harvested
  Barley and rye,
They walked where the grain stood
  High, waist high!
Where the little crosses are
  No one stirred,
Not a man lying there
  Has said a word!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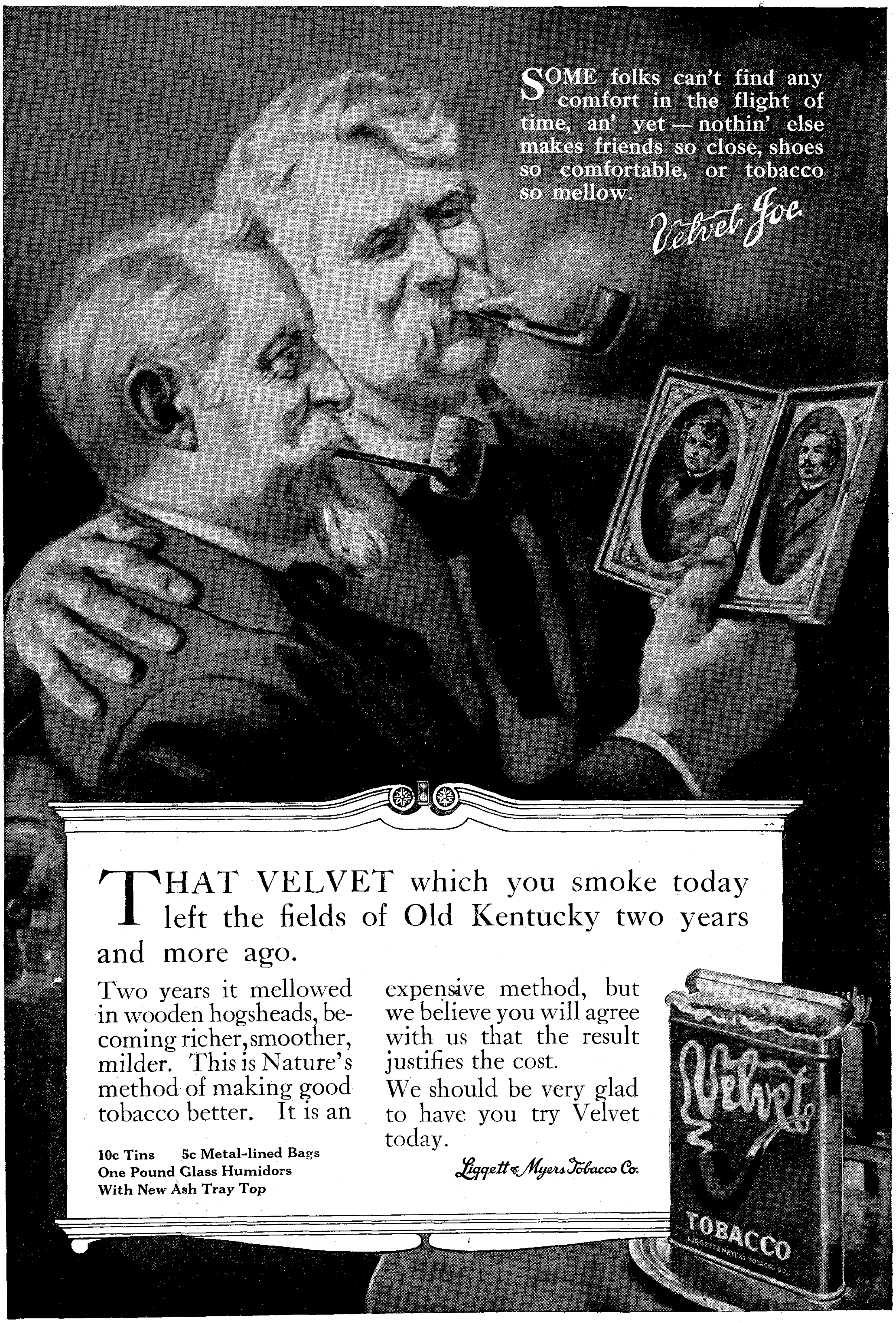

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As might be expected, the death of Pearse, Plunkett, and MacDonagh, the young poets who led the uprising in Dublin during Easter week, has evoked many poetic tributes. All these are marked by noble emotion, and some by genuine eloquence. From a purely literary point of view, perhaps the most distinguished of them appears in the London *Nation*. It is the work of one of the most accomplished and charming of the younger Irish writers, the author of "Here Are Ladies" and "The Crock of Gold." The vigor of the second division of the poem and the solemnity of the last are admirably suited to the thought.

THE SPRING IN IRELAND, 1916

By James Stephens

Do not forget my charge, I beg of you;
That of what flow'rs you find of fairest hue
And sweetest odor you do gather those
Are best of all the best—a fragrant rose,
A tall, calm lily from the waterside,
A half-blown poppy leaning to the side
Its graceful head to dream among the corn;
Forget-me-nots that seem as tho the morn
Had tumbled down and grown into the clay,
And hawthorn-buds that swing along the way,
Easing the hearts of those who pass them by
Until they find contentment—Do not cry,
But gather buds, and with them greenery
Of slender branches taken from a tree
Well bannered by the spring that saw them fall:
Then you, for you are cleverest of all
Who have slim fingers and are pitiful,
Brimming your lap with bloom that you may cull,
Will sit apart, and weave for every head
A garland of the flow'rs you gatherèd.

Be green upon their graves, O happy spring,
For they were young and eager who are dead;
Of all things that are young and quivering
With eager life be they rememberèd:
They move not here, they have gone to the clay,
They can not die again for liberty;
Be they remembered of their land for aye;
A garland of the flow'rs you gatherèd.

Fragrance and beauty come in with the green,
The ragged bushes put on sweet attire,
The birds forget how cold their wings had been,
The clouds bloom out again and live in fire;
Blue is the dawn of day, calm is the lake,
And merry sounds are fitful in the thorn;
In covert deep the young blackbirds awake,
They shake their wings and sing upon the morn.

You took the year at springtime, and you swung
Green flags above the newly greening earth;
The leaves were scarce unfolded, they were young,
Nor had outgrown the wrinkles of their birth:
Comrades they thought you of their pleasant hour,
Scarce had they glimpsed the sun when they saw you;
They heard your songs e'er birds had singing power
And drank your blood e'er that they drank the dew.

Then you went down, and then, and as in pain,
The spring affrighted fled her leafy ways,
The clouds came to the earth in gusty rain,
And no sun shone again for many days:
And day by day they told that one was dead,
And day by day the season mourned for you,
Until that count of wo was finishèd,
And spring remembered all was yet to do.

She came with mirth of wind and eager leaf,
With scampering feet and reaching out of wings,
She laughed among the boughs and banished grief,
And cared again for all her baby things:
Leading along the joy that has to be,
Bidding her timid buds think on the May,
And told that summer comes with victory,
And told the hope that is all creatures' stay.

Go winter now unto your own abode,
Your time is done, and spring is conqueror;
Lift up with all your gear and take your road,
For she is here and brings the sun with her:
Now are we resurrected, now are we,
Who lay so long beneath an icy hand,
New-risen into life and liberty,
Because the spring is come into our land.

In other lands they may,
With public joy or dole along the way,
With pomp and pageantry and loud lament
Of drums and trumpets, and with merriment
Of grateful hearts, lead into rest and stead
The nation's dead.

If we had drums and trumpets, if we had
Aught of heroic pitch or accent glad
To honor you as bids tradition old,
With banners flung, or draped in mournful fold,
And pacing cortège; these would we not bring
For your last journeying!

We have no drums or trumpets; naught have we
But some green branches taken from a tree,
And flowers that grow at large in mead and vale;
Nothing of choice have we, or of avail
To do you honor as our honor deems,
And as your worth beseems.

Sleep drums and trumpets yet a little time:
All ends and all begins, and there is chime
At last where discord was, and joy at last
Where wo wept out her eyes: be not downcast,
Here all is prosperous and goodly cheer,
For life does follow death, and death is here.

Perhaps these stanzas are a little too fantastic in their philosophizing. But it is an achievement to find a new lesson in the leaves.

LEAVES

By Beatrice Chase

When God the leaves of summer made
He left their surface dull
And non-reflecting, that their shade
Our wearied eyes may lull.

The oak, the elm, the beech, the ash,
Have not a leaf that gleams,
They can not catch and onward flash
The sun's most searching beams.

And as He shades us from the glare
He minds us, too, in cold;
And glazes winter leaves with care
To make them shine like gold.

The holly leaves, they all reflect
The light from bank and hedge,
And ivies that the walls protect
Make gold their every ledge.

But ivy does not lend her leaves
To wall and tor alone,
She rambles through the woods and weaves
Her wreaths on trunk and stone.

It thrills my heart that God should choose
To make the winter bright,
And fear lest we poor mortals lose
One single ray of light.

From *Harper's Magazine* we quote this little study in applied psychology. It is so brief and thoughtful that it suggests the work of E. A. Robinson.

TO A HERO

By Oscar C. A. Child

We may not know how fared your soul before
Occasion came to try it by this test.
Perchance, it used on lofty wings to soar;
Again, it may have dwelt in lowly nest.

We do not know if bygone knightly strain
Impelled you then, or blood of humble clod
Defied the dread adventure to attain
The cross of honor or the peace of God.

We see but this, that when the moment came
You raised on high, then drained, the solemn cup—
The grail of death; that, touched by valor's flame,
The kindled spirit burned the body up.

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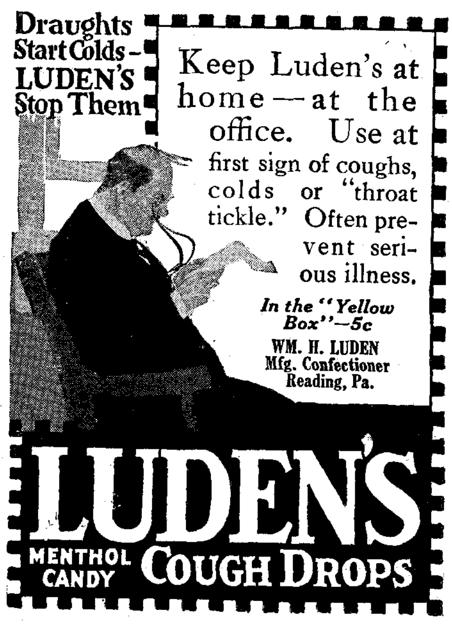

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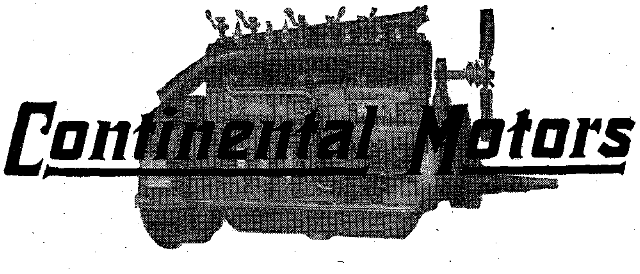

PERSONAL GLIMPSES

A POET'S DEATH IN BATTLE

WAR takes from the land not only the artizan and the mechanic, the hobo and the judge, but the painter and the poet, the singers who are popularly supposed to live and die by words, not deeds. In the battles in Champagne more than one young British poet found his last hour, but few have left as brilliant and perfect a record of it as the one described by a friend of Alan Seeger, the American singer who fell fighting for a country he loved, but which was not his own. Seeger, according to the New York *Sun*, enlisted early in the war, and passed through a series of baptisms of fire until at length it seemed as if he would see the end of the fighting safe and sound. Then came the assaults in Champagne, and Seeger was killed. A friend of his, who was his companion in the trenches, tells of his end. The war has produced few more vivid pictures of how poetry and beauty of death in service can be found by those who love all the beauty of life. The tale of Seeger's end, written in French, was sent as a personal letter to a Boston lady by Rif Bear, a young Egyptian, his closest friend in the Foreign Legion. A translation of it, as it appeared in print in America, runs:

> It was in the Thiescourt Woods, I remember, that I saw Alan on his return from convalescent leave. My section was in first-line trenches and his, in reserve, in the second line. I was on soup fatigue and was going to the Chalffour Quarry when I saw him in front of me, walking along alone. Throwing down the *marmites* (tin receptacles) with which I was loaded, I rushed to shake him by the hand. He had, it seemed to me, grown slightly thinner, his pale face seemed slightly paler, and his eyes, his fine eyes with their far-away look, ever lost in distant contemplation, were still as dreamy as ever.
>
> He told me how sorry he was not to be still with me, as he had been transferred to the first section and I belonged to the third. But we saw each other every day. He would recount the joys of his two months' convalescent leave, and I shall never forget how one phrase was often on his lips, "Life is only beautiful if divided between war and love." They are the only two things truly great, fine, and perfect, everything else is but petty and mean. I have known love the last few weeks in all its beauty, and now I want to make war, . . . but fine war, a war of bayonet-charges, the desperate pursuit of an enemy in flight, the entry as conqueror, with trumpets sounding, into a town that we have delivered! Those are the delights of war! Where in civil life can be found any emotions so fine and strong as those?"
>
> And we would exalt our spirits with hopes of making an assault with the bayonet, hopes that were not doomed to disappointment, for a few weeks later we were to attack.

It is related how Seeger came to his Egyptian friend full of joy because he had received a telegram asking him to compose a poem for reading in public at a Franco-American demonstration. He was to receive forty-eight hours' leave to do the necessary work. The prospect of leave pleased him very much, but the poet was of such retiring nature that he felt an immeasurable shyness about reading his work in public himself, so he remarked that he would try to find some one else to do that part of it. The narrative continues:

> The eve of the ceremony arrived—I can not recall the date—but no leave came. We were in the trenches and chance had placed me near Seeger in "*petit poste*" (the small outlook-post, some yards in advance of the first-line trench). He confest that he had lost all hope of going, and I tried to find all sorts of arguments to encourage him, that his leave might come at dawn, and that by taking the train at Ressons at 7 A.M. he could still reach Paris by noon and would have plenty of time, as the ceremony was at two.
>
> The morning came, and instead of bringing the much-desired permission to leave, it brought a terrible downpour of rain, and the day passed sadly. He found consolation in the thought that it was only a postponement and that July 4 would soon arrive, when the Americans with the Foreign Legion might hope for forty-eight hours' leave, as last year.

The ceremony referred to was held on May 30, in connection with Decoration-day celebrations. Wreaths to the Americans killed for France were placed around the statue of Washington and Lafayette, in the Place des États-Unis, Paris. By an unfortunate mistake the forty-eight hours' leave granted for the event was made for June 30 instead of May 30. The ode which Alan Seeger composed for the occasion was printed in America a few days after the author had fallen in battle.

We next read:

> On June 21, we left the sector of the Thiescourt Woods for an unknown destination, which proved to be the Somme. We took the train at Estrées St. Denis, and on June 22 about 10 A.M. reached Boves. Under a blazing sun, in heat that seemed to have escaped from the furnace of hell, we started for Bayonviller. We had undergone no such march since the war began.
>
> Weighed down by their sacks, prostrated by the heat, men fell by hundreds along the road. Hardly twenty of the two hundred forming the company arrived without having left the column. Seeger was one of these few. He told me afterward of the terrible effort that he had had to make not to give up. At every halt he drank a drop of *tafia* (rum and coffee) to "give himself heart," and when he reached the end of the march he was worn out, but proud—he had not left the ranks.
>
> We passed the eight days of repose at Bayonviller, almost always together, seeking the greatest possible enjoyment in our life at the moment and making dreams for the future after the war. Alan confided to me that "after the war" caused him fear—that he could not tell what des-

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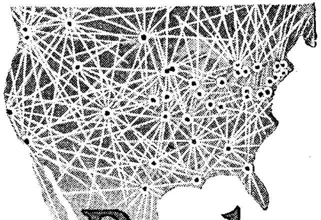

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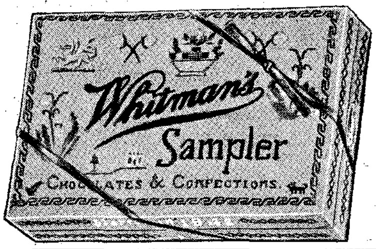

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tiny reserved for him, but that if the fates smiled on him it was toward the Orient that he would make. He loved the Orient—Constantinople, Cairo, Damascus, Beirut had a powerful fascination for him; their names would plunge him into profound reverie.

"It is in the mysterious frame of the Orient," he used to say, "in its dazzling light, in its blue, blue nights, among the perfumes of incense and hashish, that I would live, love, and die."

And then the talk would turn again on the war and he would say: "My only wish now is to make a bayonet charge. After that I shall see. Death may surprize me, but it shall not frighten me. It is my destiny. '*Mektoub*'" (it is written). He was a real fatalist and drew courage and resignation from his fatalism.

During the night of June 30–July 1 we left Bayonviller to move nearer the firing-line. We went to Proyart as reserves.

At 8 o'clock on the morning of July 1 there was roll-call for the day's orders and we were told that the general offensive would begin at nine without us, as we were in reserve, and that we would be notified of the day and hour that we were to go into action.

When this report was finished we were ordered to shell fatigue, unloading 8-inch shells from automobile-trucks which brought them up to our position.

All was hustle and bustle. The Colonial regiments had carried the first German lines and thousands and thousands of prisoners kept arriving and leaving. Ambulances filed along the roads continuously. As news began to arrive we left our work to seek more details, everything we could learn seemed to augur well.

About 4 P.M. we left Proyart for Fontaine-les-Capy and in the first line. Alan was beaming with joy and full of impatience for the order to join in the action. Everywhere delirious joy reigned at having driven the enemy back without loss for us. We believed that no further resistance would be met and that our shock attack would finish the Germans. After passing the night at Fontaine-les-Capy we moved in the morning toward what had been the German first lines. I passed almost all the day with Alan. He was perfectly happy.

"My dream is coming true," he said to me, "and perhaps this evening or to-morrow we shall attack. I am more than satisfied, but it's too bad about our July 4 leave. I can not hope to see Paris again now before the 6th or 7th, but if this leave is not granted me '*Mektoub! Mektoub*'!" he finished with a smile.

The field of battle was relatively calm, a few shells fell, fired by the enemy in retreat, and our troops were advancing on all sides. The Colonials had taken Assevillers and the next day we were to take their place in first line.

On July 3, about noon, we moved toward Assevillers to relieve the Colonials at nightfall. Alan and I visited Assevillers, picking up souvenirs, post-cards, letters, soldiers' note-books, and chattering all the time, when suddenly a voice called out, "The company will fall in to go to the first line."

Before leaving one another we made each other the same promise as we had made before the Champagne battle (September 25, 1915), that if one of us fell so severely wounded that there was no hope of escape the other would finish him off with a bullet in the heart, rather than let

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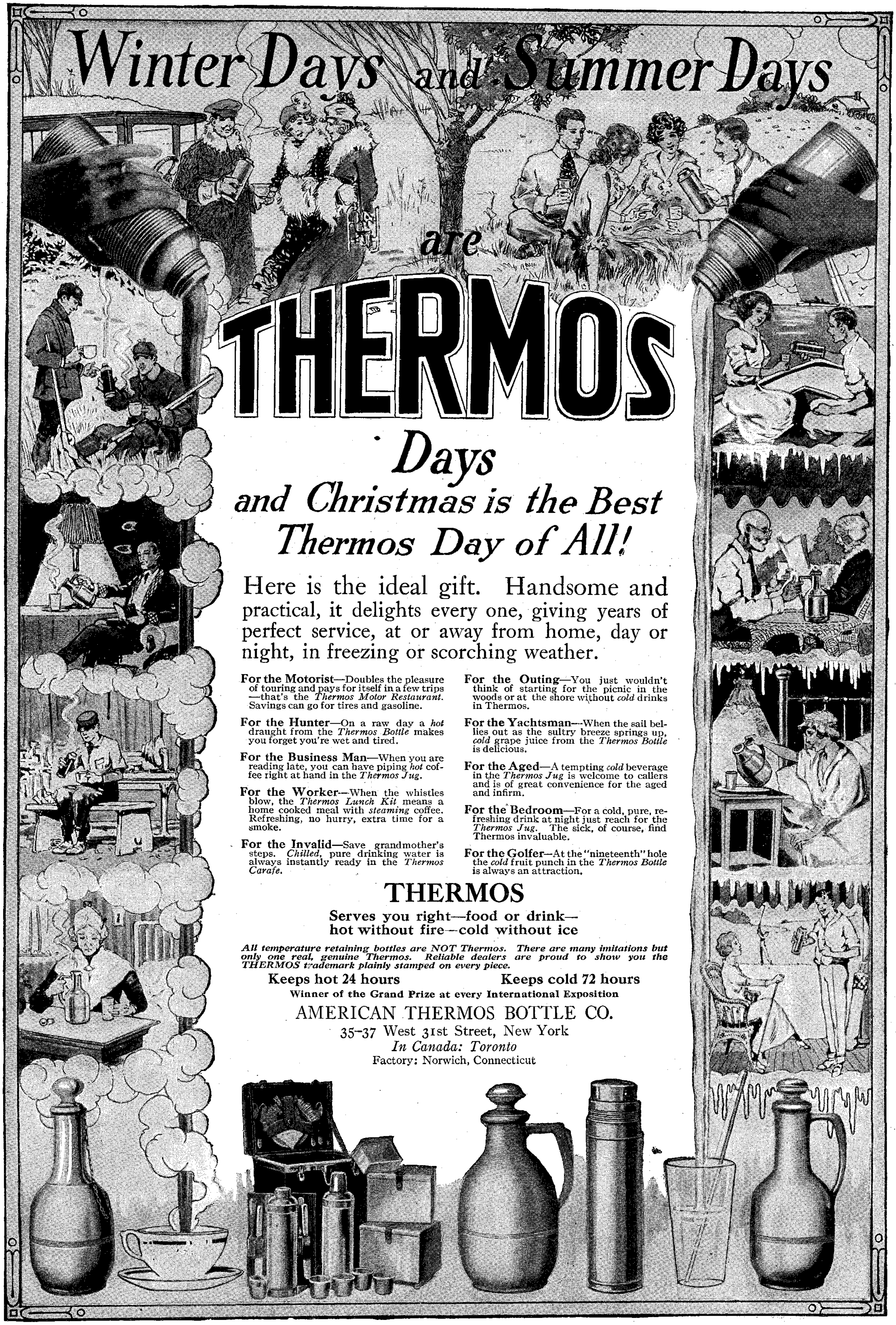

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> him await death in lingering torture. He showed me his revolver, saying, "I have more luck than you. If I can still use one arm I shall have no need of any one," and then we rejoined our different sections.

At four o'clock, we learn, the order for the attack came, and the author describes graphically how the rows of bayonets glittered among the tall corn as the men prest forward. A wave would go forward, and a terrific answer of gun-fire would mow it down, only to have it followed by another wave of men, always moving toward the enemy's lines. The letter proceeds:

> The losses were heavy and the enemy made a desperate resistance. The company of reserves was ordered to advance with the second wave of assault. "Forward!" cried the captain, and the company deployed "in files of squadron," advancing slowly but surely under the enemy's intense and murderous fire.
>
> The first section (Alan's section) formed the right and vanguard of the company, and mine formed the left wing. After the first bound forward, we lay flat on the ground, and I saw the first section advancing beyond us and making toward the extreme right of the village of Belloy-en-Santerre. I caught sight of Seeger and called to him, making a sign with my hand.
>
> He answered with a smile. How pale he was! His tall silhouette stood out on the green of the corn-field. He was the tallest man in his section. His head erect and pride in his eye, I saw him running forward, with bayonet fixt. Soon he disappeared and that was the last time I saw my friend.
>
> "Forward!" And we made a second bound, right to the wave of assault, which we left behind a little, and down we threw ourselves again. The fusillade became more and more intense, reaching a paroxysm. The mitrailleuses mow men down and the cannons thunder in desperation. Bodies are crusht and torn to fragments by the shells, and the wounded groan as they await death, for all hope of escaping alive from such a hell has fled.
>
> The air is saturated with the smell of powder and blood, everywhere the din is deafening; men are torn with impatience at having to remain without moving under such a fire. We struggle even for breath and cries resound from every side. Suddenly a word of command, an order of deliverance, passes from mouth to mouth. "Forward! With bayonets!"—the command that Seeger had awaited so long.
>
> In an irresistible sublime dash we hurl ourselves to the assault, offering our bodies as a target. It was at this moment that Alan Seeger fell heavily wounded in the stomach. His comrades saw him fall and crawl into the shelter of a shell-hole. Since that minute nobody saw him alive.
>
> I will spare you an account of the rest of the battle. As soon as the enemy was driven back and Belloy-en-Santerre won I searched for news of Seeger. I was told of his wound and was glad of it, for I thought he had been carried away and henceforth would be far from the dangers of bullets and shells.
>
> Thus ended this Fourth of July that Seeger had hoped to celebrate in Paris. On the next day we were relieved from the first lines and went into reserve lines. A fatigue party was left to identify the dead.
>
> Seeger was found dead. His body was naked, his shirt and tunic being beside him and his rifle planted in the ground with the butt in the air. He had tied a handkerchief to the butt to attract the attention of the stretcher-bearers. He was lying on his side with his legs bent.
>
> It was at night by the light of a pocket electric lamp that he was hastily recognized. Stretcher-bearers took the body and buried it next day in the one big grave made for the regiment, where lie a hundred bodies. This tomb is situated at the Hill 76 to the south of Belloy-en-Santerre.
>
> As I think of the circumstances of his death I am convinced that after undressing to bandage himself he must have risen and been struck by a second bullet. I asked permission on the night of July 6, when I heard of his being wounded to go and see him, but I was refused.

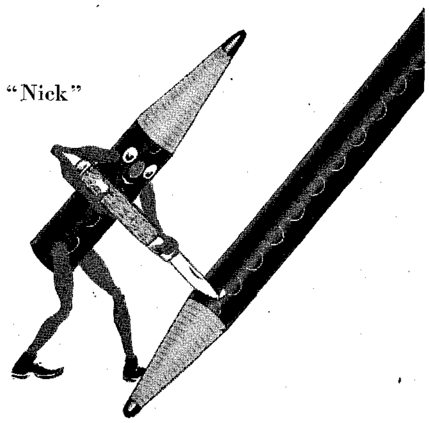
THE PRESIDENT AS SEEN BY HIS BROTHER-IN-LAW

IT is an interestingly novel idea that "in a greatly conspicuous office" there is something of the impersonality of death. Kings and potentates have felt their isolation and suffered from the consequent shrinkage of human association; but the President's brother-in-law, Prof. Stockton Axson, finds in the exalted office of his relative warrant for uncovering the past intimacies of his family life. He has, indeed, in his own words "set down some things which it would be sacrilege to publish if Woodrow Wilson were still safe in the obscurity of a college professorship." Professor Axson writes from the standpoint of a thirty-five years' intimacy with the present head of the nation, for they came to know each other during the early years of each. In the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, Professor Axson begins with these introductory explanations:

> There are many who can analyze and assess Wilson the statesman, known to all the world, but the ranks are thinning among those who have known the man intimately since his young manhood. Woodrow Wilson belongs to the world; is it, then, in bad taste for one who has had the great privilege of seeing him at close range for thirty-five years to talk about him familiarly to the world?
>
> My keenest embarrassment arises from my wonder about what Mr. Wilson himself will say if he should ever read this article, for it has never pleased him to have his personal affairs intimately talked about, and yet the only reason why I should write at all is that I am in a position to talk about him personally and that the country has a right to know what manner of man is President.

After a few reminiscences and explanations about his early life, and his first marriage, the author gives a mass of personal details about the extraordinarily close alliance between the young professor and his wife, and the families of each. All the relatives seemed by the marriage to be bound into one family. The author puts it:

> Everything would indicate that when



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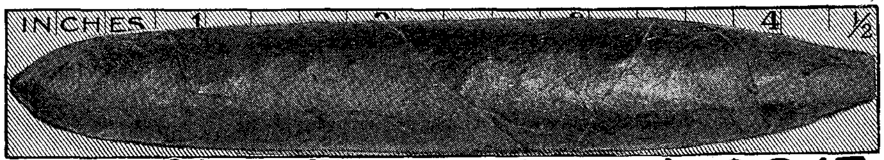

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Woodrow Wilson married he married a family as well as a wife, and that is not very far from the truth. If he ever knew any difference between her relatives and his own he never indicated it. And his blood became as her blood. I have never known a case where each adopted the other's family so completely. He even used to refer to her dead father and mother by the childhood names by which she always called them. I think he would probably say now that one of his favorite uncles was her Uncle Tom—Dr. Thomas Hoyt, of Philadelphia. Once when Uncle Tom was visiting "us" in Middletown, Mr. Wilson broke into a soft chuckle while he and I were sitting alone.

"What are you laughing at?" I asked. He replied! "To think how I blacked Uncle Tom's boots this morning. Passing his bedroom door, I saw that he had put his boots outside, naturally assuming that all self-respecting people keep a man. I knew Bridget wouldn't black them, and Annie couldn't, so there was nothing to do but tackle the job myself."

It occurs to me, as I write down this true episode, that he might very well have sent me to do it, seeing that I was only a college student, while he was a professor, and, besides, it was my Uncle Tom, anyway. But Woodrow Wilson would not do that simply because he was too considerate—the most considerate man I ever knew—as well as the most generous and the tenderest. So there is a Presidential picture to go along with Lincoln splitting rails, and Garfield on a canal-boat, and Grant driving a dray—Wilson blacking Uncle Tom's boots—Uncle Tom by marriage.

Of the domestic nature of the President, Professor Axson has much to say. Regarding the college-professor days, he writes:

> They say "the bravest are the tenderest," and this strongest man in all the world to-day has always been so gentle in his home-life that he has appeared to some too domestic. In the days of the unfortunate quarrels in Princeton, one charge that used to be made against him was that he was so shut up in his home-life that he did not know men and the ways of men.
>
> Of course, a man of Woodrow Wilson's genius for rapid perception learns more about men in the flash of an eye than slower men learn of each other in whole long afternoons of club-room gossip over their highballs. But in the charge there is this much truth, that Mr. Wilson's own fireside has always been dearer to him than the thronged marts of casual contacts. If I were asked to name the leading and governing characteristic of this man, I should reply: "That is not easy, for he is a man of commanding genius, and genius is necessarily complex; but certainly one of his leading traits is deep affection. Sometimes in his public dealings he is forced to harden his heart deliberately in order that he may do justice, but so soon as he can follow his own instinct, there emerge, above all his intellectuality and all his iron firmness of will, his affections."
>
> In the family circle he can give this affection free rein, and hence he probably never feels so completely himself as when he gathers with wife and daughters and a few chosen friends around the fireside and allows his spirit to move him whither it listeth. He simply can not live without affection, for this, our American great

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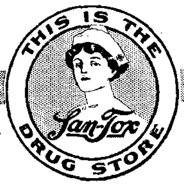
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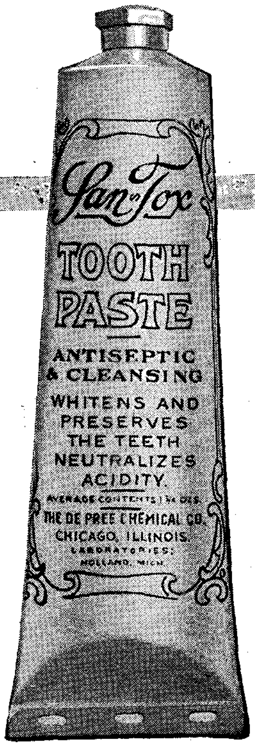
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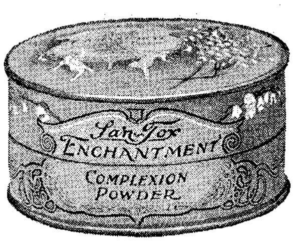
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In the long years of his and my sister's life together they were more completely one than any two people with whom I have been thrown into intimate contact. And yet these were no weaklings, but two spirited people, each with a power of conviction possible only to very strong characters. They would sometimes differ in their opinions, but their relationship was so rooted in mutual love and loyalty that their differences were casual and superficial, never fundamental.

I have seen Mr. Wilson humorously assume the rôle of a browbeaten and henpecked person, unallowed to hold an opinion, when his wife would say in her impetuous way, "Woodrow, you know you don't think that," and he would smile and say, "Madam, I was venturing to think that I thought that until I was corrected." At one time, when the girls were growing up, he used to laugh and quote Chief-Justice Fuller, who remarked that his "jurisdiction extended over all the United States except the Fuller family."

It has always been love mingled with delightful humor and good humor. Of all the fictions that popular fallacy would weave around a conspicuous man, surely those who know Mr. Wilson must find it the strangest that he is supposed by some to be a cold and mirthless man. A dozen years ago I think any intimate acquaintance of Mr. Wilson could have said that one of his most obvious qualities was an incorrigible playfulness. Graver people thought he was too much that way, for he would joke in the midst of the most serious discussions or controversies. His fund of anecdote (in one way he is the most provoking of men, for it is next to impossible to tell him a new story—he has heard them all and invented some), his gleeful delight in nonsense rimes, his atrocities in punmaking, an inheritance from his father, from whom he has derived so many and more commendable traits, all these things are pronounced in Woodrow Wilson, together with that finest of all humor, character-humor, the knack of word-portrayal of people in incongruous settings. If you want to laugh until your breath forsakes you, get Woodrow Wilson to tell you the story of how a certain "educator" startled President Harrison with a sudden eruption of oratory twenty-five years ago. Not the least delightful part of it is that, while he is relating it, he apparently forgets that the wheel has come full circle and he himself is now in the exalted seat occupied by President Harrison when that entrancing bit of comedy unrolled.

After a brief résumé of the important change which came over the President, just before he became president of Princeton, when he began to be less fond of the drifting conversations, and felt more keenly the urge to do things, the author passes to a summing-up of the Executive's growing practical nature. As he phrases it:

He was growing into what he has now become, a man with the surest and the firmest hold on the facts of things. That is why he seems inconsistent to some shallow people.

There is another and kindred thing about him, which perplexes some people: tho the tenderest of men, he is the least sentimental. Once, since he has been President of the United States, I was much exercised over the case of a man who had come under the national laws in a way that seemed to me merely technical; he was technically guilty, but virtually innocent; and so I did what I have seldom consented to do; I wrote a long letter to Mr. Tumulty, to be laid before the President at his convenience. A friend of mine, personally more concerned with the case than I, read me a long letter which he had framed, in which, among other things, he appealed to the President to relieve the pitiful anxiety of the accused man's wife and parents. I advised him to cut that out, and said: "The President can not and will not act on those grounds. He must do what seems to him justice, however much his sympathies may excite him to mercy. Show him the essential justice of what we are asking for, and stop there."

The case was examined by the Department of Justice, which decided that the man's technical guilt was too manifest to warrant the Department's interference with the due course of law. Then the President stept in and pardoned the man outright, not because he had a family whose hearts would break, but because in the higher justice the man was innocent.

Only a few of us know what Woodrow Wilson was really undergoing in the summer and autumn of 1914, when the world was catching fire from war, and the foundations of his own life were crumbling under him. Just as the war opened my sister died. "I can not help thinking," he said, "that perhaps she was taken so that she might be spared the spectacle of some awful calamity."

I was at the White House a great deal that autumn, and I know that it is no exaggerated use of words to say that he was the loneliest man in all the world. I remember in particular a few bitter days when there were only three of us in the family circle. With characteristic solicitude for others and Spartan fortitude he had deliberately and peremptorily thinned the household for the welfare of others. He had compelled Margaret and Jessie and Frank Sayre to go to the summer home in New Hampshire for a change of air. He had forced even Doctor Grayson to take a few days of rest, for he saw that the doctor himself was in danger of illness after the strain of Mrs. Wilson's illness and death.

I can see the lonely figure of the President now, walking down the long hallway, his hair much whitened in the few months. His intimate friends often exprest to me the wish that the President could marry again, as he was utterly desolate.

We who love him feel that God himself must have directed the circumstances which brought Mrs. Galt into the White House circle. But for her we can only surmise what might have happened.

I have lifted the veil from some pretty sacred things, and I wonder if I should have done so. My sustaining thought is that some day these things would have to be set forth, for men like Woodrow Wilson belong to the world at large, and ultimately the secrets of their lives must be made known to the world. Because he is what he is in public, it is perhaps true that the public has some right to know what he is in private, and so I have written these things, every word of which is literal truth.

How to Buy

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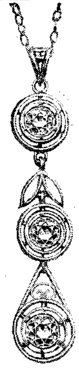
at Importers' Prices



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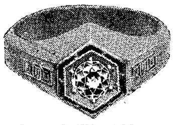

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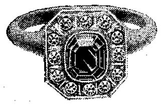

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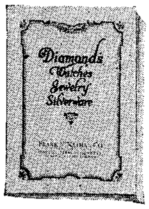

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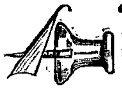

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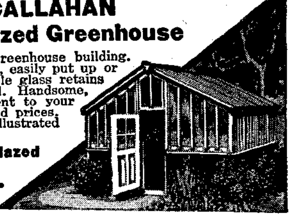

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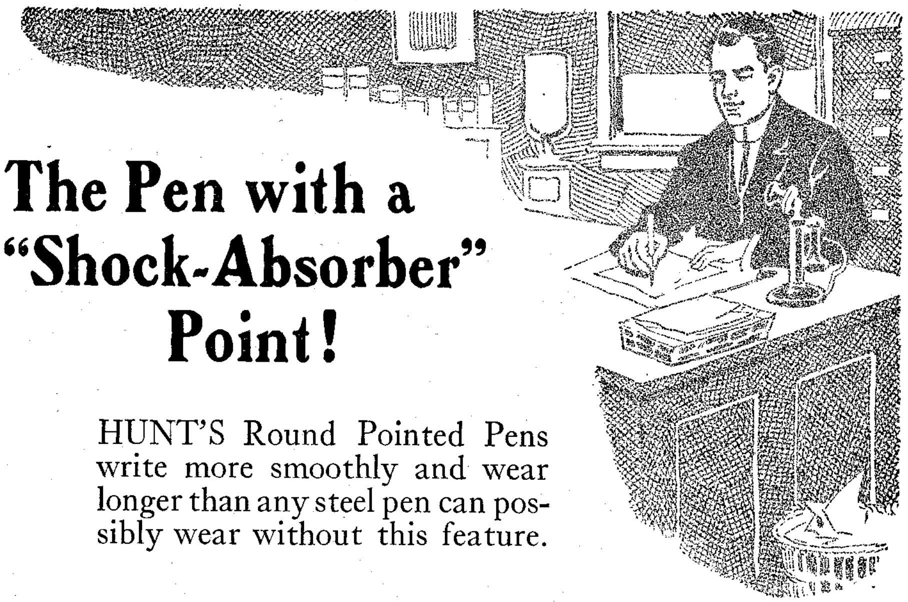

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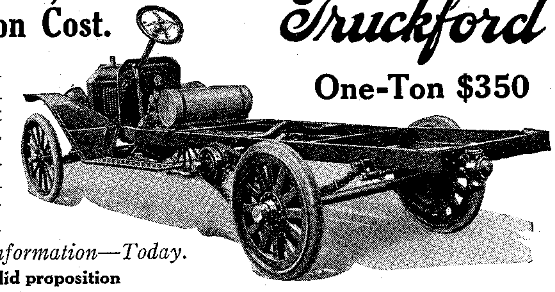

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FROM BRAKEMAN TO PRESIDENT OF THE ROAD

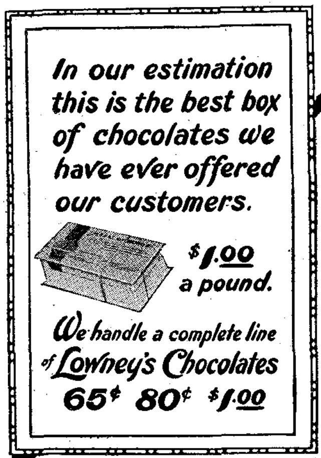
THIS is the synopsis of the career of Frederick Underwood, the president of the Erie Railroad. As in the ballad, "When he was a boy, he served his term, as Boss Brakeman of a railroading firm." And like the alert young gentleman in the song, he did his work so well that now he is the ruler of the great carrier. In the phrase of the New York *Sun*, which retells his career, he "worked himself up from denim to pongee." Yet he has not lost the humanity of the denim; he is still, according to the account, what an author characterized as "rather manly than gentlemanly, rather gentle than genteel, and rather human than humane." Illustrating this, we are told:

> One day in Washington not long ago when the traffic heads had foregathered to see what the White House was going to do about the strike, he was riding on top of a sightseeing omnibus with half a dozen of his fellow members of the Order of the Iron Horse.
>
> "Hello, Fred!" came a voice from the sidewalk.
>
> "Howdy, John?" was the reply of the railroad executive with a wave of his hand.
>
> The man who had spoken to him was one of the engine-drivers of the Erie, with whom the Boss Brakeman had worked not so many years ago. He took it as a matter of course that one of his old friends, even tho an employee, should call him by his first name.
>
> Most of the men on the Erie don't even go to that formality. To them he is "F. D.," and when they say that they mean the man who knows and who can tell them just what he wants done and how to do it. There is no job on a railroad for that matter that "F. D." could not do himself, for he has been not only brakeman, but clerk and grain-elevator foreman, conductor, yardmaster, and about everything else, including division superintendent, general manager, and vice-president.

From the time that he took his first job in a humble capacity for a Western road his advance has never lost an inch. Steadily he has crept up, we are told, until he had been everything but the absolute head of a railway. This was his position fifteen years ago, according to accounts. How he then came to the Erie is told as follows:

> The late J. Pierpont Morgan and James J. Hill were having a conference in an office not far from Broad and Wall Streets with regard to the affairs of the Erie Railroad. The Titan of the West told the financier what he thought about Underwood.
>
> "We will send for him," said Mr. Morgan.
>
> The general manager of the Baltimore & Ohio made a two weeks' inspection of the property of the much-abused Erie and then told what ought to be done, how many millions ought to be spent in doing it, and when prest for further details said that he was willing to begin the work of his life—for $50,000 a year. His terms were accepted by the men in control and the regeneration of the ancient railroad began.
>
> Many ill-savored traditions cling to the Erie. The mention of the road conjures

"These are the Prize Chocolates"



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3800 druggists and confectioners thought this was the best box of chocolates they had ever offered their customers. 3800 of them displayed this card in their stores.

Try this *Medal of Honor* box at $1.00 a pound. Taste the delicious orange and pineapple cordials, luscious fruit nugatines, cluster nuts, Brazil nuts and nuts glacé.

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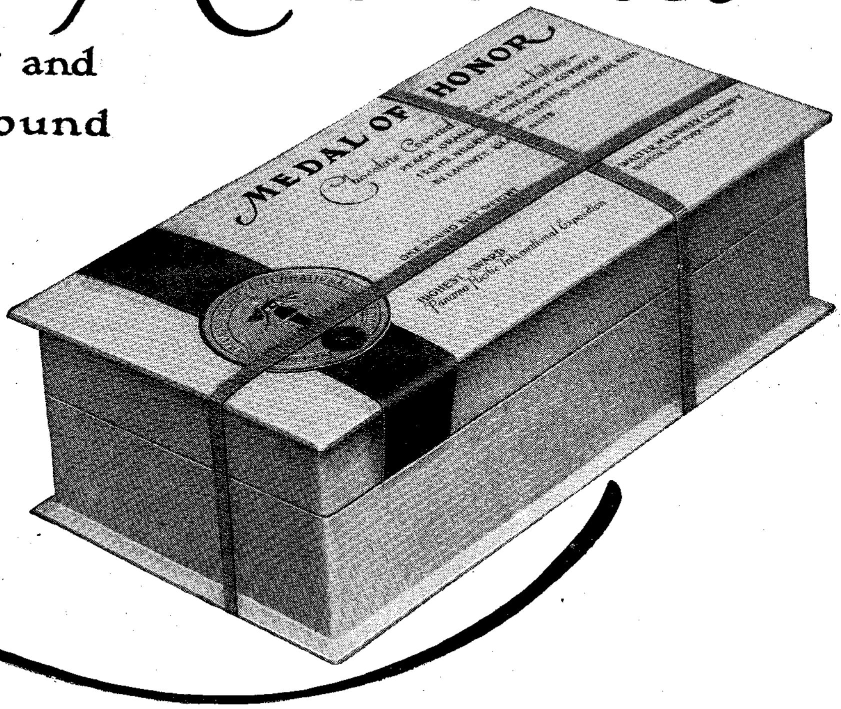
"These are the Prize Chocolates"

Lowney's Chocolates

65¢ 80¢ and
$1⁰⁰ a pound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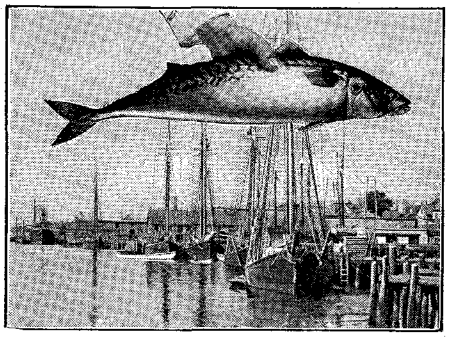

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up visions of stock-jobbing, of manipulation, of the dank gloom of the Black Friday of long ago. The times of the Drews, the Goulds, and the Jim Fisks had left the road with a record as discreditable as the remains of the long piers which sprawl out into the Hudson, relics of the days when the public was led to believe that the Erie was to do great things. When one speaks of the Erie one sees with the eye of the mind Uncle Danie of lold hastening by ferry-boat to the Jersey City shore with seven millions in his faded carpet-bag.

Could any good come out of a railroad about which poets have flung the stale wreaths of cynical doggerel? The unseemly rimes about commuting on the Erie alone, about the wheezy engines, the laggard trains, were enough to make a stout man quail. Frederick D. Underwood attacked the problem with his characteristic force.

He recognized that altho as a passenger-road the Erie had been somewhat remiss, it had wonderful possibilities as a freight-line, for it tapped some of the best and richest territory of the East. He knocked the directors of those days off their feet, bowled them over gasping, when he announced at one of the first meetings that he was actually going to see to it that real money was going to be spent on the Erie.

We are told that there are various accounts in Wall Street circles of that conclave. Such details as painting tool-sheds if it could not be avoided and making repairs long overdue were being drowsily talked over. The account goes on:

Mr. Underwood picked up a pen and wrote rapidly on a sheet of paper. When he was asked for his opinion he rose quickly to his feet.

"I am surprized, gentlemen," he is reported to have said, "that you are wasting your time on details which any man under me for $2 a day could pass upon. If he could not he would not be worth the $2 and I would fire him.

"You have paid large sums to engineers who have reported to you that certain things must be done for the future of this railroad. I have their recommendations and reports here before me. I have examined the property thoroughly, and I approve every one of these recommendations.

"You have engaged me at a large salary to do what I can to build up this railroad. As far as I am concerned this matter will soon be settled. This letter which I hold is my resignation. I shall leave these papers with you and retire. It is up to you either to adopt the recommendations of the engineers or to accept my resignation."

Three minutes after Mr. Underwood left he was called back and informed by the board that it had unanimously decided to accept the report of the engineers and would not hear of his resignation.

Things began to happen then.

One of the secrets of the continued success of Frederick D. Underwood is in the fact that he has never got out of touch with the mechanical side of the business.

"F. D." is a symbol of efficiency to the rank and file of the employees, and he does not have to be at every man's elbow to enforce his ideas. The question that arises in the minds of men of the Erie and comes so often to their lips is, "Would F. D. like that? Would he want it done that way?" Nobody ever thought of telling him a ghost story or of inventing strange excuses.

One of the conductors, in explaining to a

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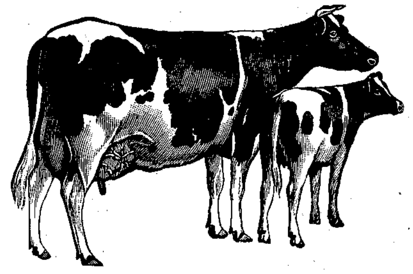

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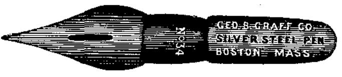
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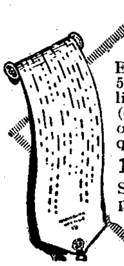

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Also delicious Forest Home Virginia Hams, Graham Flour, Scrapple, etc. Send for booklet and price lists.

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Box No. 11 **Purcellville, Va.**

layman why an engine had stalled, said it was largely due to the fireman's having neglected to take a rake with him and his inability to get one.

"He would never have told me that," observed the president of the Erie. "He passed three yard engines, from any one of which he could have got a rake if he wanted one. He knows that, and he knows that I know it."

One train on which the president was traveling broke down near a little way station. Mr. Underwood, with his characteristic faculty of being on the job, left the coach and went forward, where he found the engineer busy in the depths of the locomotive, lying on his back in the attitude of a distrest automobilist.

"Why don't you do thus and so?" asked the head of the Erie.

"See here," roared the red-faced engineer, taking a firmer grip on his monkey-wrench, "I'm paid to get trains in on time on the Erie, not to answer fool questions."

It is recorded that the engine-driver did not lose anything by his remark, and also that he and "F. D.," whom he then recognized, went to work without any ill feeling on either side and patched up the locomotive, and the president, whose clothes were the worse for the experience, rode in the cab.

WHERE O. HENRY'S TALENT SPROUTED

AMERICAN readers usually remember O. Henry as having originally been an obscure newspaper editor in the Southwest; few know that his talent as a story-writer first came to the fore when he was serving a term in prison. Unlike Raleigh, St. Paul, Bunyan, and others, who wrote some of their greatest works while incarcerated, the chief short-story writer that this country has produced only began to write within walls, and did not produce his best tales until some time after he had been released. However, it was when he was serving time in the State Penitentiary at Columbus, Ohio, that he found some of the types that he used afterward in well-known sketches. The astounding fact that O. Henry was an ex-convict (and that reminds us instantly of his deep sympathy with the crook who had just taken a bride, in one of his tales) was brought forth recently in the New York *Times*, which further states that there had always been rumors that the writer had suffered at some time for violation of the law. His friends had tried to kill such rumors, but recently concluding that the facts of the case shed small discredit on O. Henry, his publishers, Doubleday, Page & Co., decided to include the story of his imprisonment in his biography, soon forthcoming. *The Times* remarks concerning this hidden chapter of the great author's life:

The late William Sydney Porter, known by the pen-name of O. Henry as the greatest short-story writer of his generation, served three years and three months in the State Penitentiary at Columbus, Ohio, for embezzlement. This surprizing

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State whether you want light, medium or heavy blade. Heavy blade for very strong beards.

Established 1884
Capacity 6,000 razors daily

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They mean foot comfort, safety and economy. No dirt-gathering holes. 50c attached—gray or tan—all Dealers

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Quality Grocers sell Cresca; write us if yours doesn't.

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Sold everywhere in splits, pints and quarts.

Don't accept ordinary waters.

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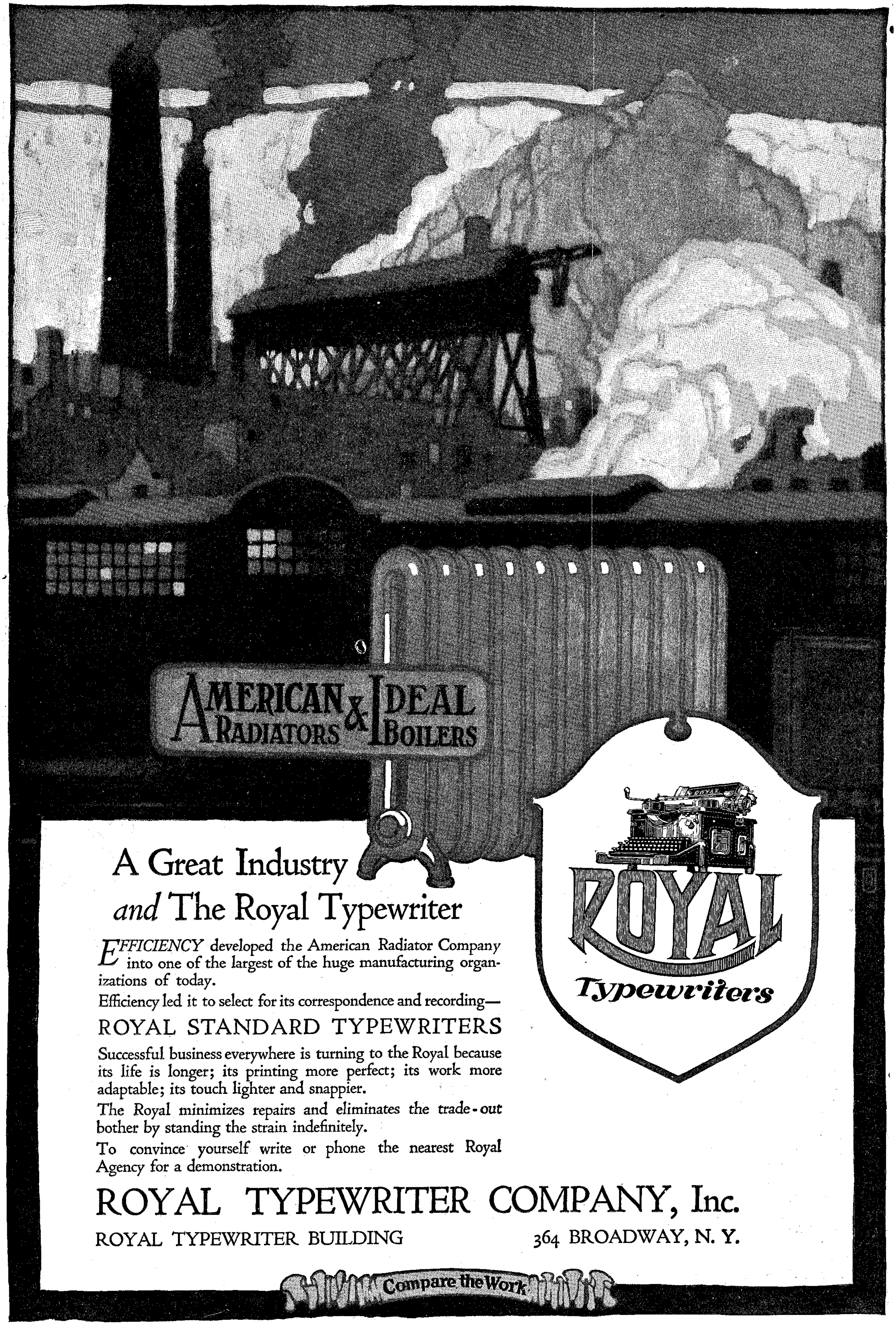

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fact has just come to light six years after his death. He was charged with having embezzled $554.48 on October 10, 1894, $299.60 on November 12, 1894, and $299.60 on November 12, 1895. He was found guilty on February 17, 1898, and sentenced on March 25 of that year to five years' imprisonment. He entered the penitentiary on April 25, 1898, and came out on July 24, 1901, his term of confinement having been reduced from five years to three years and three months on account of good behavior.

On January 21, 1891, O. Henry, or as he was then called, William Sydney Porter, became paying- and receiving-teller of the First National Bank of Austin, Texas. He had written anecdotes and jokes for the papers, but was not at that time known as an author. It appears that the bank was carelessly managed. The patrons used to enter, go behind the counter, take out one hundred or two hundred dollars and say a week later, "Porter, I took out $200 last week. See if I left a memorandum of it. I meant to." The affairs of the bank were managed so loosely that Porter's predecessor was driven to retirement and his successor to attempted suicide.

According to the record, O. Henry resigned from the bank in December, 1894—which is nearly a year before the date of the third of the misappropriations with which he was charged. Leaving Austin, he went first to San Antonio, where he edited a humorous weekly which was called *The Rolling Stone*, and later to Houston, Texas, where he joined the staff of *The Daily Post*, conducting a column of verses and paragraphs.

When he left Houston, never to return, he left because he had been summoned to go immediately to Austin and stand trial for alleged embezzlement of funds from the First National Bank of that city. His biographers believe that had he gone to Austin, he would have been acquitted. He protested his innocence to the end, and many of his fellow townsmen believed him. But he did not go to Austin. When his train reached Hempstead, about a third of the way to Austin, O. Henry left it and took the last train to New Orleans.

After a brief stay in New Orleans, he took a fruit-steamer for the Honduran coast, arriving at Puerto Cortez or Criva or Trujillo. On the wharf at Trujillo he met another fugitive from the law, Al Jennings, now a citizen prominent in public affairs, but at that time a fugitive from law, whose gang of train-robbers terrorized the Southwest.

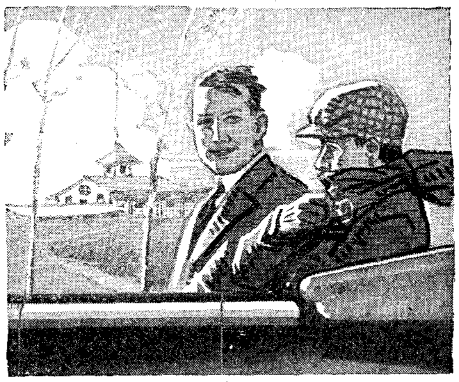
O. Henry joined Al Jennings and his brother, and with them circled the entire coast of South America. When the money gave out, the Jennings brothers decided to go back to Texas and rob a German trading store and a bank, and asked O. Henry to join them, but he refused.

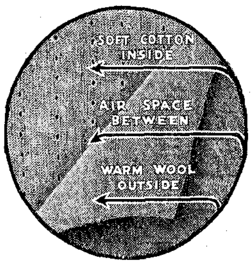
In 1887, O. Henry had married Miss Athol Estes, and she was now living with their daughter in Austin. He corresponded with her through Mr. Louis Kreisele, and in February of 1897 he learned that she was dangerously ill. At once he started for Austin, determined to give himself up and take whatever punishment the courts had in store for him. According to the trial record, he arrived in Austin on February 5, 1897. His bondsmen were not assessed, but the amount of the bond was doubled, and O. Henry went free until the next meeting of the Federal Court.

His wife died on July 25, 1897. In February of the following year his case came to trial. Apparently the error in the indictment by which he was charged with having embezzled $299.60 on November 12, 1895, whereas at that time he was living in Houston, having resigned his position in the Austin bank in December, 1894, went unnoticed. The foreman of the Grand Jury and the foreman of the trial jury are reported to have said afterward that they regretted they had voted to convict him.

He entered the prison, according to record, on April 25, 1898, and was immediately set to work as a drug clerk—as that was the position he had filled in his earlier days before he became a bank clerk. He proved very useful in this capacity and his easy-going, pleasant temperament won him many sincere and close friends among the other convicts. In addition to making the days pass more smoothly, this also brought to his command much material he would otherwise have missed, and we learn that the larger part of the material used in his book, "The Gentle Grafter," was acquired by him at this time. We are furthermore told:

> It was in the penitentiary that he found the original of *Jimmie Valentine*, the hero of the famous story "A Retrieve Reformation," and later of the play "Alias Jimmy Valentine." He was Jimmie Connors, day drug clerk in the prison hospital where O. Henry worked as night drug clerk. He was a notorious safe-blower, and spent hours telling O. Henry of his experiences.
>
> O. Henry did his first serious literary work in the penitentiary. From there he sent out many short stories to the magazines, or rather to a friend in New Orleans, who forwarded them to the editors. He had only two stories rejected while he was in prison, and out of the first eight stories that he sent to *Ainslee's Magazine*, seven were immediately accepted.
>
> During his imprisonment he jotted down in a small note-book the names of his stories and of the magazines to which he sent them. This note-book is still in existence, and shows that some of his best-known stories belong to that period. They are "An Afternoon Miracle," "Money Maze," "No Story," "A Fog in Santone," "A Black Jack Bargainer," "The Enchanted Kiss," "Hygeia at the Solito," "Rouge et Noir," "The Duplicity of Hargraves," and "The Marionettes." Professor Smith, of the University of Virginia, who recently lectured on the author's life, said that O. Henry turned a stumbling-block into a stepping-stone, that it was through his prison experience that he passed from journalism to literature.
>
> On the day of his liberation from prison, July 24, 1901, O. Henry went to Pittsburg to live with his daughter and his wife's parents. He took up his quarters in the Iron Front Hotel, which his father-in-law managed, and henceforth he sent his stories direct to the editors, instead of by way of his friend in New Orleans. Three stories signed Sydney Porter appeared in *Everybody's Magazine* in 1902, and to other stories he signed the name Oliver Henry, S.





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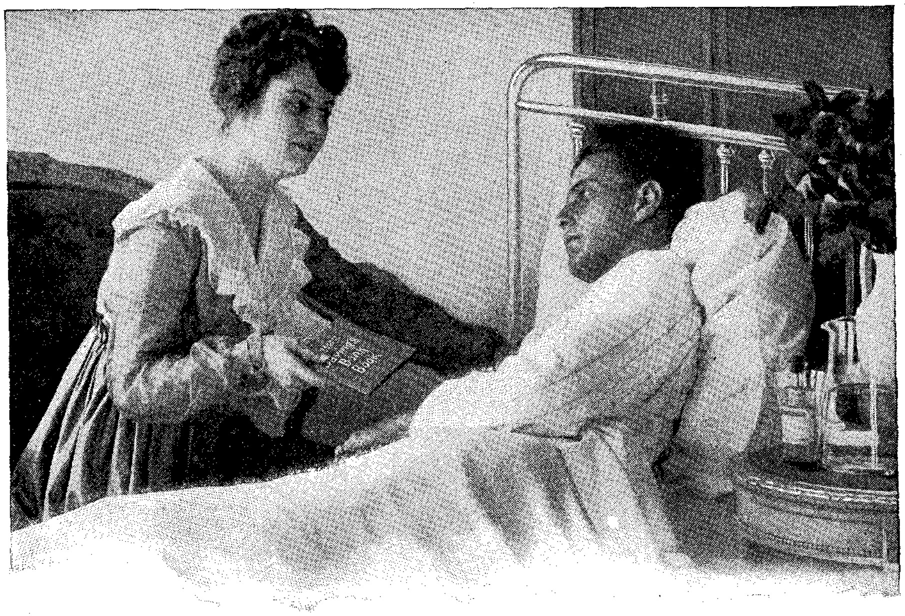
H. Peters, James L. Bliss, T. B. Dowd, and Howard Clark. But the pen-name O. Henry, which he adopted while a prisoner in Columbus, he kept to the time of his death, and it is by this name, assumed within the walls of a prison, that he is known in the annals of the world's literature.

BATTLING IN THE ROUMANIAN MOUNTAINS

When the German forces with their Austrian allies succeeded in turning the tide of the Roumanians invading Transylvania, there began what has been called the most beautiful battle of the war. It is not that it had any moral beauty, but that the physical aspects of the fighting would have appealed sufficiently to any painter to produce the greatest war-pictures ever known. The retreating army of Roumanians is seen withdrawing into the mountain passes, a long moving mass of gray, amid the blaze of scarlet and russet of autumn foliage. In the New York *Times* Cyril Brown who was with the German army describes the beginning of the Teuton advance on these colorful mountain gorges, remarking:

> The first stage of the invasion of Roumania—the continuous running fight for the passes of the Transylvania Alps, is no less fascinating as a moving-picture novelty than for its thought-provoking suggestiveness and larger significances.
>
> Quite apart from military morale, it was certainly worth coming a thousand miles from Berlin to watch the heavy German artillery patiently blasting away into the heart of Roumania and to witness how the Hungarians stormed the high Susaiul mountain, commanding the Predeal Pass in the record time of twenty-four minutes.
>
> I had motored early in the morning from General von Falkenhayn's headquarters, passing the commander-in-chief, himself out horseback-riding, with his inscrutable "Mona Lisa" smile and looking as if he had not a worry in the world.
>
> A fast run from Kronstadt or Brasso, the pearl in the crown of Transylvania, freed only a week ago from the grip of the Roumanian invader, brought me to the formidable and seemingly insuperable rock barrier of the Transylvanian Alps and the mouth of the strategically vital Predeal Pass, where I was caught in the swirls and eddies of unaccustomed mountain warfare.
>
> Toward Roumania day and night a mighty torrent of Teutons is pouring concentrically over the Transylvanian plain between these two high mountains into the pass gorge—a stream so great of volume and strong of current that it runs smoothly and steadily up-hill—columns of plodding, dust-covered infantry; columns of novel-mounted cavalry, but chiefly long columns of powerful artillery and still longer of ammunition, all pressing joyously, enthusiastically onward and into Roumania.
>
> Here is none of the nerve-racking tenseness of the Somme, where the Germans are outweighed and outnumbered, but not outgamed; none of that Somme teeth-gritting, desperate determination to



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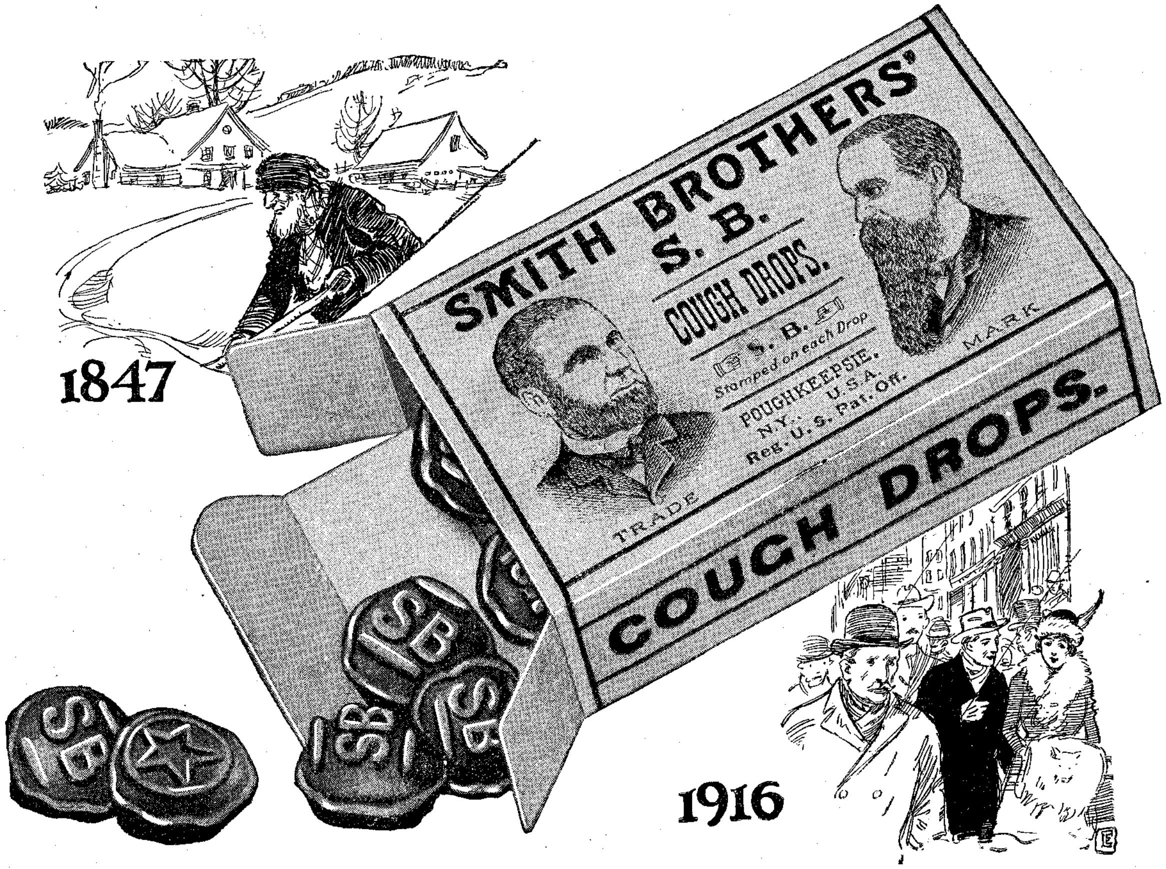
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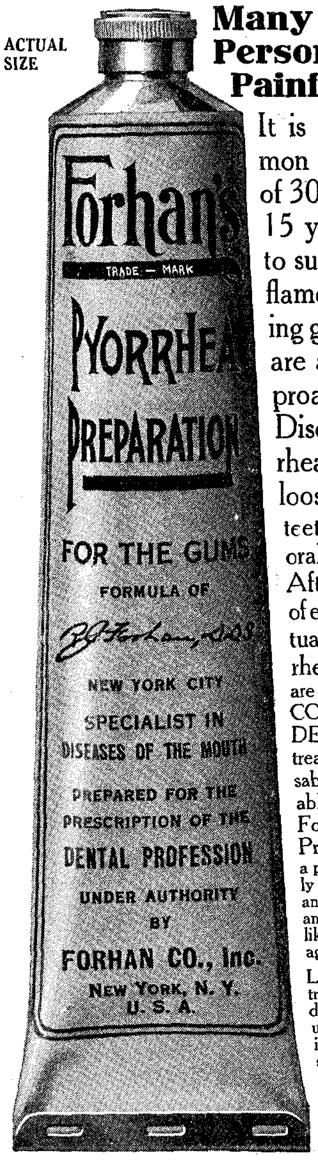
> hold out, to sell every foot of ground dearly; none of that back-to-the-wall fighting and that realization of standing at bay against almost hopeless odds, against the armed flower of the manhood of France and England. Here on the Roumanian front are the flush of real victory, the spiritual and military exaltation of successful forward motion, the buoyant realization that you are falling upon a weaker enemy, that you outnumber him in men and outweigh him in artillery and in ammunition, that as a veteran of two years of fighting on many fronts you are outboxing the inexperienced Roumanian novice, and lastly the exuberance of invasion, of marching into the enemy's country—the real joy of battle.
>
> This was the war-psychology of the Teuton legions through whom my staff limousine crawled to the Roumanian border—worth noting because the spirit of the troops is a never-failing index to the character of the fighting. And these tramping Teutons bound toward Roumania were in the highest spirits I have seen in many months, full of fight, good-naturedly laughing, chaffing, singing together, happy as schoolboys on a vacation, glad to be released from the long confinement of trench-warfare, glad once more to be engaged in wide-open swift fighting and maneuvering as they marched, or thought they were marching, on to Bucharest, ninety miles away.
>
> Nothing will give you a livelier notion of the quaint novelty of the fighting here than the fact that I was able to motor with impunity and perfect safety right on to the actual battle-field. Well into Predeal Pass we ran through massed German artillery, the first intimation I had that we were anywhere near the front, and as the long German guns began tuning up over my head I asked, not uninterestedly, if we were within range of the Roumanian artillery. "*Jawohl*," said Falkenhayn's staff officer who accompanied me. The instinct of self-preservation prompted the query whether the Roumania artillery observers could see us in this deep strait. "The Roumanians still hold that mountain ahead of us," he replied, pointing out dominating Susaiul, about four miles away.

The German artillery, continues the account, was stretched in a continuous row across the entire *chaussée*, and every gun-muzzle was pointed directly at Mount Susaiul, for all the world, says Mr. Brown, like taunting fingers. There were hundreds of guns, massed in clusters, and all in readiness for the bombardment of the mountain held by the Roumanians. Then, at last, the intermission was over and the curtain rose on the next great act of the battle for the mountain passes. We read:

> Three-quarters of the way up the hill I stood at a pine-treetop artillery observation-post, where the fire of a heavy German mortar battery was being guided and which afforded a wonderful mountain-battle panorama, typical of all this fighting up and down the line for the passes into Roumania. All about me, as far as the eye could see, were noble mountain peaks, some dark with a crown of pines, others with bald chalk-heads, their slopes clothed with dense reaches of the fall foliage of oaks, beeches, and birches—violet, yellows, browns, and the dark-green velvet of evergreens. I have seen no other battle with such a lovely setting.
>
> Far below, at my feet, Predeal Pass proper skirted Hill 1070, then debouching into a very wide, densely wooded valley for several miles until the mountains again closed in, the pass narrowing uncomfortably for an invading army at its highest point.
>
> Five kilometers in an air-line before me lies the airily perched town of Predeal, just over the Roumanian border, guarding and blocking the narrow pass outlet into Roumania. Between me and Predeal lies the serpentine, coiling double-track trunk line to Bucharest. Climbing gently but steadily up-grade, it lies theoretically under easy artillery-fire of both sides till it dives into the first Predeal tunnel, a very long tunnel, fortunately for the Germans who hold it firmly and undamaged in their hands. Reappearing from the tunnel the railroad makes a long, narrow, hairpin curve across the widest part of the pass valley, and is partly lost to view in dense underbrush and woods till, mounting sharply, it reaches Predeal town, where a second vital tunnel is still in Roumanian hands.
>
> This railroad through Predeal Pass, with its accompanying magnificent winding *chaussée*, is the real bone of contention between the Germans and Roumanians, affording as it does fine and unique traffic facilities for rolling German *corps ad libitum* from the East or West front to Roumania *via* Budapest and Kronstadt.
>
> The advance guard of Falkenhayn's center is made up of Hungarian *honveds*, veteran Bavarians, and Prussian Grenadiers, a tough combination to be tackled. More ominous for the Roumanians trying to stem the gray avalanche rolling down upon them is the fact that other of Falkenhayn's veterans can be heard already fighting actually on Roumanian soil to right and left, mostly left, of Predeal, on and around those theoretically inexpungeable mountains. One Hungarian infantry division, sturdy peasants of the deep Hungarian plain, who nevertheless have learned to climb like mountain-goats, have worked their way since dawn this morning on a broad front over wooded mountain crests, through wooded ravines and valleys and skirting high wooded slopes, until they now lie before on both flanks and partly in the rear, as a gentle surprize for the Roumanians, ready to storm the most conspicuous feature of this mountain-battle landscape, dominating Susaiul Mountain. The German artillery is already at work.
>
> Susaiul, 5,000 feet high, outtopping its neighbors, is six or seven kilometers ahead of me, through the clear mountain air seeming much closer. Through field-glasses I can count the trees and bushes and men on its sparse crest. It is a long, hog-back mountain, with a main peak and a minor one connected by a saddle. Falkenhayn's strategy extends from the three nations' corner in the north, where Russia, Roumania, and Bukowina meet, to the Danube, and this is only one of the three main passes in Falkenhayn's center.

It is valuable to bear this fact in mind when we consider that the Teutons forced the Roumanians from Kronstadt to Predeal, sixteen miles, in a week's time. The question only remains, according to the correspondent's statement, whether Russia



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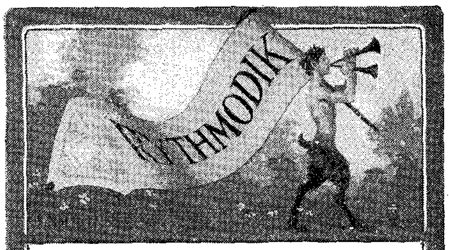

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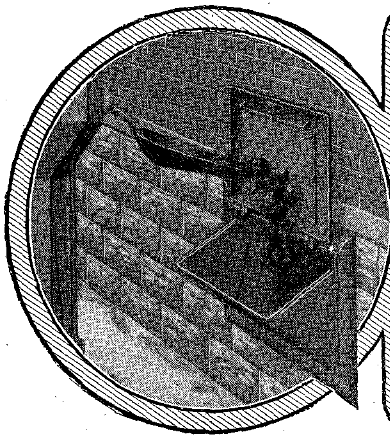

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can come to the rescue against Falkenhayn's center, before the winter sets in, with storms and snow which would favor the Roumanians anyway. This and other things were in Mr. Brown's thoughts as he sat down, in an orchestra seat, as it were, to watch the ensuing battle. He continues:

> By noon the preliminary tuning-up of the German artillery was completed. Battery after battery now went into action behind, before, and on both sides of me, through which I had motored, and others unseen in adjoining valleys, until hundreds of long cannon and heavy mortars and mountain guns were firing.
>
> The long roll of guns firing in unison was as a thousand thunderstorms breaking among the noble Transylvanian Alps, and you experienced a strange sense of unreality. It should have been pitch dark. The blue sky and the bright, cold autumn mountain sunlight playing over the rainbow-tinted turning foliage seemed hopelessly paradoxical.
>
> It was hard to believe that you were listening to a man-made tone poem and not to a cataclysm of nature. You had a feeling that the air was being torn to shreds by flying shells and that all life in that lovely Predeal Pass must suffocate. As the rolling German salvos reached the climax to the pitch of intensity that deafened even the overworked echoes, the thin mountain air vibrated, and the very granite on which you were based seemed to quiver.

During this fighting an interesting diversion occurred, which shows that a little bluff helps in all battles. Mr. Brown writes:

> The telephone of artillery *beobachtungstand* rang and the young lieutenant of heavy artillery who answered the call looked particularly happy. He told me he had just received orders from higher-up to shoot at Predeal and the Roumanian field fortifications before it with his heavy battery. I stood beside him as he guided the fire of the guns with his eyes glued to a powerful scissors telescope and a telephone instrument to his mouth and ear. When the thick black smoke of the first big shell cleared away an entire house in Predeal had vanished completely as if it were the disappearing trick of a conjurer. The mortar battery picked off half a dozen houses in quick succession with perfect precision born of long teamwork practise. There were few wasted shells that went wide.
>
> There was something of amazement at watching this quiet boy of twenty telephoning orders like a business man at his desk—the angle of elevation and direction correction of fire in meters—that reduced business blocks and dwellings to vacant lots and choice building sites, while his stenographer and secretary, a bearded Landsturm artillerist, sat on the ground beside him with a book as big as a family Bible on his lap, laboriously inscribing the time and other details of each shot fired, including the net result, as observed through the telescope by the young officer. That such elaborate minutes should be kept of the proceedings of an artillery-fire control post during a battle seemed absurdly typical of German thoroughness till you reflected that each of these shells cost a round thousand dollars, and that this youth

A Great Loss and a Greater Gain

This business has rounded out twenty-two months of existence by distributing to owners more than one hundred thousand cars.

Price-concessions on this car are rarely asked, and never given with Dodge Brothers consent or to their knowledge.

You can therefore figure accurately the amount invested by the public in Dodge Brothers cars, by multiplying the output by the retail selling price.

One hundred thousand cars at $785 per car means a sales-total in less than two years' time of $78,500,000—or, with freight-cost added, considerably more than $80,000,000.

There have been no bursts of speed in the upbuilding of this great business.

At no time has there been even an attempt at stimulation of sales or of production.

Never for a single day has production been speeded up for the sake of attaining a total.

On the contrary, it has been held down every day within the limits of close, careful, conscientious manufacturing.

Both production and sales have been stable, steady and spontaneous—scrupulous care in the one, producing huge volume in the other.

At this moment, as at every other period, although producing a large volume every day, Dodge Brothers are "losing business" by their policy of keeping production within the bounds of continuous betterment.

In that sense they have doubtless suffered a great loss in the past and will endure a great loss in the future.

But over against this great loss is an infinitely greater gain.

The people of the United States have implicit faith in the integrity of Dodge Brothers manufacturing methods.

One hundred thousand owners—or rather, one hundred thousand families—are of one mind concerning the car and the men who make it.

This business and its product are blessed with a friendship probably without parallel in the history of American manufacturing.

Fresh from the factory, or sold at second-hand, from one end of the nation to the other, the car has special value and a special reputation, because of the name it bears.

Because of the name it bears, you may be sure that the principle behind the car will never be changed a hair's breadth.

Dodge Brothers have only one idea in the upbuilding of their business.

That idea is to build so soundly and so well that the good will which they have won will grow and endure forever.

The gasoline consumption is unusually low.
The tire mileage is unusually high.

DODGE BROTHERS, DETROIT

The price of the Touring Car or Roadster, complete, is $785 (f. o. b. Detroit)
Canadian price $1100 (add freight from Detroit)

The price of the Winter Touring Car or Roadster, complete, including regular mohair top, is $950 (f. o. b. Detroit)
Canadian price $1335 (add freight from Detroit)

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Boston, Mass., one of America's leading diamond importers

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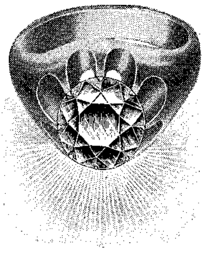
1 carat, $95.00

This genuine one carat diamond is of fine brilliancy and perfectly cut. Mounted in Tiffany style, 14k. solid gold setting. Money refunded if your jeweler can duplicate it for less than $125. Our price direct to you - - **$95**



4 carats, $680.00

This 4 carat genuine diamond of great brilliancy, perfectly cut. 14k. solid gold setting. Money refunded if your jeweler can duplicate it for less than $800. Our price **$680**

Ladies' Diamond Ring, $205

This ring is made of all platinum, richly carved and pierced in the new lace work effect. Set with perfectly cut, blue-white diamond.

A few weights and prices of other diamond rings:—

¼ carat . .	**$ 19.00**
⅜ carat . .	**32.00**
½ carat . .	**43.00**
1½ carats .	**139.00**
2 carats . .	**189.00**
3 carats . .	**512.00**

Money refunded if these diamonds can be purchased elsewhere for less than one-third more.

We refer you as to our reliability to any bank or newspaper in Boston

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441 Elmwood
Providence - Rhode Island

was supervising away a bank president's salary while you waited.

The young artillery officer next turned the attention of his heavy mortars to the Roumanian earthworks outside Predeal and scored many nice hits in quick succession.

"The Roumanians are withdrawing," the artillery officer said, and they certainly were, barring the poor devils who were dying. It looked as if every one who had legs and could use them was sprinting from the earthworks and disappearing among the first houses of Predeal, and that the wounded were being carried back, too, the artillery officer through his more powerful glass confirming this.

During this, one had been rather distracted trying to watch the twin bombardments of Predeal and Susaiul, but now we resumed our concentrated attention on the fight for the important mountain. As at a flourish of an orchestra leader's baton, the German drum-fire was suddenly cut short, the unaccustomed silence almost stunning you. Fortunately, that was the signal for the infantry storm to begin. But after five minutes' silence the drum-fire resumed. There followed four of these uncanny sudden lulls before the report came, "The Roumanians are giving way."

While they were straining their eyes through the glasses to catch sight of the first swarming lines to reach the bare spots on the upper flanks and semibald crest of Susaiul, the Hungarian Excellenz sent an orderly officer with an invitation to join him and his staff at their modest battle luncheon. It was a unique picnic, according to the reporter, who adds:

> The Hungarian general, good natured, florid-faced, with a fierce black Magyar mustache, sat sprawling comfortably on the blanket-covered ground with his back to the battle, rubbing his hands and entertaining no doubts or excitement as to its outcome. The Hungarian staff knocked off work, too, and joined the general for refreshments. On the ground Hungarian orderlies unlimbered sample hampers from two staff pack-mules browsing behind this group, distributed china soup-plates, cups, saucers, glasses, and plated knives, forks, and spoons, then passed around a native Hungarian unpronounceable food said to be chopped meat wrapt in cabbage-leaves, roasted. This was followed by pastry.
>
> The hospitable Hungarians even invited the German commanding general to join the repast, but that hard-working professional had no interest in life except the progress of the battle for Predeal Pass, and declined, a sandwich having been quite enough for him. While the Hungarians ate with gusto and enjoyed their after-luncheon coffee the German General and his staff stood stolidly with maps outspread and field-glasses fixt on Susaiul, intent on their job and undistractible from it.
>
> Then a telephone report came: "Susaiul is firmly in our hands." Hungarian *honveds* had stormed it in twenty-four minutes. Hungarian Excellenz beamed, rubbed his hands, and exclaimed: "*Famos!*" in a soft Hungarian drawl, while the Hungarian staff officers made no concealment of their delight and drank to the event in Hungarian wine diluted with mineral waters. German Excellenz and the German staff officers betrayed no signs of human weakness. Stolidly, professionally, like hard-headed business men, they at once went into executive session on the battle position and were still engaged in intimate subdued conference when I left them.

WIZARDS AT THE FESTIVE-BOARD

Wizards, even tho they are capable of taking rabbits out of the minister's straw hat, or producing a whole bowl of gold fish from Aunt Kate's sewing-bag, must eat like other people. They have a developed sense of humor, after long apprenticeship at playing jokes on people, and they have a stronger sense of gregariousness. They feel that "we magic-workers must stick together," and consequently once a year they forget the magic wand and the colored handkerchief, and have a ripping good banquet at the locality's best hotel.

Recently one of these affairs took place in New York, and one of the waiters who was, to his way of thinking, unfortunate enough to have to serve the revelers, tells to another guest the story of the feast which nearly drove him to nervous breakdown. The report, reproduced in *The Arkansas Gazette*, gives the gist of what the patron at the hotel learned. We are told by him:

> Very early in the proceedings I noticed that my friend Louis was distinctly nervous. He shook my napkin out with hands that seemed to shrink and tremble, and while I studied the card he kept fussing over the table. He shifted sugar-bowl and carafe, and twice over laid the silver minutely straight. He even took occasion to move the bowl of flowers, and as he did so he stirred its damp green depths with an investigative finger.
>
> It is not usual for my friend Louis to be nervous. When he served my soup I noticed that he was not merely nervous. He was like one obsessed. He had a haunted and unquiet eye.
>
> Louis is a good waiter. I determined to prove that I, too, was a good one. I did not say a word or ask a question. So presently it all popped out.
>
> "Monsieur," said my friend Louis all of a sudden (being a true born Parisian from somewhere in the Balkan States, he always addresses his tried and trusted clients as *monsieur*) "Monsieur," said Louis, "do you see me, what a wreck I am? If ever they have it here again I shall r-r-resign!"
>
> "Have what?"
>
> "Magicians!" my friend Louis exploded. "Last night they had here, in our winter garden, the annual dinner of what they call the Society of Magicians. Monsieur, take my word for it. It was hor-r-rible.
>
> "To-day I am a wr-r-reck because I am afraid of what I may see; I can not keep myself from looking into all the dishes. Last night we had here, monsieur, four hundred of these magicians. Four hundred, think of it! And they had not warned us. We thought we were to serve a dinner to them, like any other dinner. And what happened?
>
> "Well, monsieur," went on my friend Louis, "here is what happened first, to me.

Why I've Sworn Off On Taking a "Bath"

NEVER again—I've reformed. So has my wife. We've both sworn off on taking a bath—that is, in the usual sense of the word.

Most of us, when we speak of a bath, have in mind the old way—filling a tub. Now maybe I'm a crank, but I balk at that—and here's why:

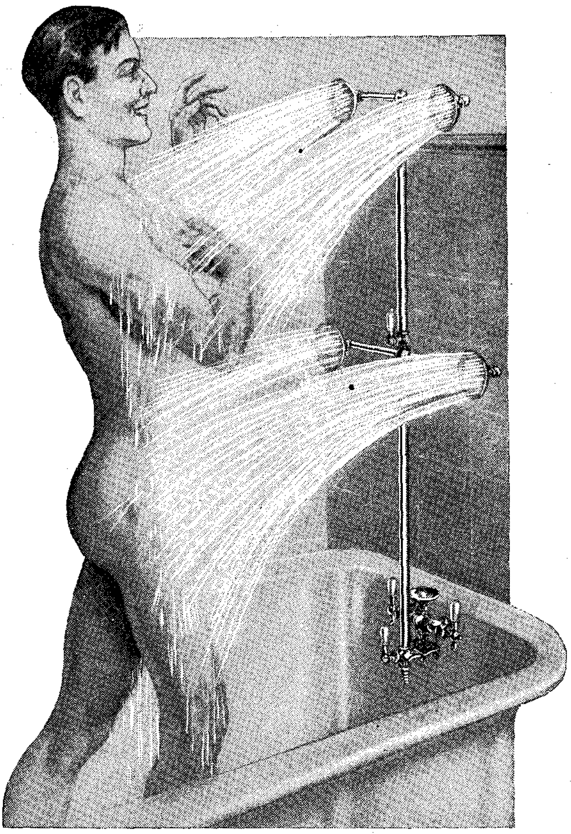
When you fill a tub, you finish in the same water you start with—finish in *dirty* water—water filled with impurities washed out of the pores. At least that's the case unless you take the trouble to empty the first water and do the job over again.

The Modern Way to Get Clean—A Constant Rinsing Process

Any particular person would throw up his hands in holy horror at water that's dirty before getting in. And yet water that's dirty before you get out is just about as bad.

That's why so many people nowadays no longer believe in taking an ordinary *bath.*

Instead they take a *shower*—wash in *running* water—either hot or cold—every drop from the first to the last absolutely fresh and clean.



Kenney Needle Shower

Fits Any Tub—Easily Put Up
Four Fine Models—Only $6 to $25
In use in thousands of the finest homes and hotels

FOR CHRISTMAS
The Kenney Needle Shower makes an ideal Christmas gift. Something new and different. Supplied in Special Holiday Packing if desired.

A shower is a constant *rinsing* process. All impurities are washed off the body, out of the tub and down into the waste pipe—you finish with body, water and tub all clean as a whistle.

Quick and Convenient—And Downright Fun

Another big advantage of the modern shower is its quickness and convenience—no waiting for a tub to fill.

In addition, it's downright fun—makes either hot or cold water twice as refreshing and invigorating—turns getting clean into the finest kind of frolic and sport.

Helps You Keep in Trim

As any doctor will tell you, the stimulation of a daily shower goes far more than skin deep.

It's great medicine for the whole system—stirs up the blood, promotes heart action, strengthens the nerves and invigorates the whole internal mechanism.

Especially beneficial first thing every morning—fills you chock-full of all-day Ginger and Hustle.

No Curtain—No Wet Hair

No excuse now for any one being without a shower. No excuse for sticking to the old way of filling a tub and finishing in dirty water.

The Kenney Needle Shower turns any bath tub into the equivalent of an expensive stall shower, at a fraction of the cost.

A permanent all-metal fixture that is easily and quickly attached.

Does away with all need for a curtain—there is nothing to spoil your fun.

Works on a brand-new principle—a patented exclusive feature makes all the water *hug* the body and run down into the tub instead of spattering off—*all splash is eliminated.*

Guaranteed not to splash out of the tub—and you can try it on approval to prove it.

Like all needle showers, it sends all the water *direct against the body* instead of first drenching the head—doesn't wet your hair a particle unless you prefer to duck your head under.

Handled in Canada by
THE CANADIAN SALESMEN
92 Notre Dame Street, East
MONTREAL

Simplicity Cuts the Cost Down

In every way this new kind of shower is a revolutionary improvement.

Yet the cost complete—with four fine models to choose from—is only $6 to $25.

All due to simplicity—to eliminating the curtain and other parts heretofore necessary evils.

Try One on Approval

Any wide-awake dealer—any department store—any drug or hardware store, any plumber—either has this new kind of shower in stock or can get any model for you, and will let you try it *on approval.*

Or if your dealer hasn't stocked up, simply write to us—we'll send you any model by mail—*lend* it to you for a 10-day see-for-yourself test.

In either case, the trial won't cost you a single cent unless you are thoroughly satisfied, unless you want to keep the shower.

Keeping Well by Keeping Clean

A Free Book You'll Enjoy

If you want to know all about the fun and benefits of bathing in *running* water, then send your name and address for the free book pictured here.

It will give you an entirely new viewpoint on bathing—it's chock-full of sound common-sense, about how to keep at your best, both summer and winter, simply by getting more invigoration out of soap and water.

It also tells all about all four models of the Kenney Needle Shower—why they don't splash out, how they never interfere with filling the tub, and how any model will be loaned to you for 10 days see-for-yourself enjoyment without any obligation to keep it.

It will take you only a minute to tear out the coupon and start it on its way—and I promise you one of the most interesting books you've ever had in your hands. W. H. C.

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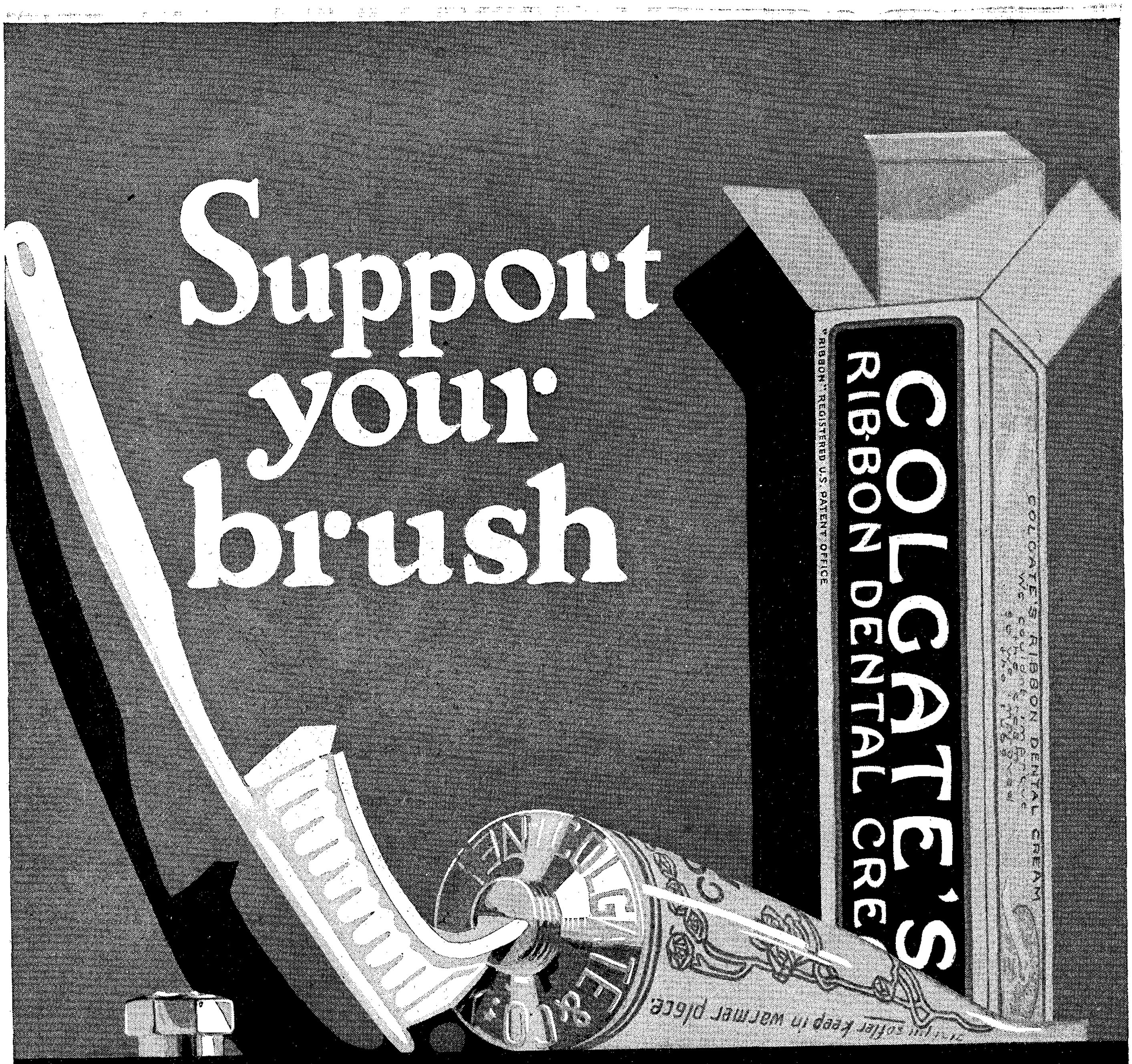
Address Dept. W, and mail to nearest office—25 West Broadway, New York, or 5 South Wabash Ave., Chicago.

The Curtainless Shower Co., Inc.

Please send along that book which "W.H.C." says is so good—"Keeping Well by Keeping Clean."

(Write name and address in margin)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I served a tray of cocktails to the people at my table. They were dry martinis, every one of them. From the service-bar I brought them—I myself. There was a lady at the table. Mme. Herrmann, they called her. That lady waved her hand, and what became of all those dry martinis? Monsieur, all those cocktails became cold tea! I know that myself. For those guests were very angry, and they made me take a sip from every glass.

"Imagine my position, monsieur, after a mistake like that! I could have sunk through the floor. I started to gather the glasses up again, to change them, but that lady stopt me. 'Never mind,' she said, 'perhaps they are not through changing themselves yet. Let's see.' She waved her hand again, and—monsieur, I saw it with these very eyes!—those cold-tea martinis all were—what do you think? Sweet cider.

"The table was in an uproar. They all said it was my fault. One gentleman was so angry that he struck his fork through his wrist. I saw it go through myself, monsieur. And it stayed there. Only, it did not bleed! And another gentleman beside him said: 'If I can not have a decent cocktail, I must have something else to sharpen my appetite.' What do you think he did, monsieur? He took a handful of needles from his pockets and he swallowed them!

"But that was nothing, monsieur. For Henri, at the next table, it was worse than that. Henri was serving soup. And all at once I heard a voice say to him: 'Waiter, do you call this a way to serve me soup? Look into it hereafter, please, before you bring it to me?'

"What do you think had happened? Monsieur, in that hot soup—it was consommé royal—four little fish were swimming, all alive. I saw them myself. Henri saw them. Everybody saw them. Henri went away then. He did not come back. He has not come back yet. I do not think he ever will come back.

"So it started, monsieur. And before an hour was over we did not know what would happen to that dinner next. A gentleman found pearls in all his olives. In the middle of a potato Bordelaise another found a $10 bill. He kept it! One gentleman tried to eat his salad, and the more he ate of it the higher and higher it kept piling up on his plate.

"For *pièce de résistance* we had poulet de Philadelphia en casserole, one of our specialties. To the head table *monsieur le chef* brought it up himself. He was all smiling. It was cooked to a turn. He lifted the cover—and, monsieur, that capon stood up in that casserole and crowed at him.

"How shall I tell you all? In one gentleman's salad was a small live snake. From a plate crawled a big red boiled lobster and tipped over a vase of flowers.

"The champagne popped all right, but when they started to pour it, there was nothing to pour.

"All night long it kept up. Magicians! I have one son. If that boy said to me he was going to be a magician, do you know what I would do? I would take him out and dr-r-rown him. That is how much I think of magicians. They make me a wr-r-reck."

Undiscriminating.—" 'Hi see 'Arvy got a job."

"He did? Well, well. Some folks will do anything for money."—*The Froth.*

SPICE OF LIFE

Different.—" My wife constantly pesters me for money. Does yours?"

"No; the people she buys things from do that."—*Boston Transcript.*

Probable.—FORTUNE - TELLER—" You are going to hear of a death."

JONES—" No doubt at supper! My wife is at the movies this afternoon."—*Puck.*

Awful Experience.—" How dreadful it must be," exclaimed Mrs. Twickembury, " to be sailing along quietly and suddenly see a peristyle pop out of the water."—*Christian Register.*

Reason for Change.—SPORTSMAN (wishing for fresh fields to conquer)—" I should like to try my hand at big game."

FAIR IGNORAMUS—" Yes, I suppose you find it very hard to hit these little birds?"—*Tit-Bits.*

Avoiding Confusion.—" Can you make anything out of the news from Europe?"

" Easiest thing in the world. I only read the newspapers every other day. In this way I get a connected story of one side or the other and avoid the denials."—*Puck.*

Their Rest.—HIX—" I understand your Church has sent the minister to Michigan for a month."

DIX—" Yes, that's right."

HIX—" For a vacation, I suppose?"

DIX—" Yes; the congregation decided that we were entitled to one."—*Indianapolis Star.*

Official Bulletin.—A schoolmistress asked her class to explain the word " bachelor," and was very much amused when a little girl answered, "A bachelor is a very happy man."

" Where did you learn that?" asked the mistress.

" Father told me," the little girl replied.—*Tit-Bits.*

Sorry She Spoke.—" John," she said sternly, " father saw you this morning going into a pawnbroker's with a large bundle."

Her suitor flushed. Then he replied in a low voice:

" Yes, that is true. I was taking the pawnbroker some of my old clothes. You see, he and his wife are awfully hard up."

" Oh, John, forgive me!" exclaimed the young girl. " How truly noble you are!"—*Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.*

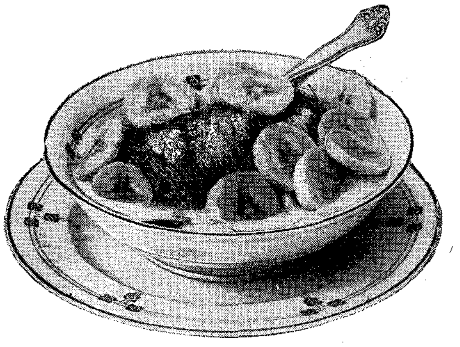
Proved It.—The hostess summoned one of her guests to the lawn to try his luck with the new moon, and said:

" You must hold this silver dollar in your left hand, look at the new moon over your right shoulder, make a wish, and it will come true."

The thing was very quickly done, and they rejoined the party. Later the hostess asked if the wish had been made, and, upon being informed that it had, she remarked:

" Where is my silver dollar?"

" Oh!" replied the guest, " I wished that I might keep the silver dollar, and it came true."—*Harpers.*



Know Your Own Stomach

You ought to know more about it than the Doctor. You have lived with it a long time. You know how you have treated it. You know whether it will digest cucumbers or lobsters. You know how vitally it is related to your health, to your happiness, to your earning capacity. There is always safety in

Shredded Wheat

the food that is easily digested when the stomach rejects all other foods. It contains all the body-building nutriment in the whole wheat, including the bran coat, which is so useful in keeping the bowels healthy and active. Shredded Wheat Biscuit is made by the best process ever devised for making the whole wheat grain digestible. It contains more real nutriment than meat or eggs and costs much less.

For breakfast heat one or more biscuits in the oven to restore their crispness; then pour hot milk over them, adding a little cream. Salt or sweeten to suit the taste. Wholesome and delicious for any meal in combination with fresh or preserved fruits.

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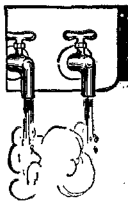

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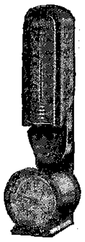

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Used with any kind of heating plant—hot water, hot air, steam, vapor or vacuum.

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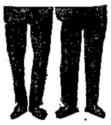

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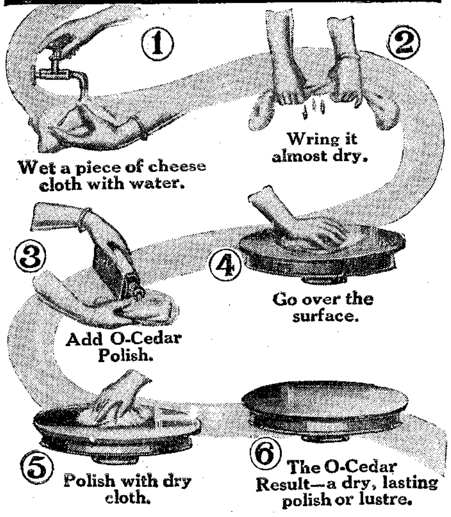
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Wet a piece of cheese cloth with water.
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Wring it almost dry.
③
Add O-Cedar Polish.
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Go over the surface.
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Polish with dry cloth.
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The O-Cedar Result—a dry, lasting polish or lustre.

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Be sure it bears the name

CHANNELL CHEMICAL COMPANY
Chicago - Toronto - London

Changed Now.—THE PATER—"I never told lies when I was a boy."

THE KIDDIE—"When did *you* begin, dad?"—*Puck.*

Hitting Back.—UNCLE SILAS (visiting city relatives who use electrical appliances for cooking at the table)—"Well, I swan! You make fun of us for eatin' in the kitchen. I don't see as it makes much difference whether you eat in the kitchen or cook in the dining-room."—*Life.*

Cheerful Surroundings.—UNCLE JOSH—"Here's a letter from Nephew Harry, that's gone to Africa, and says that within twenty rods o' his house there's a family o' laughing hyenas."

HIS WIFE—"Well, I am glad he's got pleasant neighbors, anyway—that's something."—*Tit-Bits.*

Scotticism.—McTavish and Macpherson are adrift at sea in an open boat.

MCTAVISH (on his knees)—"O Lord, I ken I've broken maist o' thy commandments. And I've been a hard drinker all my days. But, O Lord, if we're spared this time, I promise never—"

MACPHERSON—"I widna commit mysel' ower far, Donald. I think I see land."—*Life.*

Classified.—A young woman called at the Boston post-office and inquired if there was a letter for her. "Business or love-letter?" jokingly inquired the clerk.

"Business," was the hesitating reply, accompanied by a deep blush. As there was no such letter to be found, the young lady took her departure. She came back, however, after a little while, and said, in faltering tones, "Please, would you mind looking among the love-letters?"—*Woman's Journal.*

The Official Organ.—Grant Allen was sitting one day in the shade of the Sphinx. Turning for some point of detail to his Baedeker guide-book, a sheik looked at him sadly, and shook his head.

"Murray good," he said, in a voice of warning; "Baedeker no good."

"Oh," answered the novelist, "why do you object to Baedeker?"

The sheik crossed his hands and looked down on him with the pitying eyes of Islam. "Baedeker bad book," he repeated. "Murray very, very good. Murray say, 'Give the sheik half a crown.' Baedeker say, 'Give the sheik a shilling.'"—*Tit-Bits.*

Difference in Religions.—The woolly-headed Uncle Rastus was accused of disturbing the peace. Officer Mort Rudolph explained it as follows:

"Your honor, this man was running up and down the Mill River Road waving his arms and yelling at the top of his voice, and otherwise raising the mischief, at 1:30 o'clock in the morning. The people of the district complained, and they had a perfect right to."

The judge frowned at Rastus, who didn't seem to be particularly worried.

"What do you mean by such unbecoming conduct?" his honor demanded.

"Religion, jedge," was the response.

"Religion! Are you a Holy Roller or something like that? I have religion, Rastus, but I don't get up at midnight and tell everybody about it."

"Dat's des' de diffunce, jedge, I ain't ershamed ob mine."—*Case and Comment.*

CURRENT EVENTS

THE EUROPEAN WAR

WESTERN FRONT

October 19.—Fresh progress brings the French forces to the outskirts of Péronne, as more ground is gained between Biaches and La Maisonette. The Germans attempt to retake Sailly-Saillisel from the French but find it, according to Paris, impregnable.

October 20.—In a successful counter-attack on the British lines in the Somme sector, the Germans regain most of the trenches lost on October 18, also destroying three of the British armored tanks. The trenches lie between Eaucourt l'Abbaye and Le Barque.

October 21.—The British take all of the Stuff and Regina Redouts, in the Somme sector, advancing their lines from 300 to 500 yards along a three-mile front. The French take woods north of Chaulnes, bringing their lines to within a mile of the town. London admits German gains south of the Somme, in the Blaise Wood region.

October 22.—Furious German attacks to regain the Chaulnes Wood, says Paris, are fruitless, as the French troops drive the enemy back repeatedly, with losses. British reports give the number of prisoners taken in the Regina trench fighting as exceeding 1,000. Seventeen aeroplanes are reported to have been brought down by the Allies during the day's fighting on the Western front.

October 23.—The British take half a mile of trenches before Le Transloy, while the French capture Hill 128, northwest of Sailly-Saillisel. German reports admit the failure of yesterday's attacks. Eight British flyers are reported in the British statement as missing.

October 24.—In a dramatic blow at Verdun the French take the village and fort of Douaumont, Thiaumont, the Haudromont quarries, La Caillette Wood, Damloup battery, and trenches along a four-mile front to a depth of two miles. Prisoners thus far counted are numbered at 3,500, and the report states that French losses were small. The ground thus retaken is the same which the Germans took by two months' fighting. This is said to be the quickest and most effective blow struck in the Verdun campaign.

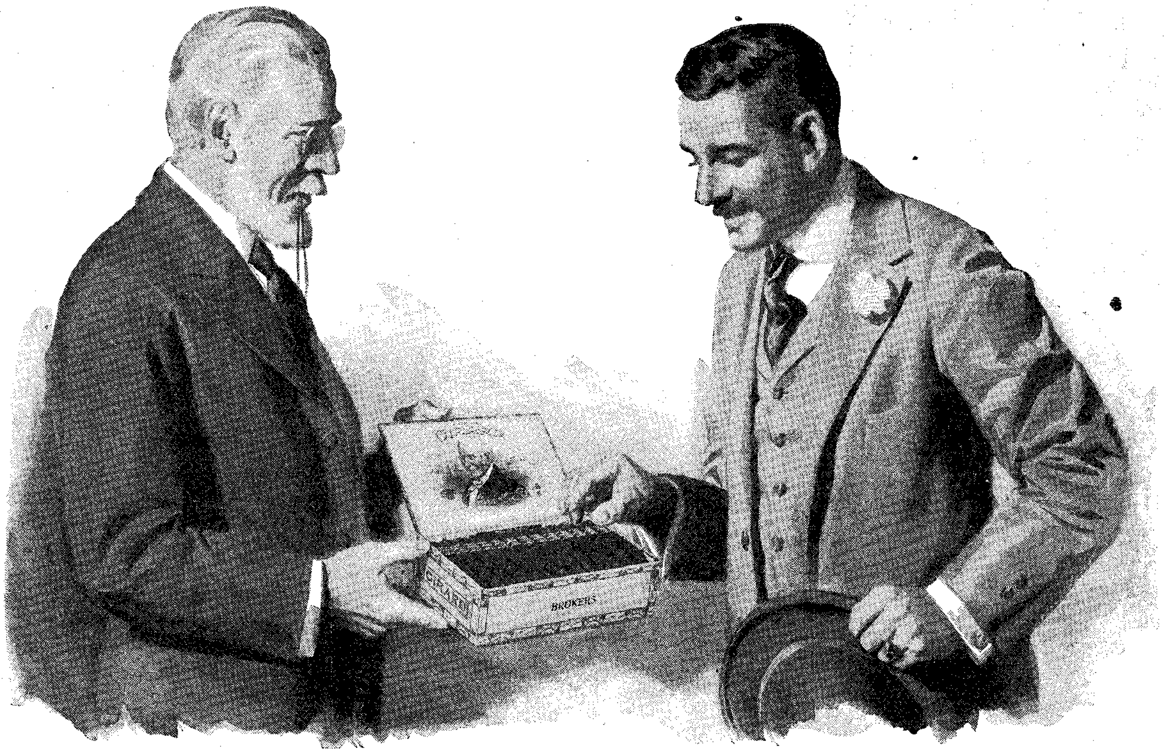
October 25.—The French hold all the ground taken by them at Verdun, and begin encircling Fort Vaux, the only one of the outer ring of forts still in the hands of the Germans. Four thousand five hundred unwounded prisoners are thus far counted, says Paris. All attempts on the part of the Crown Prince to regain the lost ground are reported fruitless.

EASTERN FRONT

October 19.—The great 300-mile battle continues unabated, with fighting all along the line from the Pinsk marshes to the Roumanian frontier. In most places the Teutons attack, but Petrograd asserts that all offensives have been beaten back. Berlin announces trenches taken in the region of Kovel, but no gains are reported from Vienna.

October 21.—The Teutons, in a counter-offensive in Galicia, take from the Russians more of the positions held by them on the Narayuvka, southeast of Lemberg. This statement from Berlin is not mentioned in the Petrograd statement, which says that a German attack was repulsed.

October 22.—Berlin reports an advance



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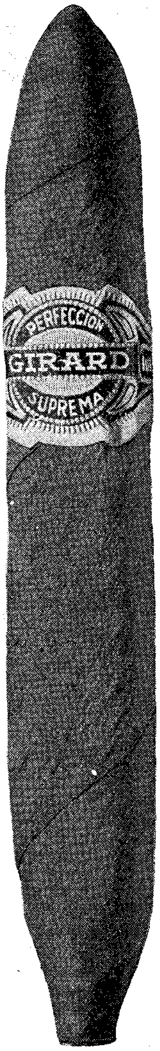

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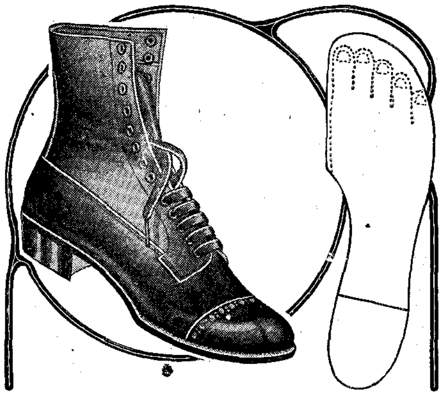

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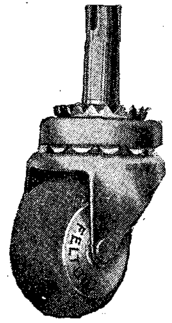

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along the Dniester, saying that only a small strip of territory on the west bank of the Narayuvka remains in Russian hands.

October 23.—London admits that Russian hopes of taking Halicz have suffered a blow as the last Russian soldiers are driven across the Narayuvka. This ground lost is reported to be one of the last substantial gains made in the recent Russian advance on Lemberg.

October 25.—South of Dorna Watra, the Roumanians drive the Austrians from a number of heights in the Karpathians, taking many prisoners and guns. The Teuton attempt to cut off the Russians in the south from those in Bukowina, says London, seems to have failed.

IN THE BALKANS

October 19.—The Servians break the resistance of the Bulgars in Macedonia, taking Brod, on the Cerna, in addition to making slight advances in the Dubro Mountains, to the east.

Bucharest announces a signal victory won by the Roumanians in the Trotus Valley, as the infantry routs the Austrians, taking 900 prisoners and many guns. Other advancing Teuton forces are driven back beyond the frontier in the Predeal sector. Ground is also gained in the Bran defile.

October 20.—Mackensen resumes the offensive in the Dobrudja, forcing back the Roumanian lines on one wing, according to admissions from Bucharest.

The Servians make a two-mile advance east of Monastir, along the bend of the Cerna, taking the plateau and village of Velyeselo. In Albania the Italians push to the east, occupying a village on the road from Janina, in Greece, to Koritza.

In Transylvania the Roumanians retake Mount Surul, as well as repulse numerous attacks south of Hermannstadt.

October 21.—The Servians reach Baldentsil, four miles north of Brod, on their advance on Monastir, from which they are reported to be only ten miles distant. Considerable war-material is said by Paris to have been taken within the last few days.

Von Mackensen smashes the Roumanian left wing in the Dobrudja offensive and reaches the coast, advancing on the Black Sea port of Constanza. The heights northwest of Toprai Sari, ten miles from Tuzla, are captured by the Teutons, and Roumanian positions north of Kokardja are also taken. Tuzla falls into German hands, and Russia admits the loss of Kokardja. Three thousand prisoners are taken, and the bridge across the Danube at Cernavoda, 100 miles from Bucharest, is threatened by the Bulgaro-Teuton army.

October 22.—Berlin reports the taking of Kobadin, in the Dobrudja, as the entire German front advances, following the retreating Roumanians. Bucharest admits that the Roumanians are retiring.

October 23.—Paris announces that the Bulgarian defense of Monastir is gradually weakening, as the latest Bulgar attempt to repel the oncoming Servians fails completely.

Constanza, Roumania's chief port of the Black Sea is captured by the Bulgaro-Teuton invaders. The railroad running west to Cernavoda is reported cut, and the Danube bridge threatened. Berlin announces that Teuton troops are approaching Cernavoda. Bucharest and Petrograd both admit that their armies are in retreat, while the capture of Constanza is hailed by Berlin as the

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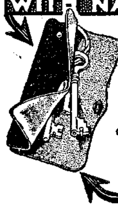

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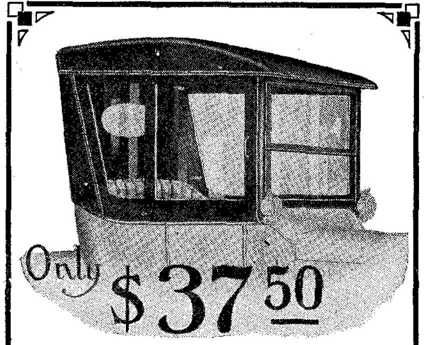

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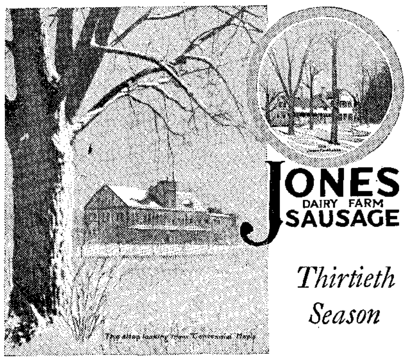

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greatest achievement by the Central Powers since Roumania entered the war.

October 24.—The forces under von Mackensen drive the Roumanians back 16 miles in the Dobrudja from Constanza to Tzara Murat, northeast of the port. Rashova is taken by the Teutons, as well as 6,700 prisoners. In Transylvania, Predeal, with 600 prisoners is also taken by the German forces. Petrograd admits the taking of Constanza and Medjidie. The Turks report sinking a 3,000-ton Russian transport off the Roumanian coast.

October 25.—Cernavoda falls to the Mackensen army sweeping the Dobrudja. The Russian and Roumanian armies, driven still further north, are admitted by London to be trapt in the Danube swamp, between the attacking army and the loop of the river. Von Falkenhayn's army storms the Vulcan Pass, and pushes nearer the railroad at Kimpolung, seventy-five miles from Bucharest.

THE ITALIAN CAMPAIGN

October 19.—After hand-to-hand fighting lasting an entire day, the Italian forces succeed in holding the Tooth of Pasubio against Austrian attacks. About one hundred Austrian prisoners are reported taken.

October 21.—Charging in a blizzard the Italian forces in the Dolomites rout the Austrians and occupy a position on the slopes of Mount Lazuzoui, taking a number of prisoners and arms.

October 23.—Italian troops on the Carso front renew the drive toward Trieste, pushing reconnoitering parties toward the Austrian lines.

October 25.—The Italians keep up the drive on Trieste, taking a number of points on the Carso front by surprize attacks. Italian and French sea-planes attack the Austrian military works on the Istrian coast at Salvore, Umago, and Citta Nuova, and escape.

THE GREEK SITUATION

October 19.—The French land more marines at Athens and demand the use of the Parliament Building as well as the University Building as barracks.

October 20.—Mob riots are reported from Athens as large bodies of pro-German reservists gather to menace the Entente, unrestrained by the Greek troops.

October 22.—The Allies present fresh demands on Greece, requesting the removal of the Greek Army to Morea, "where the Entente fleet may guard it." Other provisions of the demands are not made public.

October 25.—The Greek crisis is reported as clearing, and the belief is current in Athens that the French marines will soon be removed. The clarification is said to be due to declarations of the King regarding his attitude toward the Entente.

GENERAL

October 19.—Further successes for the Russians in Armenia are reported from Petrograd as an advanced Turkish position in the Kalkit region is captured, together with a number of prisoners.

A delayed dispatch from Egypt announces that on October 15, a British mounted force attacked a Turkish patrol at a position sixty-five miles east of the Suez Canal and drove out the Turks after two hours' fighting.

The Cunard liner *Alaunia* strikes a mine in the English Channel and sinks. Two of the crew are lost as 250 passengers and a crew of 163 are safely landed in small boats. The vessel, in use as a supply-ship, was valued at $7,000,000.

Belgian troops win a victory over the Germans in East Africa, when they rout the surviving portion of the enemy which was recently defeated at Tabora.

Field-Marshal Alexander H. R. von Kluck, who led the German advance on Paris in 1914, is placed on the retired list at his own request. He is reported incapacitated by a wound. Following the battle of the Marne he was severely criticized for his tactics in the invasion.

October 20.—Berlin announces that three British transports, two of them loaded with supplies for the army at Saloniki, have been sunk by submarines in the Mediterranean.

October 21.—A German light cruiser is torpedoed by a British submarine, says London. The vessel, which is reported of the *Kilberg* class, was last seen proceeding homeward in great difficulties.

October 25.—According to reports from London, five more Norwegian vessels are added to the list of merchantmen sunk by German *U*-boats. Eight other boats, one British, one Danish, and the rest Norwegian have been reported sunk within the last few days.

Berlin sets the Russian casualties since June 1 at no less than 1,797,522 men and officers.

IN MEXICO

October 21.—El Paso is given as the source of a dispatch to the effect that four American soldiers who crossed the border below Juarez have been arrested and held by the Mexicans. General Gonzales is asked to investigate.

October 23.—General Carranza, accompanied by Minister of War Obregon, is reported to have left Mexico City for Queretaro. Six carloads of munitions are taken also, and the capital is left in the protection of General Gonzales. No reason is given for the move.

October 24.—Charges that Carranza is about to flee Mexico are circulated in Mexico City. It is pointed out that his wife, as well as Mrs. Obregon and Mrs. Trevino are in the United States, and it is universally rumored, say dispatches, that his power is waning. Felix Diaz, said to have completed the conquest of the State of Mexico four days ago, is reported to be within a few miles of the capital of the nation.

October 25.—Grave reports reach the State Department concerning the dubious state of affairs in northern Mexico. It is said that Chihuahua is in peril, with Villa lurking near by, as the bandits increase in strength and dissatisfaction grows among the Carranzista soldiers.

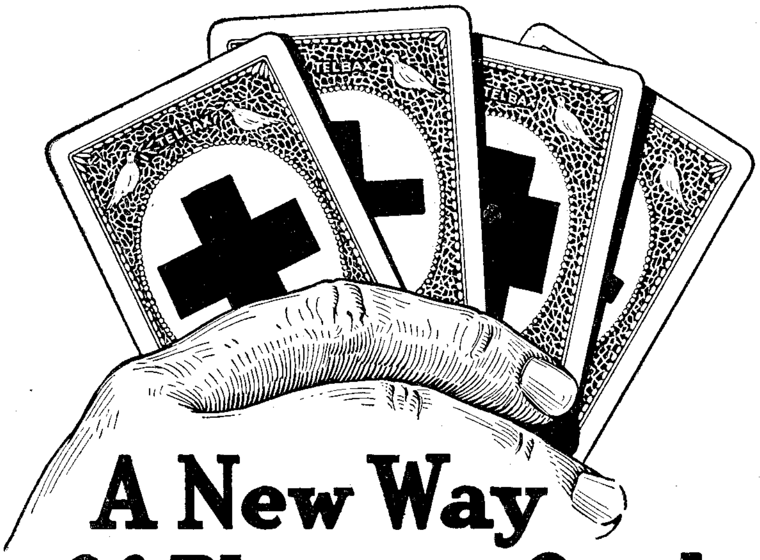
FOREIGN

GENERAL

October 19.—The House of Commons passes the second reading of the Rhodes Bill, providing for excluding the Germans henceforth from enjoying the scholarships at Oxford as originally provided in the will of Cecil Rhodes.

October 21.—The Austrian Premier, Count Stuergkh, is assassinated while at dinner by the publisher of a Vienna newspaper. Nothing is known, according to Vienna, concerning the motives for the act.

A square mile of territory adjoining the French concession at Tientsin is seized by the French Consul with the aid of French troops, says Peking. In response to the Chinese protest the



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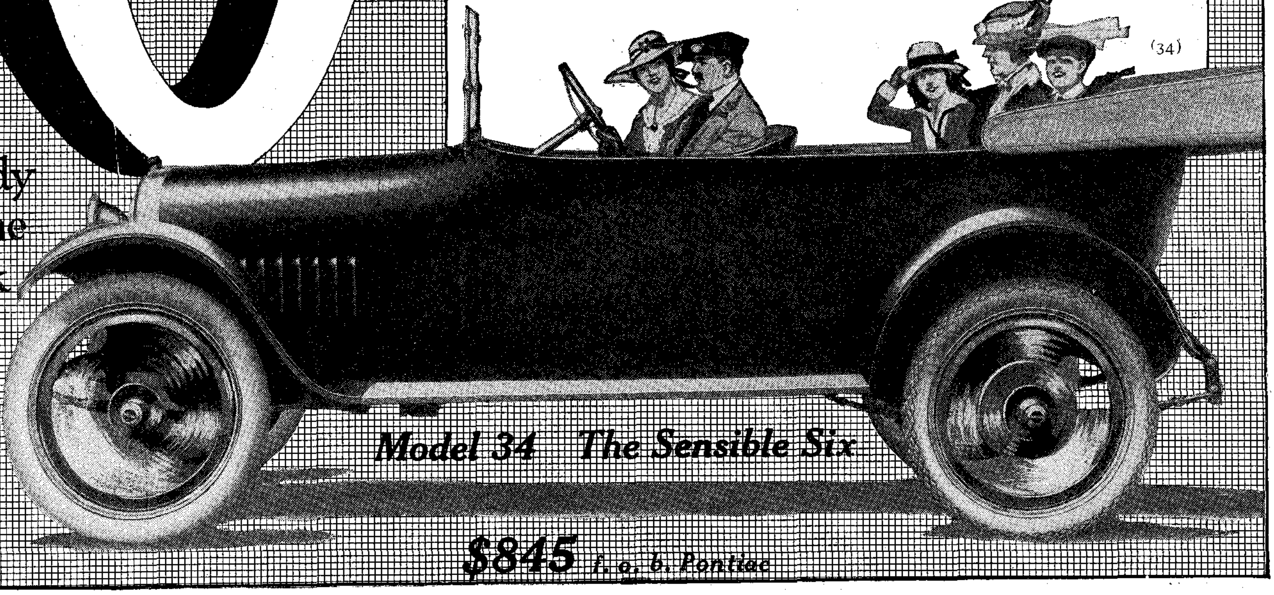

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$845 *f. o. b. Pontiac*

Spencerian Pens

Over 50 years the American Standard for Quality of Metal, Uniformity, and Durability.

What Your Handwriting Reveals

A 32-page booklet delineating and interpreting nearly every style of handwriting. You will doubtless recognize your own style among the fifty specimens shown.

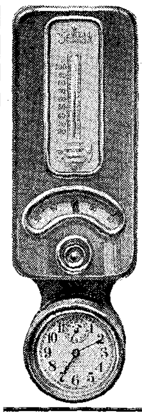
Copy will be sent with samples of 12 different patterns of the Spencerian Pens on receipt of 10 cents.

Spencerian Pen Co., 349 Broadway, New York

An Automatic Furnace Tender

best describes the Jewell Heat Controller; it does everything to your heater but put in coal and empty ashes; gives even heat all day long—just the temperature you desire; lowers fire at night, bringing it up in the morning to give warm rooms for dressing.

THE JEWELL HEAT CONTROLLER



allows but one degree temperature variation—no one watches drafts. Fully guaranteed. Installed on any heating plant. Requires no watching or repair; set the indicator—all other action is automatic; saves ⅓ your coal by keeping even fire.

Write for Free Jewell Book

Learn the health value of maintained heat—the dangers of varying temperature—the coal economy of this device.

Jewell Manufacturing Co.
Box 733 Auburn, New York

legation replies that it takes full responsibility for the seizure.

October 23.—Sir Joseph Beecham, Bart., dies at Hampstead, London, aged sixty-eight. He was well known as a patent-medicine manufacturer and international advertiser.

October 24.—In an encounter between the Dominicans and American marines, General Ramon Batista and several Americans, including two officers, are reported killed.

DOMESTIC

October 19.—Ranking diplomats at Washington concede the loss of the German merchant submersible *Bremen*. It is admitted that agents in this country, as well as in Germany, are without definite information concerning the vessel's whereabouts.

It is announced at Washington that the United States has let contracts for the building of 175 aeroplanes, which are expected to cost about $3,000,000. This is said to be the start of the new aviation division of the Army.

October 20.—The oil strike at Bayonne ends as the strikers' committee, having made suitable negotiations, recommend that the striking employees return to work.

October 21.—Brigadier-General Enoch H. Crowder, Judge Advocate of the Army, decides that the United States is legally in a state of war with Mexico.

October 22.—Two earthquake shocks are reported from California. Power lines in the southern part of the State, as well as a ticket office at Tehachapi are said to have been damaged.

October 24.—Judge Elmer B. Adams, of the Federal Circuit Court of Appeals, dies in St. Louis at seventy-five. He is noted as the originator of the expression "The man higher up."

October 25.—William Merritt Chase, foremost among American artists, dies in New York, aged sixty-six, after a prolonged illness.

Acme of Tact.—A lady in the suburbs was considerably annoyed to find her neighbor's fowls continually overrunning her garden and playing havoc with the geraniums. "Go round to the next door, Jane," she said to her new English maid, "and point out to Mrs. Jones that her fowls bother us a good deal, and ask if she'll kindly try to keep them at home."

The girl returned with a satisfied look on her face. "I don't fancy we shall 'ave 'em round 'ere again in a 'urry, ma'am," she replied.

"I hope you were polite, Jane," remarked her mistress.

"Oh, yes, ma'am," came the reply. "'Missus's respects,' I ses, 'and if your fowls ain't kep' at 'ome you won't be gettin' so many eggs of a mornin', and we shall be eatin' poultry!'"—*Christian Register.*

Set Him Right.—He buried his ball in every bunker, gully, and bit of grass on the lawnscape and muttered naughtily. After half an hour of it he turned to his silent caddy.

"Really," he murmured, ingratiatingly, "this is the most difficult course I have ever played on."

"Hoo did ye ken?" replied the lad, in quiet scorn. "Ye havna played on it yet."—*London Answers.*

No Hands Can Wash So Clean As This

Easy Washdays

Washday drudgery banished. Only an hour and an average family washing done. Clothes both washed and wrung. Washed **cleaner** than you or your laundress can wash them by hand. The Thor Electric Washing Machine will do all the work. All **you** do is to push a button. Such **perfect** washing! You really must see the Thor. You must try it. Write for dealer's name and our special offer.

The Thor

Electric Washing Machine

actually pays for itself by the saving it makes on cost of help and wear on clothes. And it costs only 2 cents an hour for electricity. Washes clothes, linens, laces, blankets—everything absolutely clean. We guarantee it. Do not put off writing for information.

Not a Rub!

Let a dealer in or near your city show you how the Thor works. We will send you his name gladly. See how its revolving cylinder sends the foaming, sparkling suds through and through the fabric. No rubbing to wear the delicate threads or to wear out your strength. Clothes last six times as long as they do when hand washed. The saving alone will pay for the Thor. Then there is the saving in cost of help and the saving in time and work. So many savings—you'll wonder how you ever got along without the Thor.

On Credit!

Any Thor dealer will sell you a machine for a small payment down. Then easy monthly payments. Special motors furnished for odd voltages.

For Christmas

Decide now to give HER a Thor. Something that will surely be useful—and a weekly reminder of the giver.

Send Coupon

Mail coupon and get name of nearest dealer who can show you the Thor. Also big 48-page Book on Washing. Tells how to save money, time and work. All sent for the coupon. Mail it now.

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Also manufacturers of Thor Electric Ironing Machine, Thor Electric Vacuum Cleaners.

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Address..............................
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On request we will be glad to send you any one of these booklets:

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How you may invest your funds in standard income producing bonds of small denominations.

No. A-9—"Cumulative Investment"
How you may reach the financial goal you have in mind through consistent saving and investing over a period of years.

No. B-9—"The Partial Payment Plan"
How you may invest while you save, adjusting purchases of securities to your income.

No. D-9—"Odd Lot Investment"
How you may buy as little as one share of stock for cash.

No. E-9—"Odd Lot Trading"
How you may trade in New York Stock Exchange securities in amounts of less than 100 shares.

No. F-9—"Investment for Women"
How any woman in receipt of a regular salary can use her savings to acquire standard securities.

No. G-9—"Curb Stocks"
How business is conducted on the Curb Market, with comment on the character of different classes of Curb shares.

No. K-9—"Odd Lot Orders"
How the Odd Lot business is conducted. A handbook for investors who buy and sell Odd Lots.

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SOUND FIRST MORTGAGES

We pay 6% Secured by Oklahoma Farms worth three times the value of the loan. The demand for these first mortgages in unsettled times indicates their unusual stability. *First Mortgages do not shrink in value*—they are safe and sure. Interest always paid date it is due. **Over $1,000,000 loaned and not a single cent lost to any investor or a single foreclosure sale made.** Isn't a first mortgage the right investment for you? Write for booklet describing methods, and lists of loans from $300 to $10,000.

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Our Annuity Blue Book explains a sure income ranging from 4% to 9% on one life and 4% to 8 3-10% on two lives. This plan makes you your own executor and immortalizes your money after you have enjoyed a sure life income. *These bonds are of special interest to Baptists and others* who wish their money at last to help Christianize America. Forty years' experience! Write for our booklet.

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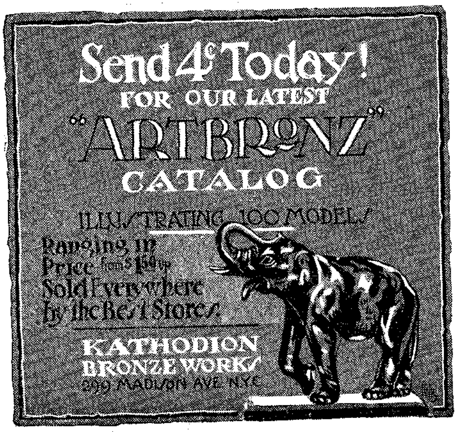


INVESTMENTS-AND-FINANCE

OUR WAR-SALES AND OUR OTHER SALES ABROAD

AN attempt has been made by *The Americas*, a periodical issued by the National City Bank, to arrive at some more or less definite estimate of the amount of our recent export trade that was not properly war-trade. Some difficulties existed in making an inquiry of this kind, since the usual statistics of foreign trade do not clearly show what articles went abroad for military uses, but the writer believes there are sufficient details from a close study of which one can get "a fair approximation through the use of judgment." The conclusions he arrived at were derived, in the first instance, from twenty-two pages of trade items, then at his command, to which he applied "some judgment and an adding-machine." At the start a rough approximation was obtained by grouping the figures of our exports to separate countries in Europe in such a way as to classify separately such belligerents as have bought munitions and other war-supplies direct from us, semi-belligerents that also have come in for war-supplies, countries in the war area whose trade with us has expanded largely in consequence of the war, and the Central Powers and their Allies, which have been shut out from direct trade with us. Following is a table compiled by the writer as a result of his rough estimates:

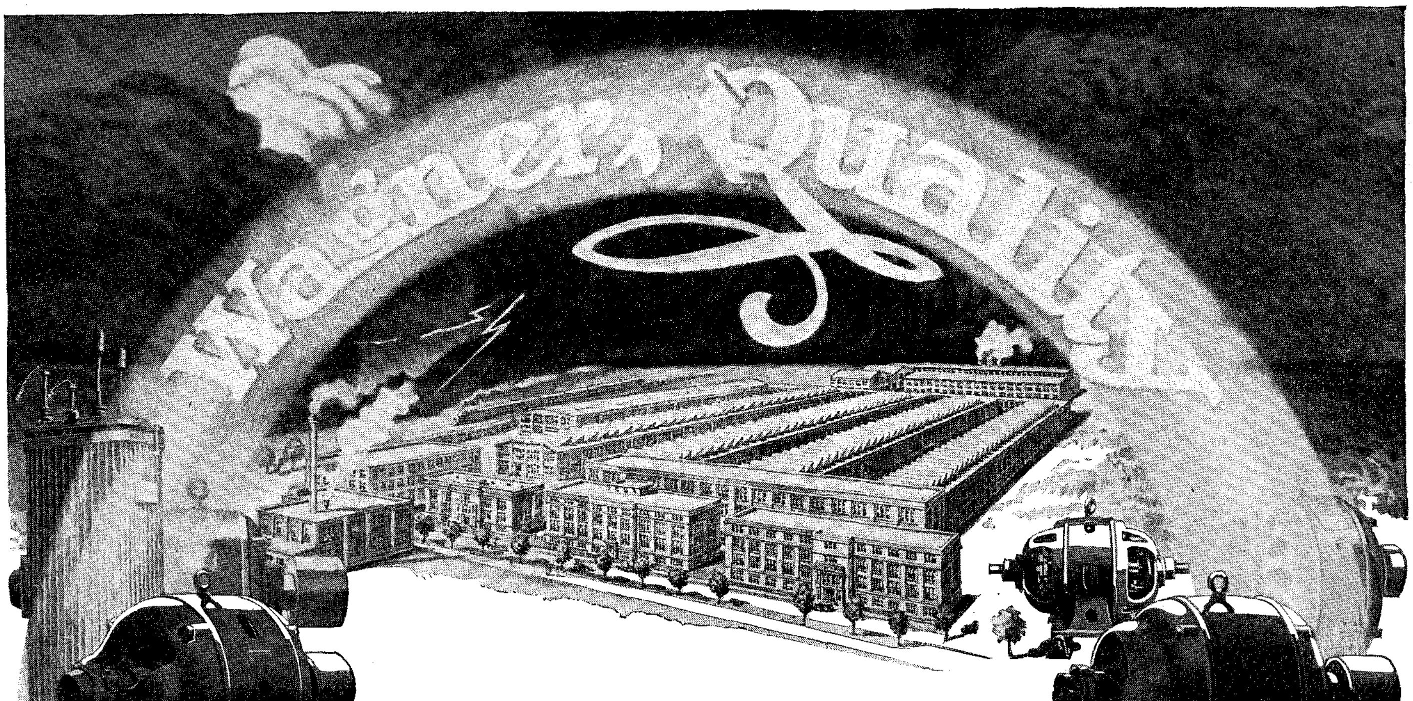
Exports to the War-Zone

	1913–14	*1914–15*	*1915–16*
France	$159,818,924	$369,397,170	$630,672,504
Italy	74,235,012	184,819,688	270,489,922
Russia:			
(Europe)	30,088,643	37,474,380	183,259,605
(Asia)	1,214,506	23,353,151	130,255,759
Servia, etc.	9,462	909,195	385,995
United Kingdom	594,271,863	911,794,954	1,518,046,263
Egypt	1,930,016	2,879,241	7,791,421
	$861,568,426	$1,530,627,779	$2,740,901,469
Gibraltar	$773,028	$3,449,975	$4,333,292
Greece	1,123,511	23,499,646	31,024,363
Malta	266,067	1,258,857	1,335,647
Portugal	5,223,048	5,080,037	14,721,874
	$7,385,654	$33,288,515	$51,415,176
Azores	$240,723	$91,812	$317,977
Denmark	15,670,135	79,824,478	55,662,411
Iceland	15,855	183,140	251,447
Norway	9,066,610	39,074,701	53,678,126
Spain	30,387,569	38,112,969	52,771,652
Sweden	14,644,226	78,273,818	51,939,182
Switzerland	1,019,602	2,735,788	8,156,147
	$71,044,720	$238,296,706	$222,776,942
Total of above	$939,998,810	$1,802,263,000	$3,015,993,587
Austria	$22,718,258	$1,238,669	$152,929
Bulgaria	326,734	12,490	44,223
Germany	344,794,276	28,863,354	288,851
Turkey:			
(Europe)	2,160,289	640,201	41,421
(Asia)	1,168,230	353,919	748
	$371,167,787	$31,108,633	$528,172
Belgium	$61,219,894	$20,662,315	$21,844,638
Finland	3,902,940	329,030	420,493
	$65,122,834	$20,991,345	$22,265,131
Netherlands	$112,215,673	$143,267,019	$99,232,930
Roumania	2,306,377	391,001	111,537
	$114,522,050	$143,658,020	$99,344,467
Total of countries showing decreases	$550,812,671	$195,757,998	$122,137,770

By taking these figures apart in minute detail, the writer got what he calls "three interesting divisions of the United States exports made upon another line of separation," which is the kind of goods exports of which have gained or declined during the war. First he made inquiry as to what goods we exported for actual war-uses. While it was easy enough to pick out some of the exports, as for direct use in war, such as explosives, ammunition, etc., there were others concerning which a conclusion was not so easily reached. We had exported "an astonishing number of articles that one might regard as peace merchandise, but which in reality were purchased as a part of the industrial organization which lay back of the armies." Russia, for example, bought millions in railroad equipment that was intended "for purely war purposes." England "nationalized the purchase of wheat, and feeding the people at home became part of the whole war-problem." In France, and in England also, the ordinary industrial plant, "to an overwhelming extent," was devoted to war-manufactures, so that such metals, machinery, tools, and miscellaneous raw materials as they purchased in this country were directly intended for ultimate use at the war-front. Notable in this sense was raw cotton, which has been extensively utilized, not only in making clothing, but in making explosives, while rubber has become so important in war as to be a contraband of war. Indeed, England has semiofficially stated that the war has demonstrated "the impossibility of distinguishing contraband from non-contraband." Hundreds of typewriters have been purchased by France solely for her war-departments. Tungsten lamps by hundreds have been sent into the trenches. Following is a list of articles classified as war-purchases which have been obtained in this country by the belligerents:

Explosives, cartridges, and shells; firearms; "cutlery"; barbed and woven wire; surgical instruments and appliances; automobiles and tires; aeroplanes; boats; horses, mules, and cattle; naphtha and alcohol; various chemicals; breadstuffs; fresh, dried, smoked, and canned meat, fish, fruit, vegetables, etc.; aluminum, antimony, ferrovanadium, brass, copper, iron, lead, steel, tungsten, zinc, nickel, and quicksilver; railway tracks, cars, locomotives, *structural material for bridges*, spikes, and material; telegraph and phone outfits; copper wire and cables; raw cotton, cotton and woolens, garments, etc.; leather harness, boots, and shoes; rubber boots and other rubber articles; cameras and optical instruments; metal-working machinery and tools and a large amount of unspecified machinery; traction engines, steel bars and billets, iron and steel sheets and plates, iron pipes; unspecified manufactures of iron, steel, brass, copper, and lead; lubricating oils; nails and spikes, bags, cordage and twine; razors, typewriters, lead-pencils, and pens; horseshoes and hay; paraffin; sugar; cement.

Some of these items were purchased from us for peace uses in amounts larger than ever before, in consequence of which an estimate of this kind calls for a division of quantities by something hardly better than a rough guess. While errors must be made, they will tend in the long run to offset each other. The writer believe that, by using his judgment based on a study of the commerce statistics of differen nations, and using the adding-machine



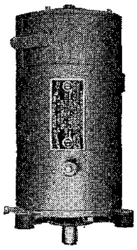
The Rainbow of Promise

All thru the stress and storm of unprecedented demand, Wagner Quality has stood out like the rainbow of promise.

Those who have sought the source of Wagner Quality have found the proverbial "pot of gold" in the Wagner products.

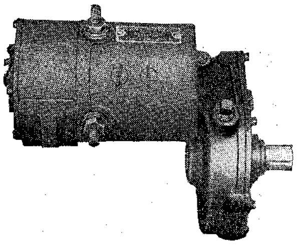
Wagner Quality is a tangible, definite, workable thing. It is the result of 25 years' painstaking effort to uphold an ideal. To produce it, workmen must be taught a standard of excellence that few acquire in any other work. To maintain it requires a vigilance that is never ceasing.

After working on such a standard for a quarter century, how absurd it would be to lower it to meet a temporary expediency. It is unthinkable.



The Wagner Starter

The Starter that is built to order



is as conspicuous among automobile starters as Wagner motors, generators, transformers and converters are conspicuous in the field of electrical power machinery. With its small size and great power, the Wagner Starter for gasoline automobiles is efficiency worked out to the last degree.

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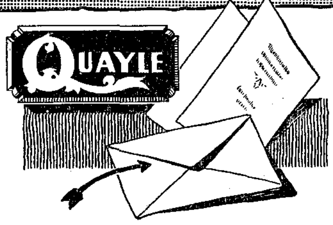
Factory Branches and Service Stations: Boston, Pittsburgh, St. Paul — Springfield, Mass., Cleveland, Minneapolis — New York, Toledo, Kansas City — Montreal, Cincinnati, Denver — Philadelphia, Detroit, Los Angeles — Syracuse, Chicago, Seattle — Buffalo, Milwaukee, San Francisco — Toronto, St. Louis

Selling Agencies: Indianapolis — Memphis — New Orleans — Sioux City — Dallas — Salt Lake City — London, Eng.



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Most schools and colleges prefer to wait for one of the fifty QUAYLE salesmen because of the authoritative selection he offers—because an order direct to QUAYLE insures prompt delivery and absolute fidelity to specifications, whether it be Invitations, Announcements, or—

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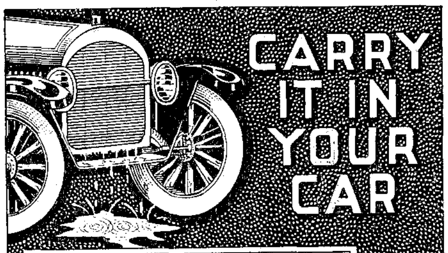

CARRY IT IN YOUR CAR

Have SE-MENT-OL ready for instant use when your radiator leaks.

SE-MENT-OL is the original self-acting radiator cement.

Dissolve it in the hot water of your radiator. Run engine until leaking stops. Time, ten minutes! Drain and refill with fresh water and your radiator is like new. Repairs several leaks as quickly as one.

Ask any dealer. Price **75c**

Look for the pumpkin-colored cans.

Makers of the "Chemically Correct" Line
THE NORTHWESTERN CHEMICAL CO.
Marietta, Ohio

THE CHEMICALLY CORRECT
RADIATOR CEMENT
SE-MENT-OL
Price 75¢
MANUFACTURED ONLY BY
NORTHWESTERN CHEMICAL
MARIETTA OHIO

the pre-war purchases of exports in this class and the war-time purchases of them in the past two years would aggregate as follows:

	1913–14	*1914–15*	*1915–16*
Raw	$217,483,778	$729,420,343	$677,593,244
Manufactured	299,734,921	693,725,616	1,947,996,781
Total	$517,218,699	$1,423,145,959	$2,625,590,025

From these statistics the writer infers that the total of $517,218,669 of goods bought from us for peace purposes in 1913–1914, indicates in the first year of the war purchases for war uses amounting to $905,927,260, and purchases for war uses in the year which ended on July 30, 1916, amounting to $2,108,371,326, or a total for the two years of fighting of $3,014,298,596. He proceeds then to a conclusion that our peace commerce during the past two years, when carefully analyzed, contains facts that indicate "a solid foundation for optimism." In peace commerce, alone, the increase in our foreign sales "overshadowed the decrease." When one segregates the exports believed to have been destined for war uses, two groups of export lines emerge almost automatically, those which sold in increased volume and those which sold in decreased. Such figures as are at hand present these two groups of peace exports as follows:

THE PEACE TRADE THAT INCREASED

	1913–14	*1914–15*	*1915–16*
Raw	$90,953,447	$98,558,978	$120,152,947
Manufactured	377,017,485	384,777,648	648,844,099
Total	$467,970,932	$483,336,626	$768,997,046

THE PEACE TRADE THAT DECLINED

	1913–14	*1914–15*	*1915–16*
Raw	$848,426,433	$495,363,334	$505,610,457
Manufactured	496,067,961	314,332,546	372,200,246
Total	$1,344,494,394	$809,695,880	$877,810,703

Percentages of changes in our sales in the peaceful parts of the world at the same time present as a solid fact "a fairly steady upward swing of our trade from the slump at the outbreak of the war until June, 1916," when the relative gain in peace-sales as well as in war-sales was the highest in all markets except in Oceania. The writer says further on this subject:

> "We can reasonably count that where we have lost trade it was generally lost through temporary drop in buying power or other special reason, and that where we have made gains, even tho the reason may there also be called temporary, we have made business connections and acquainted consumers with goods, so that some trade will stick. On that theory, we hope to regain the $428,000,000 of trade that is shut off in Europe. Already we have made regains in the neutral markets and in 1915–1916 pushed new sales far ahead of the emergency advance of 1914–1915 over 1913–1914. The increase in the neutral markets during the last year is seen to be $427,000,000. And even in the war-zone, the use of so many of our manufactures ordinarily made for peace by so many who were never acquainted with them before ought to result in some permanent gain for our trade. If we take the $466,683,691 of total declines which we have a fair prospect of regaining, being already regained in part, and the $2,409,397,440 of advances (including the $301,026,114 classed as peace gains and the $2,108,371,326 classed as war-purchases) we have a total of $2,876,081,131, representing in large part ordinary peace merchandise which has had a trial with old and new customers, and which ought to bring a moderate share of "reorders" even when the time of peace competition comes.
>
> "In order to visualize the general gains of the commerce of the United States in the war- and peace-zones, and in the different continents of the world, the following table was compiled, showing, month by month, the percentage of loss or gain in each division over the average exports of 1912 and 1913 (a normal period preceding the world-wide depression of just before the war) in the same month and locality:

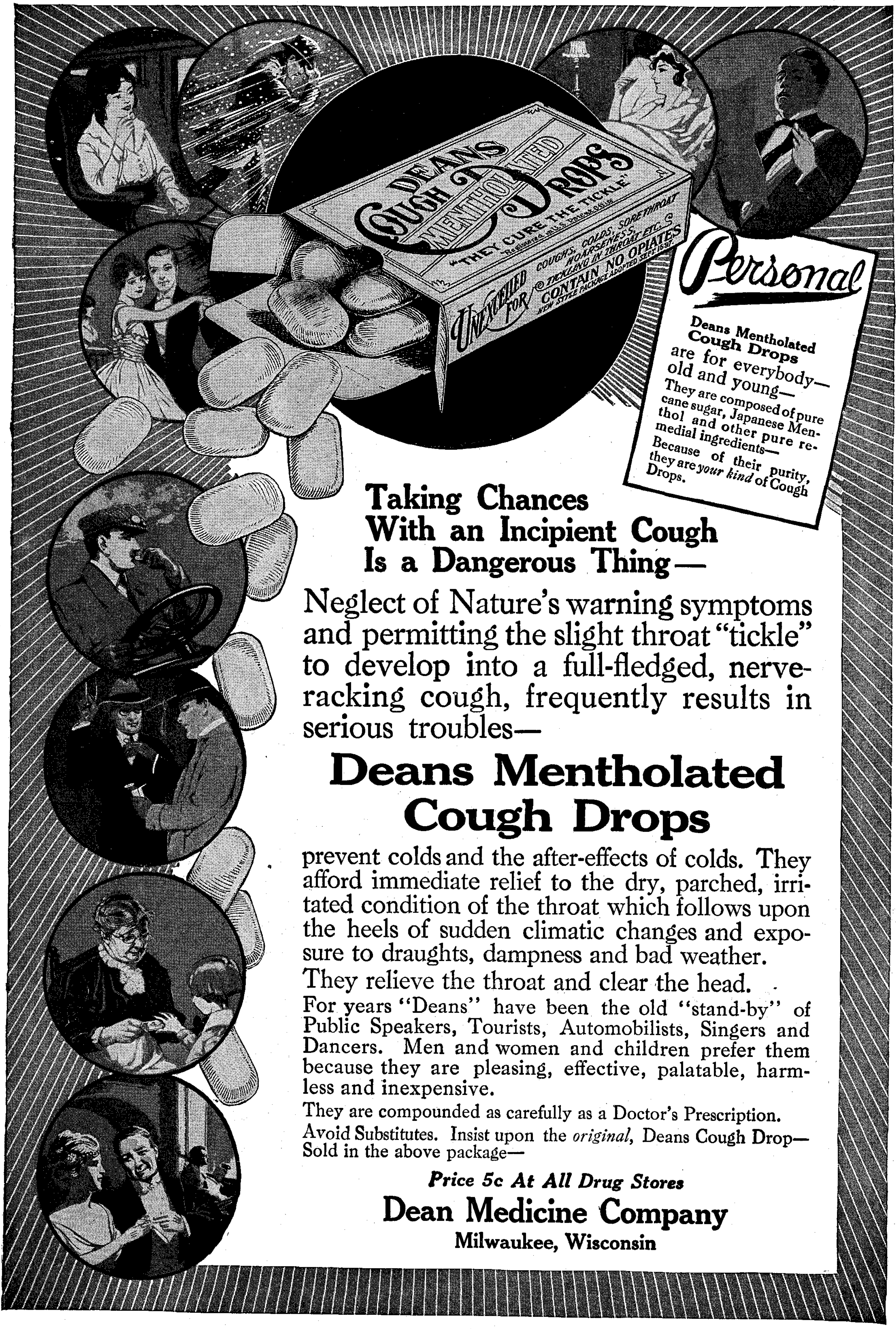
	North Amer.	*South Amer.*	*Asia*	*Oceania*	*Africa*	*Peaceful Continents*	*War Area*
1914	%	%	%	%	%	%	%
Aug.	−10	− 57	− 40	−44	− 48	−25	− 49
Sept.	−15	− 30	− 10	+23	− 4	−13	− 33
Oct.	−25	− 49	− 20	− 6	+ 13	−25	− 26
Nov.	−26	− 53	− 24	− 9	− 42	−30	− 19
Dec.	−28	− 56	− 28	−20	− 42	−32	+ 18
1915							
Jan.	−30	− 40	− 33	− 7	+ 75	−29	+ 53
Feb.	−15	− 40	− 45	+56	+ 21	−17	+ 99
Mar.	−21	− 7	− 26	−29	+ 35	−20	+ 99
Apr.	−16	− 16	− 22	+38	+ 10	−13	+108
May	−22	− 11	− 24	+ 4	− 13	−19	+108
June	− 8	+ 37	+ 18	+51	+ 54	+ 6	+156
July	− 2	+ 10	+ 43	+85	+ 20	+11	+136
Aug.	− 1	+ 8	+ 30	+31	+ 26	+ 6	+ 81
Sept.	+ 6	+ 43	+ 16	+42	+ 27	+15	+ 60
Oct.	+10	.....	− 21	−12	+ 53	+ 4	+ 35
Nov.	+ 8	+ 27	− 20	+20	+ 18	+ 8	+ 32
Dec.	+35	+ 9	− 19	−27	+ 81	+22	+ 61
1916							
Jan.	+35	+ 17	+ 51	+10	+ 83	+28	+ 67
Feb.	+36	+ 39	+ 24	+72	+ 74	+38	+123
Mar.	+39	+ 40	+ 32	+23	+ 68	+39	+156
Apr.	+47	+ 11	+ 20	+43	+ 85	+38	+133
May	+41	+ 32	+ 60	+35	− 9	+44	+258
June	+47	+103	+109	+22	+140	+64	+315
Years							
1914–15	−16	− 29	− 21	+ 4	+ 7	−14	+ 40
1915–16	+29	+ 30	+ 30	+32	+ 64	+44	+206

(NOTE.—In preparing this table, the imports of Russia in Asia were added to those of Europe to make up the total of the "War Area," and subtracted from Asia. Egypt, tho in the war area, was left as a part of the African total.)

GREAT BRITAIN'S WAR-DEBT AND HER DEBT THREE YEARS AGO

A writer in the New York *Times Annalist* recalls that somewhat more than three years ago a bitter complaint was made in Great Britain over the action of Lloyd-George, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, in "raiding the sinking-fund," as it was called. By this was meant the use made of a million pounds sterling from the national surplus for other purposes than the legitimate one of reducing the national debt. In contrast with that protest, the writer recalls that Great Britain is now advancing to her allies every day a sum as large, that is, one million pounds, while her total expenditures each day are five millions. Times, indeed, have changed since it was regarded as a matter to worry over that the nation should spend one million a year out of its surplus. The incident has led the writer in *The Annalist* to compile interesting facts as to Great Britain's debt:

> "The old sinking-fund, referred to above, in practise consisted of very little except the surplus realized at the end of any financial year over the expenditure of the period. But part of the war-legislation relating to finance gave the British Government power to redeem this debt to any extent, even tho the funds for such redemption had to come from fresh borrowing. These powers have been taken advantage of in one important instance. The first loan issued for the present war was, it will be recalled, of 3½ per cent. stock at 95, to the amount of $1,750,000,000, redeemable in 1928. Altho the issue was fully subscribed, subsequent events showed that the terms were ungenerous to the investor. So when the 4½ per cent. loan at par was issued in 1915, holders of the 3½ per cent. loan were allowed, by paying an extra 5 per cent. in cash, to convert each $500 of 3½ per cent. stock held into the same amount of 4½ per cent. stock. As a result, the total amount of 3½ per cent. stock was reduced from $1,750,000,000 to $1,070,000,000.
>
> "Government figures lately published show that advantage has been taken of the


DEANS
COUGH DROPS
MENTHOLATED
"THEY CURE THE TICKLE"
Registered in U.S. Patent Off.
UNEXCELLED FOR COUGHS, COLDS, SORE THROAT HOARSENESS, TICKLING IN THROAT ETC.
CONTAIN NO OPIATES
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Personal

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powers referred to above to purchase for cancellation a large amount of 3½ per cent. loan, and the total amount outstanding has thus been reduced to $310,000,000. One may therefore give a catalog of the total war-borrowing of the British Government as it stood on September 16, 1916:

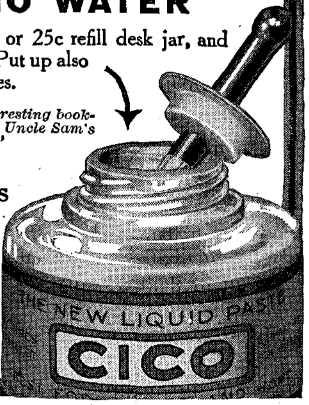
3½ per cent. war-loan, 1928	$310,000,000
3 per cent. Exchequer bonds, 1920	105,000,000
4½ per cent. war-loan, 1945	4,500,000,000
5 per cent. Exchequer bonds, 1919	170,000,000
5 per cent. Exchequer bonds 1920	1,180,000,000
5 per cent. Exchequer bonds, 1921	300,000,000
War-savings certificates, 1921	130,000,000
War-expenditure certificates, 1918	105,000,000
Treasury bills, 1916–17	4,900,000,000
Other advances	365,000,000
American loans	505,000,000
Total	$12,570,000,000
Less pre-war debt converted	1,150,000,000
Net total	$11,420,000,000

"These are the obligations incurred by the British Government as a result of the present war. From the total, however, has to be deducted, as above, a capital sum of about $1,150,000,000 representing pre-war debt converted into 4½ per cent. war-loan in July, 1915. Two years and five weeks of war would seem, therefore, to have increased the obligations of the British Government, on balance, by $11,420,000,000, against which should be set some $2,700,000,000 advanced to allies and dominions up to date."

THE RISING RAILWAY EARNINGS

Latest returns indicate a steady increase in railway earnings under the country's extraordinary prosperity in many lines of business. Complaints multiply, however, as to a lack of cars. This condition, combined with shortage in labor and an insufficient supply of many articles of consumption, accounts in large part for the rise in commodity prices. Small note has been made of the fact that, with the general rise in prices, the cost of railway service remains, as to freight-charges, at the old levels, "a fact," says a writer in *Bradstreet's*, "to which the average observer accords slight attention." The latest available data as to railway earnings cover operations during the month of August, and show that gross reached the large sum of $327,826,448, while net was $115,728,443. This record for a summer month is regarded as remarkable. Both sums are noteworthy, also, in that they exceed the high levels reached in October and November of last year, the two months when railway earnings are at the highest point, because of the moving of crops. Some interesting data on this subject are presented in *Bradstreet's:*

"Viewed from another angle, gross receipts for August of this year increased $57,165,836, or 21.1 per cent., over that month in 1915, the volume of gain, figured on a daily basis for thirty-one days, being over $1,844,000. At the same time, the total of net earnings from operations, $115,728,443, reflects a rise of $25,415,621, or 28.1 per cent., which indicates a daily gain of almost $820,000. In August of last year, gross earnings, for the first time in many months, exhibited growth, even tho the ratio of increase, 1.4 per cent., was not in itself remarkable, especially as August of 1914 suffered a loss of 4.5 per cent. On the other hand, the statistics clearly show that the railways have been doing better as respects net receipts, the present gain of 28.1 per cent. contrasting with an advance of 10.7 per cent. in August, 1915, while in that month of 1914 there was an increase of 1 per cent. In fact, the eighteen months ending with August of this year were remarkable ones



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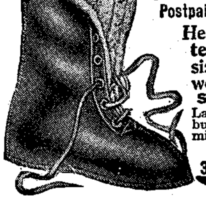

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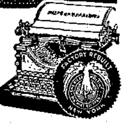

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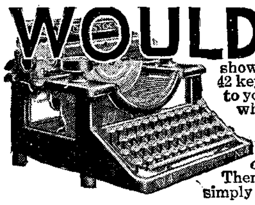

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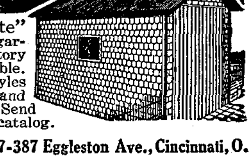

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for net earnings, gains in some of the months rising to 77 per cent., as in November of 1915, and never falling below 25.4 per cent., this ratio being that reported for June of the current year. It is certain that the railways are being operated on a more efficient basis than ever before, and the gain in August net of 20 per cent. on a gain in gross of only 7 per cent. is a truly remarkable feature. The following table shows in small compass the main facts for August of this year and last:

	August 1916	*August, 1915*	*Inc. %*
Gross earnings........	$327,826,448	$270,660,612	21.1
Operating expenses....	212,098,005	180,347,790	17.6
Net earnings......	$115,728,443	$90,312,822	28.1

"In the subjoined table gross earnings are stated in group form:

	August, 1916	*August, 1915*	*Inc. %*
Northwestern...........	$56,825,076	$45,220,345	25.6
Central Western.........	27,323,124	22,950,988	19.0
Trunk lines.............	91,570,907	76,960,345	18.9
Coal roads..............	16,331,473	14,308,442	14.1
Eastern.................	17,822,088	15,098,980	18.0
Southern................	34,592,907	29,141,564	18.7
Southwestern............	37,001,604	30,448,248	21.5
Pacific.................	46,359,269	36,531,700	26.8
Total..............	$327,826,448	$270,660,612	21.1

"Gains over August of last year range from 26.8 per cent. down to 14.1 per cent., the latter ratio being reported for the hard-coal roads.

"In the annexed exhibit net earnings are given for the respective sections, the classification being that followed by us for many years:

	August, 1916	*August, 1915*	*Inc. %*
Northwestern.........	$22,174,645	$15,689,686	41.3
Central Western.......	8,731,211	6,879,804	26.9
Trunk lines...........	29,279,258	25,411,394	15.1
Coal roads............	5,742,805	4,978,245	15.3
Eastern...............	5,923,649	4,783,968	23.8
Southern..............	11,693,683	8,630,156	35.4
Southwestern..........	13,401,518	9,727,410	37.7
Pacific...............	18,781,674	14,212,159	32.1
Total...........	$115,728,443	$90,312,822	28.1

"This table sets forth gross earnings for each of the last twenty months ending with August:

	1915	*1914*	*Dec. %*
January..........	$211,788,455	$229,606,176	7.7
February.........	203,230,789	205,244,412	.9
March............	235,434,223	252,277,900	6.6
April............	225,914,208	232,646,111	2.8
May..............	241,872,184	244,613,231	1.1
June.............	247,019,933	250,101,671	1.2
July.............	257,314,604	257,498,324	.07
August...........	273,839,630	269,842,720	†1.4
September........	278,360,949	263,976,155	†5.4
October..........	293,905,800	256,237,630	†14.7
November.........	298,845,098	233,378,704	†28.0
December.........	286,148,788	223,358,512	†28.1
Twelve months..	$3,053,664,661	$2,918,781,546	†4.6

†Increase.

	1916	*1915*	*Inc. %*
January..........	$255,815,494	$210,116,242	21.7
February.........	262,759,423	205,771,203	27.7
March............	291,248,604	232,749,093	25.1
April............	288,583,141	236,270,008	22.1
May..............	300,332,103	234,292,471	28.2
June.............	275,181,963	226,197,252	21.6
July.............	304,214,742	256,427,953	18.6
August...........	327,826,448	270,660,612	21.1
Eight months....	$2,305,961,918	$1,872,484,834	23.1

"Net earnings for twenty months are given hereunder:

	1915	*1914*	*Inc. %*
January..........	$45,083,978	$46,238,609	*2.5
February.........	46,735,113	34,516,632	35.4
March............	64,196,155	63,390,811	1.2
April............	60,965,046	55,188,625	10.4
May..............	67,049,099	54,096,036	23.9
June.............	77,148,038	67,080,468	15.0
July.............	81,402,195	73,412,309	10.8
August...........	92,560,314	83,569,563	10.7
September........	101,642,085	85,089,185	19.5
October..........	109,049,517	79,955,758	36.3
November.........	110,319,275	62,091,374	77.6
December.........	99,513,498	56,657,780	75.6
Twelve months..	$955,664,313	$761,287,150	25.5

*Decrease.

	1916	*1915*	*Inc. %*
January..........	$69,963,782	$44,630,364	56.7
February.........	72,866,666	46,404,444	57.0
March............	90,415,948	63,239,827	42.9
April............	85,010,724	61,133,330	39.0
May..............	95,158,447	62,509,193	52.2
June.............	86,446,101	68,890,910	25.4
July.............	97,274,243	77,263,249	25.8
August...........	115,728,443	90,312,822	28.1
Eight months..	$712,864,354	$514,384,139	38.5

"For eight months of the current year gross earnings aggregated $2,305,961,918, an increase of $433,477,084, or 23.1 per cent., over that of the like time in 1915. Net earnings for the eight months ended August last amounted to $712,864,354, an advance of $198,480,215, or 38.5 per cent., over that period of last year. Both of the sums given suggest that 1916 will establish new high records for railway earnings."

Classified Columns

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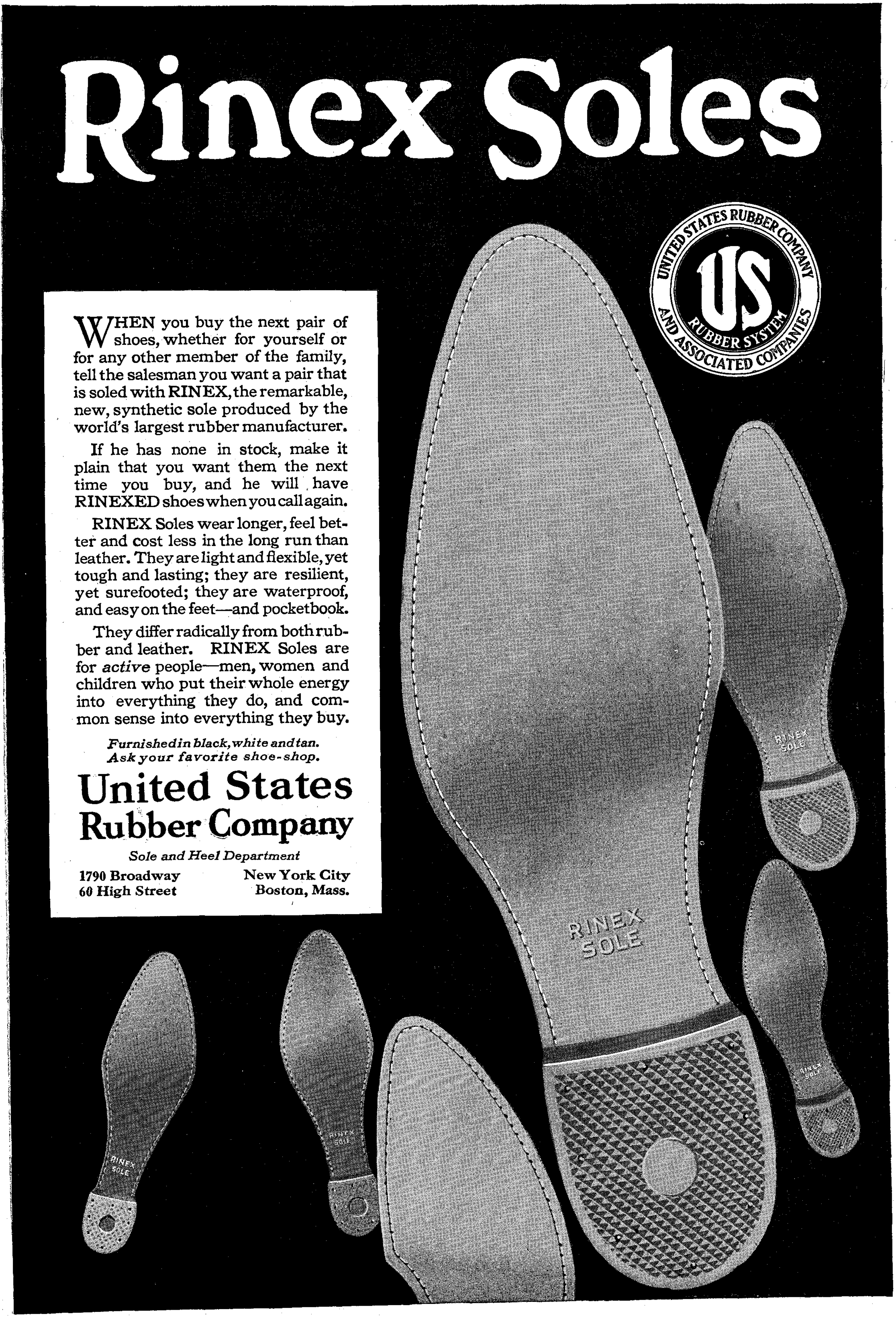

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